



ON THE TRAIL OF LIVINGSTONE

ILALA
NEAR THE MOUNT
OF LIVINGSTONE

ANDERSON

ON THE TRAIL OF LIVINGSTONE

By

W. H. ANDERSON

PACIFIC PRESS PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION
MOUNTAIN VIEW, CALIFORNIA

Kansas City, Missouri Portland, Oregon Brookfield, Illinois
Calgary, Alberta, Canada St. Paul, Minn. Cristobal, Canal Zone

A FOREWORD

One hundred and six years ago a child was born whose name will forever be associated with the southern part of "the Dark Continent." That child became David Livingstone, physician, missionary, explorer, geographer, and lover of humanity. The greater part of his life — from 1840 to 1873 — was spent in the heart of Africa. Here he discovered the Zambezi and Kongo rivers, Lake Tanganyika, the great Victoria Falls, and other notable objects now well known.

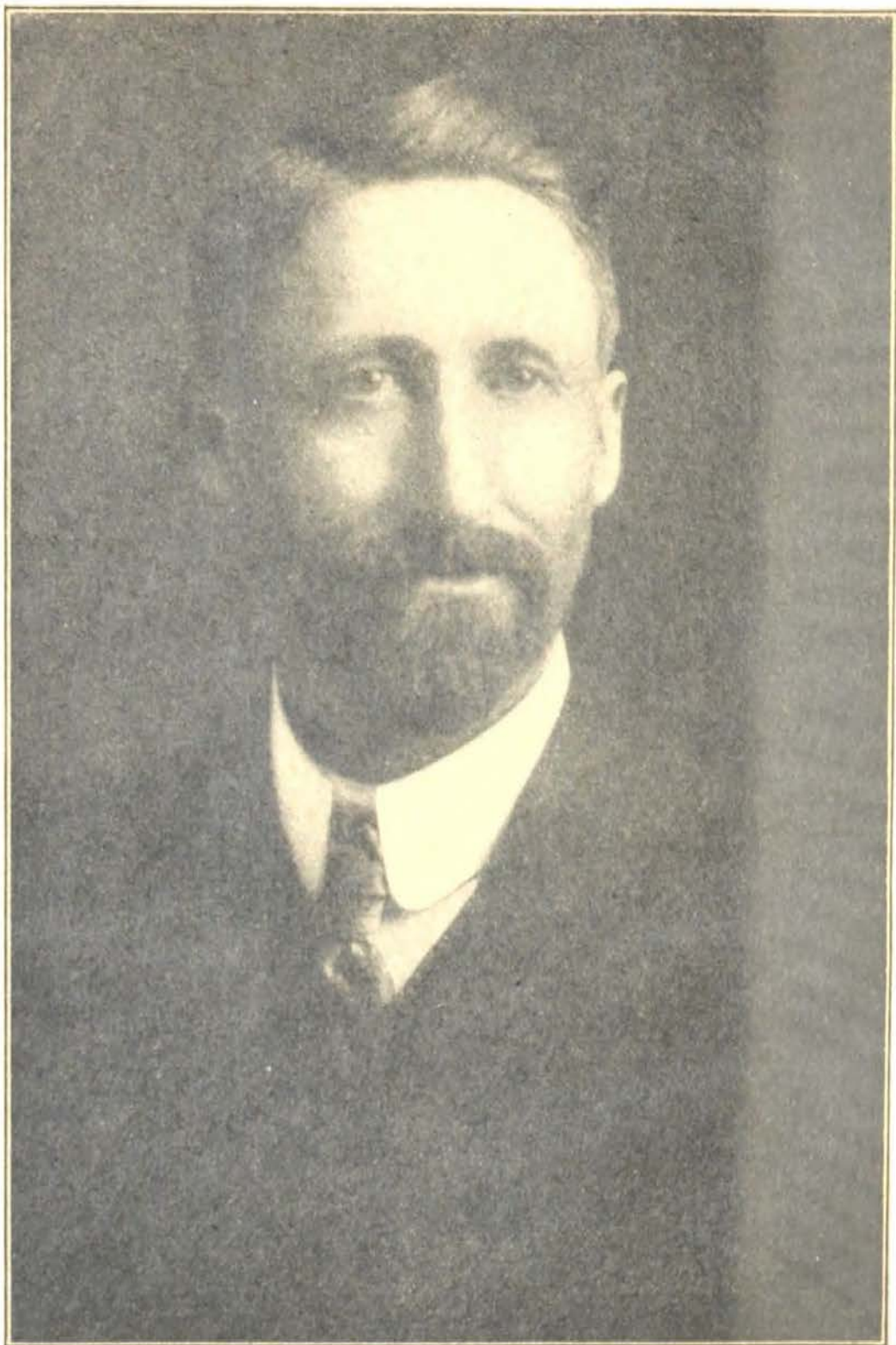
After devotedly enduring great hardships, he died on his knees in prayer at Ilala. His devoted converts removed his heart, buried it under the moul tree by the hut where he died, and through great perils and hardships, carried his body to the coast, whence it was shipped to England and laid among England's mighty dead in Westminster Abbey.

Livingstone opened the continent to the missionaries, many of whom followed. This little book by Mr. Anderson tells the reader of the labors, the trials, the hardships, the blessings, the successes, of some who under God have followed "the trail of Livingstone." It is a story of interest from the beginning to the end.

Publishers.

CONTENTS

I THE VOYAGE OUT	7
II EIGHT HUNDRED MILES ON THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY	20
III SIX HUNDRED MILES BEYOND THE RAILWAY BY OX WAGON	34
IV FIRST SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST MISSION STA- TION AMONG THE HEATHEN	62
V THE MATABELE WAR	87
VI RETURN TO THE MISSION STATION	113
VII THE SHADOW OF DEATH	125
VIII NEW RECRUITS AND EXTENSION	138
IX THE MATABELELAND (SOLUSI) MISSION AT THE PRESENT TIME	151
X OVER THE ZAMBEZI	164
XI AMONG THE BATONGAS	184
XII THE CAPTIVE'S RETURN	214
XIII NATIVE CUSTOMS	227
XIV ANIMAL STORIES	256
XV THE NATIVE	287
XVI THE CALL TO THE MISSION FIELD	315
XVII THE COST	325
XVIII THE OUTLOOK	332
XIX THE RESPONSE	339



W. H. ANDERSON

The Voyage Out

WE said good-by to the folks at the old home in Indiana, and started on our journey for South Africa, on March 29, 1895. This was the last time I was ever to see my father or my brother. A year before I returned home on my first furlough, father died; and just before my arrival in America, my only brother was accidentally killed. So I had only my mother to greet me.

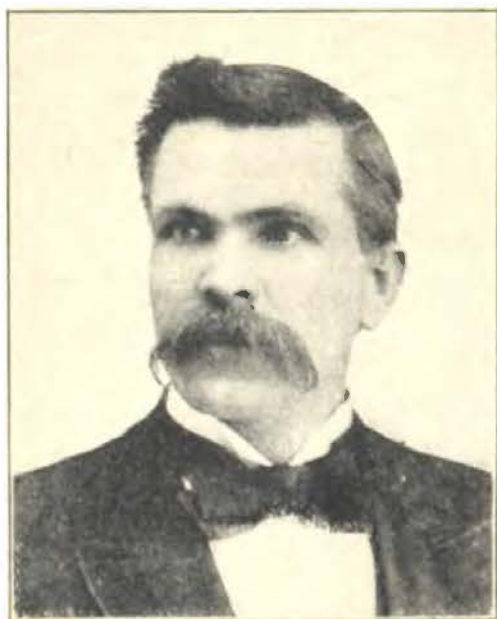
We sailed out of New York harbor on the steamship "New York," April 10, and had a very rough, tempestuous voyage of eight days to Southampton. The last three days of the voyage, our baggage was never quiet in the cabin day or night. Our little steamer trunk would first crash across to one side of the cabin, then come back under the berth on the opposite side with a bang, then bound out and hit the door.

We preferred staying in our berths to standing the fusillade of the baggage on the floor of the cabin; and not because we were seasick, either, for that is an experience I never had until my recent voyage to

America, when I had a slight taste of it as we left the harbor at Sydney, Australia.

PASSING THE CUSTOMS

On the arrival of our boat at Southampton, we all went ashore, and prepared to pass the customs. There was a long shed on the docks, with the letters of the al-



ELDER G. B. TRIPP



MRS. G. B. TRIPP

phabet hung up in order, and we were instructed to take our place under our respective initials.

Our baggage was placed at one end of the shed, under A; and of course that of Elder Tripp, who was the superintendent of our mission, was put under T, almost the other end. So we were widely separated.

As the customs official came up to examine our baggage, he asked me if we had any liquor, cigars, tobacco, or perfumes, the only articles on which duty was collected. I told him that we did not, as I never used either liquor or tobacco; and he leaned across the counter to sniff my breath, and learn whether or not I was telling the truth. Apparently he was satisfied with the evidence of his olfactories, as he passed all our baggage without examination.

SPRING IN ENGLAND

Traveling by train from Southampton to London was very pleasant. We had left the United States still in the grip of winter; here spring, with all its beauties, was at hand, owing to the effects of the warm Gulf Stream. Daisies and buttercups were blossoming in abundance along the track; and it seemed then, as it has seemed since, that all through England, the grass is a little greener than anywhere else in the world. While in many places the hedges are so high that one cannot see what is inside, there are open spaces in the country districts where the meadows and the hills are beautiful indeed.

Looking out of the car window, I noticed a meadow that appeared to be blocked off in squares, and a little farther along, an-

other one marked with diamond-shaped figures. On inquiry, I learned that the farmers roll the meadows so that portions of the grass lie one way, and other portions lie another way, so from a distance one sees the squares or diamonds. I inquired why this was done, and was told it was just for the beauty and novelty of it.

A BRIEF VIEW OF LONDON

When we arrived in London, we were met at Waterloo Station by Mr. John I. Gibson, and taken to the home of Elders D. A. Robinson and W. A. Spicer, where we were hospitably entertained for the night. Next day, we had a pleasant ride through London, on the top of a tram. The lower part of the London street car, or tram, is very much the same as the American street car; but at each end there is a spiral stairway going up to the top, where there are seats. In pleasant weather, the passengers riding on the top of the tram get an excellent view.

One thing that impressed me very much was the crookedness of the streets in the old city. I wondered how people could ever find themselves if they were lost, or have any idea where they were going. Many of the lanes and cross streets are also very

narrow, having no room for carriage traffic, and are open only to pedestrians.

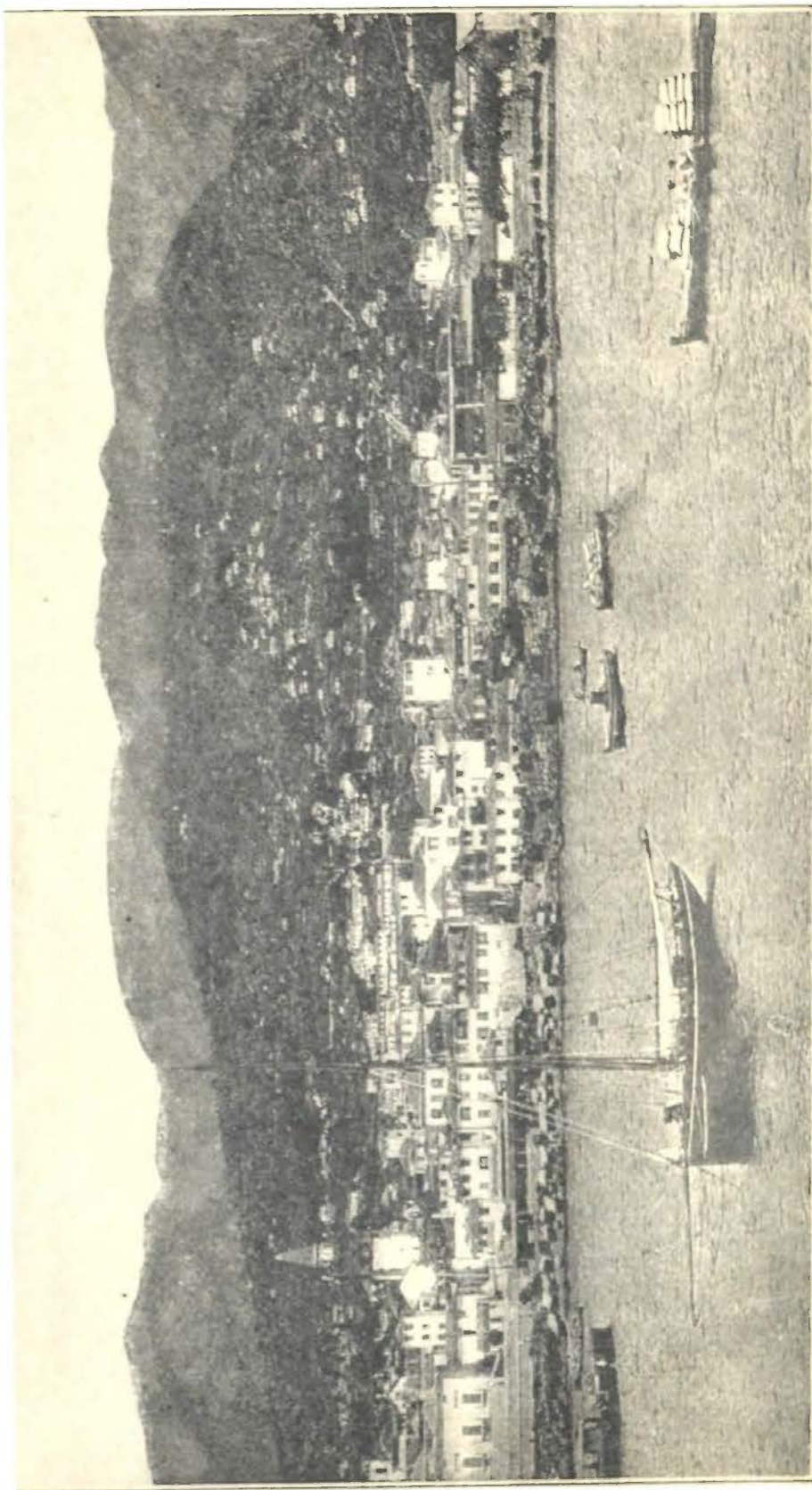
We went down into the heart of the city, to the Bank of England, just to see the crowd; and as I watched that throng passing through the streets, and through the underground subways when there was not room to cross on the surface, I realized that London was the largest city of the world, and here was the center of London.

IN A TEMPERANCE HOTEL

On Friday, we left London and returned to Southampton, in order to have all in readiness to go on board the boat, which sailed on Sabbath at noon. We put up at a temperance hotel, and were visited in the evening by Elder J. S. Washburn, who was at that time conducting a series of meetings in Southampton.

On Sabbath at noon, we went on board the "Roslin Castle" to continue our journey to Cape Town. The boat was a small one, of less than five thousand tons, so was not very comfortable. This proved to be her last voyage. The Bay of Biscay, contrary to tradition, was very calm when we crossed it; and five days brought us to "the pearl of the Atlantic," the Madeira Islands.

Literally translated, the word "Madeira" means "wood." These islands were discov-



FUNCHAL, MADEIRA ISLANDS

ered by the Portuguese in 1419, if we are to discredit the tradition that an Englishman named Machin discovered them in 1337. The only evidence found on the island to support the tradition of Machin's discovery is a cross and a Catholic shrine. These, however, are not generally considered good historical evidence.

A LONG CONTINUED FOREST FIRE

Our landing was at Funchal, so named because of the abundance of fennel growing there. The Portuguese word for fennel being *fuchal*, the town came to be known as Funchal. This is one of the beauty spots of earth, and the islands are a health resort for Englishmen who suffer of pulmonary troubles on account of the damp climate of England. The island on which Funchal is located is about forty miles long and fifteen miles wide. The mountains rise to a height of over four thousand feet, and are covered with a dense growth of tropical vegetation. When they were first discovered, the Portuguese set fire to the woods during the dry season, and the forest fires continued to burn on the islands for seven years, destroying much of their best timber.

At Funchal is the governor's residence, a beautiful building. Having been a Portuguese colony from the time of its discovery, the town is intensely Catholic, and the bishop

of the island has a salary double that of the governor. While the town has a population of only twenty thousand, twelve hundred priests are required to minister to their spiritual needs. It is a place of magnificent cathedrals and convents, and of abject poverty.

DIVING BOYS AND MERCHANTMEN

As our boat came to anchor, about a mile from the shore, the whole city seemed to awake to life. Little boats were pushed out from shore, containing boys clothed only in their trousers. Soon they were alongside our vessel, clamoring for the passengers to throw pennies or threepence pieces into the sea, that they might dive after them. One man climbed on one of the lifeboats on the upper deck, dived off into the sea, swam under the vessel, and came to the surface on the opposite side, for a shilling.

Following the divers came the merchants, each with his special wares. The fruit sellers had oranges, bananas, lemons, loquats, custard apples, avocado pears, and other tropical fruits; some brought wicker chairs, couches, and baskets; still others displayed laces, beads, and shellwork — and all asked prices for their merchandise that were about four times its real value. The ship's decks soon took on the appearance of a bargain counter on sale day.

Many of the passengers went ashore to see the town, and those who had been seasick, to get "a square meal" on land. I was much impressed with the means of conveyance. There was not a wheeled vehicle on the island at that time. The streets are all paved with small cobblestones, and the only means of travel was a sledge drawn by oxen. These sledges are about as wide as a three-quarter bed, and are built with broad runners, which curve upward at each end. Each has two seats facing each other, and is covered with a canopy.

SUPERFLUOUS "GUIDES"

The driver draws aside the curtain for you to enter, and when you are seated, with a native Portuguese to lead his oxen, he starts down the crooked, winding street. You must have this boy to lead the oxen, and pay him for his service; the driver claims a separate fee; and a third man, and sometimes four or five more, will accompany you, acting as "guides" to point out the different places of interest along the way. As these guides spoke very little English, and we knew no Portuguese, we received scant help from them; but of course they had to be paid just the same.

Sometimes in climbing a steep hill, the oxen would have hard work drawing the sledge; then the driver would place a greased

cloth in front of one runner, and after the runner had passed over it, pick it up; and place it before the other runner. In that way, he lubricated the vehicle so it would slide more easily over the cobblestones.

“A SLIDING SCALE”

In recent years, the taxicab has been introduced in Funchal; but the fare is just the same between two points, whether you cover the distance in five minutes in a taxi, or in twenty-five minutes in the ox sledge.

The man who brought us from the boat to Funchal had agreed to take us ashore and return us to the boat for two shillings and sixpence; but when we were ready to return, we could not find that man anywhere. Foolishly, we had paid him on landing; so now we had to hire another boat to get back to our steamer. For taking us ashore, the price was very reasonable; but the boatmen knew we must get back to our boat before it sailed, and they made us pay \$2.50 a passenger for the return journey. The government has now established a regular fare, and punishes any violators of the law.

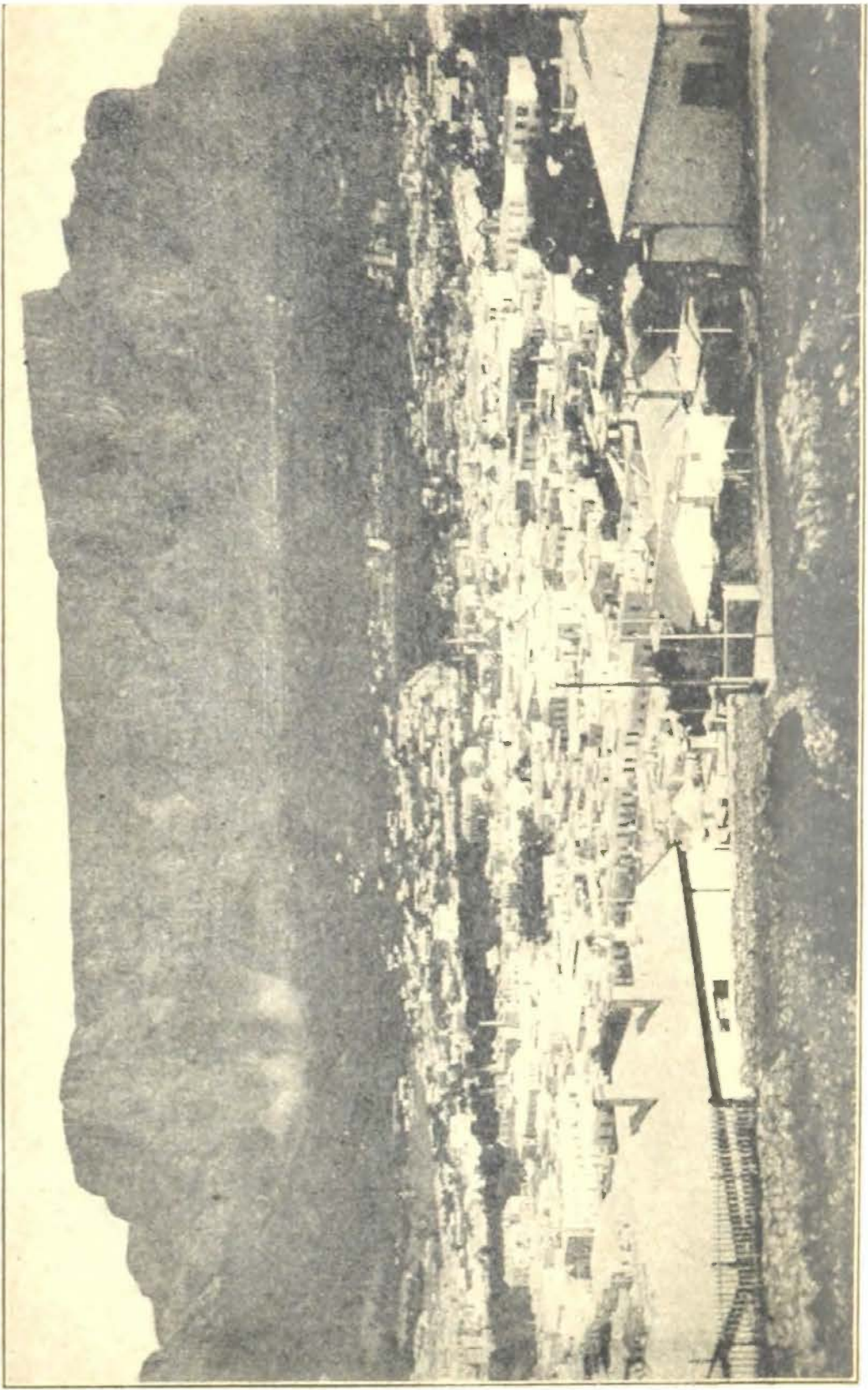
Soon after leaving the Madeira Islands, we passed the volcanic peak Tenerife, rising over fourteen thousand feet out of the sea. Although it is located almost on the equator, its summit is covered with snow during the

entire year. This volcano had not been active since its discovery until a few years ago, when a gigantic eruption took place, which blew off the top and a large portion of the side of the mountain, and entirely engulfed and destroyed the village at its base. This snow-capped peak was a magnificent sight from the deck of the vessel for more than a hundred miles, as we plowed our way through the sea.

TABLE MOUNTAIN

Two weeks after leaving Funchal, our vessel entered Table Bay, and Table Mountain rose to view. Many of the mountains in South Africa have the peculiar formation — precipitous sides and flat top — that gives this mountain its name. It rises to a height of nearly four thousand feet just back of Cape Town.

Cape Town is a city of 67,000 inhabitants, and its suburbs on the peninsula contain about 70,000 more. Adderly Street, reaching from the public gardens down to the waters of Table Bay, is the main thoroughfare. In the public gardens is a large rock, known as Post-Office Rock, which used to be at the foot of Adderly Street. Under this rock, in the early days of Cape Town history, voyagers out from England to India used to leave their letters and bags of mail for voyagers on the return to England.



CAPE TOWN AND TABLE MOUNTAIN

The city of Cape Town has beautiful public gardens. These, with its museum and art gallery, and the castle where the siege guns are located, are the chief attractions. Many of the suburbs of Cape Town are really beautiful spots; and the drive that has recently been constructed around the side of the mountain, extending down nearly to Cape Point, rivals in beauty the Columbia Highway along the Columbia River out of Portland, Oregon, or the famous drive around the Bay of Naples in Italy.

Cape Town has a cosmopolitan population of Englishmen, Afrikanders, Greeks, Malays, colored people, and natives. The color line obtains, only here we have *two* color lines. The Cape colored people, who are the half-caste population, do not attend school or church with the natives, so the government is required to conduct three classes of schools,—one for the Europeans, another for the Cape colored people, and a third for the native population.

The climate at Cape Town is very much like that of San Diego, California. The whole surroundings are pleasant indeed during the dry season; but the wet season is damp and chilly.

Eight Hundred Miles on the Cape to Cairo Railway

OUR company of six missionaries arrived on the station platform in Cape Town on Wednesday evening, May 22, 1895, to begin our journey into the interior. We found three classes of railway carriages — or “coaches,” as we call them. The first-class looked very comfortable. The seats were nicely upholstered, and there was a window for each seat. The second-class had the appearance of old first-class carriages. The third-class carriages were just back of the engine. The seats were but bare boards, with no upholstering. On inquiring the fare, we found that it cost six cents a mile to travel first-class, four cents a mile to travel second-class, and two cents a mile to travel third-class. Those who were familiar with South African travel advised us to buy second-class tickets.

We found that we had to learn a new English idiom when we arrived in Africa. In vain we looked for a ticket office and a ticket agent in the railway station; but we did find over a window a sign reading “Booking Office,” and the man who sold us

our tickets was called the "booking clerk" (pronounced "clark"). Again, we did not check our baggage, but "booked our luggage." We were surprised to learn that railway regulations allowed us only seventy-five pounds free luggage. For our party of six, we had approximately a thousand pounds of luggage. We booked what we could on the tickets, and carried the rest of it into the compartment with us.

SOUTH AFRICAN "PULLMANS"

The South African railway carriages are not only different from the American passenger coaches in being first-class, second-class, and third-class, but they are built differently. The door that enters the carriage at the end is not placed in the middle, but at the side. This entrance leads into a narrow hallway, which extends the whole length of the carriage. From this hallway, doors open into the different compartments. Each compartment is a cubicle of approximately seven feet, and there are usually eight of these in each carriage.

"Pullmans" are unknown on South African railways, but every carriage is a sleeping car. The berths are all crosswise of the carriage. The seats form the lower berths. At night, the backs of the seats may be raised up, and fastened by chains to the roof of the

compartment, thus forming a middle berth. There is also a berth swung against the roof. This may be let down, forming an upper berth. As there are two seats in each compartment, it will be readily seen that by this arrangement, berths are provided for six persons. We stored most of our luggage on the two upper berths, and the six of us occupied the seats. The compartment was quite well filled, as we had twenty-three pieces of hand luggage. The railway companies in South Africa limit the amount of luggage each passenger may put into the "luggage van," as it is called; but in those days, they raised no question as to the amount one might carry into a compartment.

When we were ready to start, the conductor examined our tickets, found that we were going through to the end of the line, then locked us in, so that we could make the journey by ourselves in safety.

A FRUIT-GROWING DISTRICT

On leaving Cape Town, the up-country line follows around Table Bay about ten miles, then starts off in a northeasterly direction. The soil is sandy, like much of the soil in Florida. While to the agriculturist it does not look very productive, yet the finest grapes in the world are produced on

the Cape Peninsula. Strawberries are grown in abundance, as are many other delicious fruits.

THE PAARL

A few miles out of Cape Town, the hills begin to rise, and the attention of the traveler is soon attracted to a giant black rock, rising up near the railway line, called "The Paarl," a Dutch word meaning "pearl." Near The Paarl are the nurseries of the Pickstone Brothers, of California, who have revolutionized the fruit-growing business of South Africa. Previously to their entering the field, the old Dutch colonists grew seedling oranges, seedling lemons, seedling peaches, and other fruits of inferior quality. These men introduced modern grafted fruits, which they had seen raised so profitably in California; and to-day these fine grafted varieties have almost entirely supplanted the seedling fruits.

Farther up the line is Wellington, in another fertile fruit-growing district. Here is a well equipped girls' school, established by American teachers from Mount Holyoke, and conducted on much the same plan as some of our own schools.

The next town of interest is Worcester, the center and shipping point of still another rich fruit-growing section. Worcester is a town of considerable importance. From this

point, the Cape Central Railway is now built to the east, passing along the coast toward Port Elizabeth, and opening up new and valuable farming territory for settlers.

OVER THE HEX RIVER MOUNTAINS

Soon after leaving Worcester, we entered the Hex River Mountains. Along the railway in this region is the most beautiful scenery I have ever seen in South Africa, comparing very favorably with the Royal Gorge on the Denver and Rio Grande Railway in Colorado. The building of the road over these mountains certainly was a wonderful engineering feat. Near the top, the railway passes through a tunnel very much like the Tennessee Pass on the Denver and Rio Grande. The nights there are always bitter cold; yet from the top of the mountains, one may look down the beautiful Hex River Valley, and see orange trees growing in the distance.

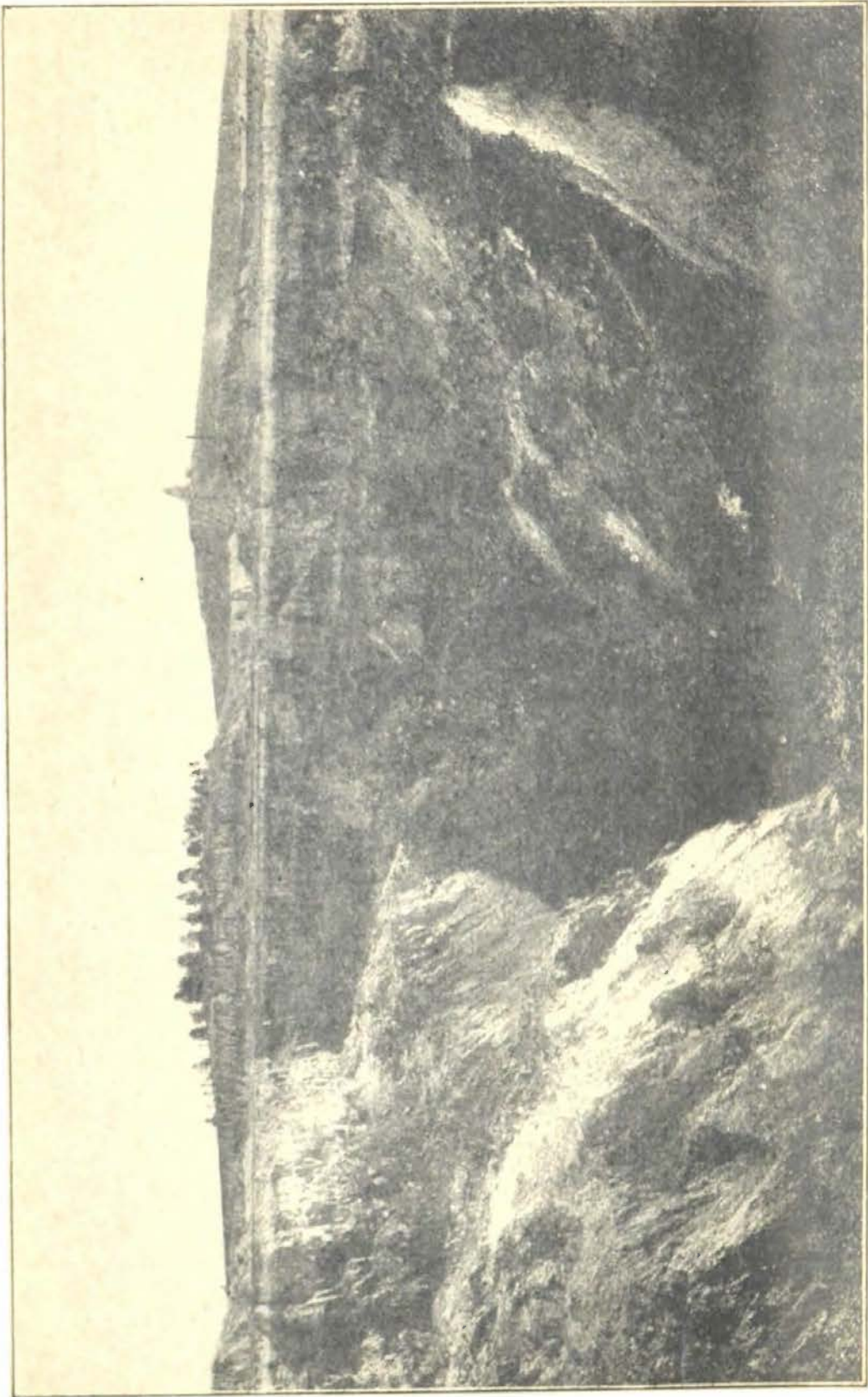
Immediately upon passing over the Hex River Mountains, the traveler observes a change in the seasons. North and east of these mountains, the rains fall in summer; that is, from November to April, as we are on the south side of the equator. South and west of the mountains, the rains fall in the winter, usually beginning sometime in May and closing in September or October. In

nearly all South Africa, there are two distinct seasons — the wet season and the dry season. Rain falls in abundance during the wet season; but the ground is dry and parched during the six or eight months of the dry season, when it is a rare thing to see even a cloud in the sky.

Just before emerging from the Hex River Mountains onto the interior plateau, the traveler passes through Magersfontein ("the majestic fountain"). This is the point where the Boer general De Wet was turned back in his raid into Cape Colony at the time of the Boer War. I learned something about war-time travel in a trip I made to Cape Town at the time De Wet's army was trying to make its way through the hills. Our train was preceded by one armored train, and followed by another. Every half mile of the railway track was patrolled by a soldier, and all through the hills might be seen the flashes of the heliograph as the English signaled to one another the movements of the Dutch raiders.

THE KAROO

Coming out of the mountains onto the interior plateau, called the Karoo, the traveler from the United States is reminded of parts of Utah and Nevada. The Karoo is a very desolate looking region, covered in places



OPEN MINE, WESSELTON, KIMBERLEY

with sagebrush. It is sparsely inhabited by Dutch settlers. They have large farms, and their chief occupation is raising Angora goats, fat-tailed sheep, and ostriches. The flavor of mutton from the Karoo is highly prized, I am told, by many of the people of Cape Colony. The sagebrush on which the sheep feed is said to add a great deal to the flavor of the meat.

In traveling through this part of South Africa, I was interested in the effort of the farmers to save themselves from the inroads of jackals on their herds. The jackal is an animal something like the coyote of our Western prairies, and very destructive to flocks of sheep and goats. Some years ago the government placed a bounty on jackals, and required the natives and the settlers to produce the tails of the animals as evidence that they had been killed. Whenever the natives caught a female jackal, however, they would, with an eye to future business, simply cut off her tail, present that to the government, claim the bounty, and let her go, that the number of jackals might not in any way be decreased.

De Aar, the next town up the line, is a railway junction where the Eastern Province, Bloemfontein, and Johannesburg Railway lines branch off. It is a very desolate looking town. The chief industry is the

large railway shops. The place is a great repair center for broken-down railway car-riages and locomotives.

Passing on to the north, we soon crossed the Modder ("muddy") River. At the time of the Boer War, General Kronje was captured by the British under General Methuen at this point. The Modder was flooded and impassable; so the Boer leader found himself somewhat in the position of the Israelites at the Red Sea. At the rear and on either side were the advancing British troops, and in front was the flooded river. There was nothing to do but surrender.

THE CITY OF DIAMONDS

About two hours' ride by train from the Modder River (for in Africa we seldom reckon distance by miles; it is so many hours from one point to another), we arrived in Kimberley, the great diamond-producing center. Approximately three fourths of the diamonds of the world come out of the Kimberley mines. They are all controlled by the De Beers Company.

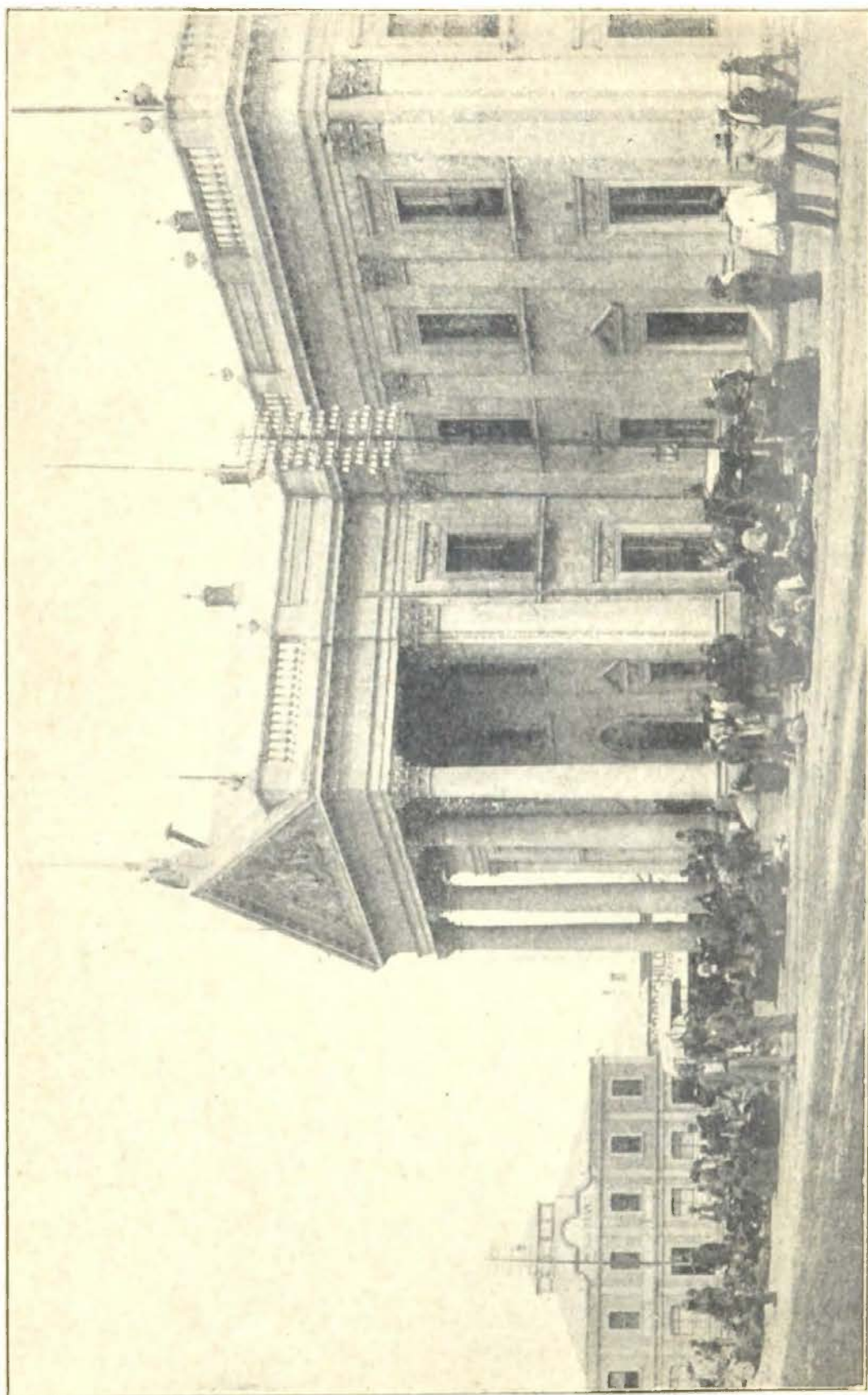
Just at the end of old Main Street in Kimberley, one may see the largest open excavation ever made in the earth by the efforts of man. The area of this hole is nearly forty acres, and its depth is about

eighteen hundred feet. An untold wealth of diamonds has been taken from it.

I was interested to visit the Pulsator Mine, and see the process of mining diamonds. The "blue ground" is brought up from the interior of the earth (and some of the mines are nearly a mile deep at the present time), laid out on the ground (the fields where the "blue ground" is spread are called "gardens"), and allowed to remain there for two or three years, until the stone begins to disintegrate through the action of the rain and the sun. It is then brought to a crusher, and broken to stones about the size of a man's fist.

The specific gravity of the diamond is very high; and the miners, taking advantage of this fact, run these stones through what they call a "puddling" process, in which, by centrifugal force, ninety per cent of the *débris* is thrown away, while the heavier stones, containing the diamonds, are attracted by centripetal force down the center of the whirling machine.

Then the stones are crushed again to pieces about the size of a walnut; and these go through a second "puddling" process, which eliminates another large portion of the *débris*. Once more the stones are crushed, this time between rollers set with springs. The diamond is not only very heavy, but



 SIEGE OF KIMBERLEY, 1899

also very hard; and these rollers are so adjusted that they will crush the *débris*, but will not injure the harder diamond.

From this third crushing comes what is called "the gravel," which is then carried by water power over a greased board. The grease is of such a consistency that the light gravel will be washed away, while the heavier diamonds will sink into it. At evening, the operator passes his fingers over the board, and picks out the diamonds that have settled upon it during the day. I held in my hand the output of one day's work, and asked the operator the value of the uncut stones. He told me they were worth about three thousand pounds sterling, or \$14,610.

THE END OF THE LINE

North of Kimberley the country changes again, and we entered the fertile grazing district about Vryburg and Mafeking. Just before reaching Mafeking, our train stopped at a small siding, and the natives from the cornfield near by came flocking up. This was the first time any of our party had ever seen the natives in their "raw" state, with no clothing to cover their nakedness.

Early Sunday morning our train reached the railway terminal at Mafeking. We remained in the coach until daybreak. Then Elder G. B. Tripp and I started out to find

our wagons. The brethren in South Africa had very kindly purchased for us a complete traveling outfit before we arrived; and incidentally I might say that in procuring it they had spent the entire amount of our appropriation for the year. We had two wagons and a cart. The cart was for the accommodation of the women of our party, and the wagons were to transport our goods the 620 miles between Mafeking and the mission farm near Bulawayo.

Elder Tripp and I had a native boy put two oxen on the cart and go down to the railway station to get Mrs. Tripp and Mrs. Anderson and our luggage. Just as we were approaching the railway carriage, the oxen ran away. The women saw it; so when the driver got the animals under control again, the women said the oxen might take the baggage, but they preferred to walk.

Next day we started out to look for our goods, which had been shipped by freight from Cape Town two weeks before. We found that part of them had arrived, and were already loaded upon a transport rider's wagon, to be taken into the interior. It seemed that this man had received instruction to transport the goods of a certain missionary, Francis by name, to Bulawayo; and when he found some goods belonging to

missionaries, he did not bother much about whose name was on them, but simply took possession of them, and was ready to start that very night. We produced our way-bills, and succeeded in convincing him that the goods belonged to us, and after some little argument, persuaded him to unload them near our wagons.

Six Hundred Miles Beyond the Railway by Ox Wagon

BEGINNING THE LONG TREK

MR. and Mrs. Fred Sparrow were waiting for us at Mafeking; and as Mr. Sparrow had been over the road before, he took charge of our trek into the interior. One wagon was loaded with about seven thousand pounds of goods, with a cover over the back part of it. On top of the boxes, and directly beneath this cover, was the bed of Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow. The other wagon, which was loaded with about six thousand pounds of goods, had a cover extending over its whole length, like an old-time "prairie schooner." In the front part of this wagon, on top of the boxes, Dr. A. S. Carmichael, of California, who had joined us at Cape Town as our medical missionary, and Master George Tripp, placed their springs, and made their bed. With our "telescope" hand bags for a partition between the two beds, Mrs. Anderson and I placed our springs on top of the boxes, in the back part of the wagon, and there made up our bed. The distance between the springs and the top of the wagon was so short that when

I turned sidewise in the bed, one shoulder would touch the top of the wagon, and the other would press the springs down on the box underneath.

Elder and Mrs. Tripp occupied the cart, which had no springs, and was loaded with about one thousand two hundred pounds of flour. They used the sacks of flour for their mattress.

THE "NORTHERN EXPRESS"

On Sunday evening, June 2, we inspanned about sunset, and started for Bulawayo with the ox wagons. In making up our company for the journey, Mr. Sparrow informed us that it was customary in South Africa to have a native boy lead each span of oxen. There is a difference, in South African parlance, between a span of oxen and a yoke of oxen. "A span of oxen" means sixteen oxen, "a long span" is eighteen, and "a short span" is fourteen. The wagon that was loaded most heavily was drawn by a span of oxen, the other was drawn by a short span, and the cart had four oxen attached to it. Elder Tripp and I alternated driving the cart. We had a native from near Mafeking to drive the short span; and a Mr. Pitteway, who desired to accompany us into Rhodesia, agreed to drive the other span in return for his board on the journey.

There was another means of transportation into the country; namely, the stage-coach. This left Mafeking once a week, and was known as "the Northern Express." It was drawn by mules trained for the purpose, and relays were in waiting every ten miles along the route. When in Mafeking, we went to the market square to see it start. When all was ready, the signal for right of way was given, the driver cracked his long whip, the mules started out into a furious gallop, and away went the "express." The sudden jerk forward caused one of the passengers to lose his hat; but the mail must not be delayed for such a trifle, and the poor fellow was driven bareheaded into the veldt. As the fare was twenty-eight pounds ten, sterling (about \$140), we preferred to go by ox wagon, which is not only cheaper but also much more comfortable.

When lots were cast, it fell to me to drive the cart the first night out. I had recently finished my education at Battle Creek College, and like most young college men, was fairly bursting with knowledge, and of course scorned the idea that it would be necessary to have a native boy lead the oxen I was driving. I thought I certainly knew enough to carry an ox whip and drive four oxen, when a stupid native boy could drive fourteen to the wagon just in front. So

we helped Mrs. Tripp and Mrs. Anderson into the cart, and started to fall in line behind the wagons.

But my oxen would not line up. Away they went over the veldt, as fast as they could run, the women screaming, and I running after the team as fast as I could, trying to get them back into the road. I was just about to head them off when I plunged into a thorn bush, known by the Dutch as *wacht-een-beetje*, which means, "wait a bit." The thorn is shaped like a fishhook, barb and all; and when I plunged into this bush, I did wait quite a bit to get clear of it, and left a section of one of my trouser legs when I finally extricated myself.

The oxen, however, had missed the thorn bush, and were going right on; so I had another good run after them. Finally I turned them back toward the road, and very soon afterward they locked wheels with the wagon in front. This stopped the team, and allowed me time to catch up. After chasing around over the veldt until the oxen were nearly tired out, and I was entirely so, the team finally fell into line behind the wagon, and we proceeded peacefully on our journey. This was my first lesson in adaptability.

We traveled at night, because the oxen could not endure the heat of the day. Then,

too, the oxen must feed during the day. We usually inspanned late in the afternoon, drove about three hours, then tied up for the night, and started on very early the next morning, and outspanned at breakfast time.

Notwithstanding the extreme heat during the day, we often had heavy frosts at night.

THE DAILY MENU

On June 3, we started at six in the morning, and drove three hours; and at the end of two days' travel, we found ourselves ten miles from Mafeking, and were reminded that the journey would be slow and tedious. Graham mush, crackers, and cereal coffee made up our bill of fare for breakfast, and beans instead of mush added variety to the noonday meal. Mrs. Anderson baked some bread in the iron bake pots we had brought along for that purpose, but our submaxillaries were too weak to masticate it.

About three a. m., June 4, we were out yoking up the oxen, and soon started on. The roads were good for a while, but ere long we came to stone in the road. Those of our company who remained in bed heartily wished they were up. Perhaps you can imagine how it would be to lie in a spring bed mounted on boxes, and every time the wagon went over a stone, to strike first the box beneath and then the wagon cover above.

We stopped about eight o'clock in a very sandy place; and as there was a high wind, our breakfast was somewhat gritty. At sundown, we started on again, and had a pleasant drive until ten p. m.¹

June 5. This morning, we started early again, and drove until 7:30, when we stopped for the day. Breakfast was the same as usual, except that we had no coffee. Mrs. Tripp tried her hand at baking bread to-day. It was better than the other, and we hope it will keep improving. She tried to cook some peas for dinner; but after they had boiled for four or five hours, they were still like bullets. I managed to swallow a few of them whole, as there was no use trying to chew them; and I had indigestion as a result. We made only a short drive in the evening, for Mr. Sparrow was ill.

June 6. Two months to-day since we left Mrs. Anderson's home in Michigan, and we expect it will be two more before we reach our new home. The natives came to the wagon with milk to sell; but it did not look very inviting, so we did not buy any. We shot pigeons to-day, and had pigeon potpie for dinner. We started on again at sunset,

¹ The dated paragraphs that follow, describing the journey day by day, are taken partly from a diary kept at the time, and partly from a description of the journey sent to the folks at home after we reached the station.

but were not able to drive far, as Mr. Sparrow was getting worse.

June 7. We started before four this morning, and drove until nine. We were among the mountains, and it was rough going, as the road wound around the hills and over the rocks. After traveling about eight miles, we struck camp, with the mountains all around us. Here we expected to remain only over the Sabbath; but on account of the illness of Mr. Sparrow, we stayed five days. Elder Tripp and I spent most of our time among the mountains, hunting deer, which were quite plentiful, but without success. One of our drivers was more successful, and brought in a *duyker* (a species of antelope).

June 12. We started on at four this morning. The roads were somewhat better. At seven, we stopped in a dry, sandy place for the day. As we were near a native village, Dr. Carmichael went into the town, looked up a missionary, and spent the day with him. We were on the road again from sunset until 9:30, when we stopped among the thorn bushes for the night.

June 13. We started at daylight, and soon came to a river. The banks were very steep. Elder Tripp went ahead to see the wagons safely across, and then came back to help me with the cart. As there was no

brake on the cart, we had to act in that capacity; so taking hold of the back part of the cart, and bracing our feet, we coasted down to the water's edge, and then sprang in to ride across. We camped for the day about one mile from the river, and had to carry water all that distance. In the evening, we traveled only a short trek, and put up for the night.

June 14. Another short ride this morning, and camp for the Sabbath near the Notawanna River. We all went down and had a bath.

NATIVE FRUIT

June 15. We had our usual Sabbath service, after which we went out among the rocks. Mrs. Anderson and I discovered a fruit tree, with fruit resembling oranges, but having a very hard shell. It is green in color until it ripens, when it turns yellow, just the same as an orange. This was very green. We were anxious, however, to taste it, to see what it was like. I procured a hammer and broke the shell, and then took some of the green fruit into my mouth. The taste was like concentrated essence of quinine, and not till two or three days afterward did I get rid of all of it. The Mata-beles call it *kemitjwana*.

June 16. We started this morning early

for a long drive. We had to pass from one river to another, a distance of nearly forty miles, without water. About eight a. m., we halted, as the sun was too hot to keep on; and we remained here while the oxen went back to the river, eight miles away, for water. We started on again at 3:30 in the afternoon, and spent the night and until noon the next day alternately driving and resting — driving four hours, and resting two. At the midnight rest, I lay down by the fire to get a short sleep; but I was soon brought back from the land of nod by a burning sensation, and found that my trousers were afire. The blaze did not get much start, so no serious damage was done.

AN UNANSWERED CALL

June 17. We stopped near a native village, and were cordially received. In the evening, all our party attended their native church. The natives begged us to stay here and teach them, but we had been sent farther on. Day after day, and over and over again, we were compelled to turn a deaf ear to entreaties for teachers, from native chiefs. Every worker could have been left at a different village, and then not all the appeals for help would have been answered. Of course, this could not be done, as we were all needed at the farm, and must

not delay. Although those calls came to us over twenty years ago, be it said to our shame that to-day we have no workers in Bechuanaland.

June 18. This is the day I am formally graduated from Battle Creek College. My commencement exercises are driving an ox wagon in Bechuanaland! We stopped near a native village, and visited a school conducted by a native teacher. I was much pleased with his success. When we looked for water, we were told that the oxen would have to graze down to the river, about seven miles away, to get a drink. I inquired if we should have to do likewise. They told me, No; there was a native well down the *zlei* where we could get water. Elder Tripp and I took our buckets and went in quest of water; but on arriving at the well, we found a native woman taking a foot bath in it. We requested her to move on, and then dipped all the water out, sat down, and waited for more to run in. After two hours' delay, we got nearly a bucketful of water, with which to do all our cooking for the day. For some reason, the rice we cooked that day turned black; but we were hungry, and enjoyed it just the same.

¹ With two other members of my class, also mission appointees, I completed the required college work, and started to the mission field, two months before school closed.

We started late in the evening, but took the wrong road, and were soon hopelessly lost. After wandering around over the veldt for two or three hours, we found our way back to the road. At this point, the veldt was covered with thorn bushes; and to walk into an African thorn bush in the dark is not a pleasant experience. However, this was not a pleasure trip, so we made the best of it.

The chief characteristic of this part of the country is its sameness. Some one has said that if a person journeying north from Cape Town looks out of the railway train three times after passing over the Hex River Mountains, he will see all there is to be seen. In the south, he would see the Karoo, or South African desert; about Vryburg and Mafeking, he would see prairies like those in western Kansas and eastern Colorado; and in Bechuanaland, he would see scrub bush like the jack oak that grows in parts of Michigan and around Washington, D. C. Scrub bush, thorns, and grass, then grass, thorns, and scrub bush, offer the only variation in scenery.

A DISAPPOINTING LAKE

June 19, we came near the Marico River, and had an opportunity to do some washing. Here we saw what Mr. A. Druillard

described on his trip the year before as "a beautiful lake." Now I should have called it a mudhole. I went hunting, but somehow the gun would not shoot straight.

June 20. We stopped at nine this morning. Our herdboy, Jim, started with the oxen to find the river, which he thought was not far away. He came back at nine in the evening, saying he found it a little over six miles distant.

CROCODILE RIVER

June 21. We drove four hours this morning, and came to the Crocodile, or Limpopo, River. I went hunting again, and killed a bird something like a chicken. The natives were quite plentiful. Their clothing here consisted of a shirt, and a few bracelets made of common fence wire or leather. I saw a crocodile track in the mud by the river.

June 23. Yesterday was Sabbath, and we spent the day very pleasantly. At night, we made a long drive; and this morning, we stopped again near the river. Dr. Carmichael tried to amuse the natives with an electric battery, but he could not easily get them to touch the electrodes. After leaving Crocodile River, we started to the north toward Khama's Town, in British Bechuanaland.

On June 25, we camped on the Palla River. Soon after outspanning for the day, I was attracted by the crack of whips down the river where the Palla joins the Limpopo. Going down there, I found a number of Dutch families trekking out of the Transvaal on their way to Portuguese West Africa. They had their herds, their flocks, and their little ones, of whom there was a large number in each family. In coming through the river, each wagon stuck fast as the oxen tried to pull it up the bank. One wagon had four spans, or sixty-four oxen, attached to it. First a span was attached in the usual way; another span was put on in front of them; then on either side of the span nearest the wagon, with a chain hooked around the front axle just about where the stay chain hooks are fastened on an American farm wagon, were the other two spans. Still the wagon stuck fast.

Finally, with about a dozen of those old Dutch farmers wielding their double whips, and the natives shouting and yelling, the oxen laid to the yokes, with such effect that they broke the coupling pole, and went up through the mud with only the front wheels and the axle. Many of these Dutch farmers are wagon makers,—Jacks of all trades, masters of none; and they soon cut a tree from the forest, hewed it down, made a

new "long wagon,"— which is their name for a coupling pole,— and were ready to start on again in the evening.

NEW SHOES

Before leaving Cape Town, Elder Tripp and I had purchased *veldt schoons*, a kind of shoe worn commonly by the Dutch people in South Africa. On reaching Palla, Elder Tripp found that his shoes were entirely worn out; so he went to a store where a Jew was trading with the natives, to buy a new pair. He came back with a heavy pair of plow shoes filled with nails, and with a very heavy plate on the heel, like a donkey's shoe. He had paid five dollars for the pair. That night, it was my turn to drive the oxen, and Elder Tripp rode the whole journey on the cart. When we stopped to tie up for the night, he discovered that his big toe had made a hole entirely through one of his new shoes. We wondered how much would have been left of the pair if he had had to walk and drive the oxen that night.

Water is very scarce in Bechuanaland; so we had to make long trips, sometimes going as far as twenty miles in a day. At one place where we stopped, the only water to be had must be pumped out of a well; but our oxen had never drunk water from a

trough, and although they were very thirsty, they refused to touch it. Elder Tripp and I dug a trench in the ground, lined it with a strip of canvas, and carefully covered the edges with dirt. Then we carried water and filled the trench. When the oxen were brought up, they satisfied their thirst. To them, the water seemed to be in a ditch, such as they were accustomed to drinking from.

KHAMA, A CHRISTIAN CHIEF

When we reached Palapye, we came to the largest native village I have ever seen. It has a population of approximately twenty thousand natives. This is King Khama's Town. I have a profound respect for Khama, the Christian chief of the Mangwatos.

It has always seemed remarkable to me that wherever in South Africa the natives have received the gospel, they have been permitted to retain their territory and their native rulers. The old king of the Basutos gladly received the French Protestant missionaries, giving them a hearty welcome and a free hand among his people; and Basutoland to-day, while a British colony, is a native reserve, under the control of a Basuto chief and a native council.

Adjoining Basutoland is Zululand, whose king, Tjaka, refused the missionaries ad-

mittance to his country, furiously fought the white men whenever he had opportunity, and attempted to hold his people with an iron grip, and keep them from the influence of the gospel. But the time had come for this gospel of the kingdom to be preached in all the world for a witness to all nations; and although King Tjaka was the most powerful chief that the Zulu nation has ever produced, he went down before the English troops. So his country was opened, and freedom was given for the proclamation of the gospel message.

King Khama, too, received the missionaries of the London Society gladly. Always friendly to the British, he allowed the traders to enter his country freely, but resolutely forbade them to sell intoxicating drinks to his people. In writing to her majesty the late Queen Victoria, Khama said:

“It were better for me that I should lose my country than that it should be flooded with drink.”

He has even prohibited the manufacture of the native beer in his territory; and although revolutions have been planned, and rebels have sought to supplant him, he has been true to the principles of Christianity, and has always fearlessly followed the course he believed to be right.

Lobengula, king of the Matabeles, refused the gospel to his people. Missionaries who entered his territory years ago have often told me that as soon as he found a native boy or girl interested in the school, or studying the Book, that native disappeared, and was never heard from again. So Lobengula had to be set aside, in order that the Matabeles might have the gospel.

SOUTH AFRICAN RIVERS IN THE DRY SEASON

During the dry season, the rivers in north Bechuanaland are great beds of sand. When we came to the Shashi, I went down to the river to look for water. There was none there — just a long stretch of deep river sand. I tramped up the river for about a mile, and down the river for about half that distance, and still saw no signs of water anywhere. As I came back near where the wagons crossed the river, I saw a native down on his knees in the sand, digging with both hands. I was curious to know what he was after, and went over to find out. About eighteen inches below the surface, the sand was moist; and about two feet down, there was water. Then and there I learned my first lesson on how to get water from an African river. You simply dig a deep hole in the sand, then wait for the water to run in.

One night, when the native boy returned to camp with the cattle, he told us that one of the oxen was very lame, and that he had lost it. Elder Tripp and I started off at once with this boy and Mr. Pitteway to look for the lost ox. As Dr. Carmichael was getting along in years, we insisted that he remain at the wagon. It was soon dark; but having the native boy for a guide, we went back in the direction from which he had come, and found the ox limping painfully in toward the wagons. We came along with him slowly, and reached the wagons about an hour after dark.

When we arrived, we found Mrs. Tripp and Mrs. Anderson very anxious about the doctor. Soon after we left, he had insisted on going to look for the lost ox; now darkness had come down upon us, we were there with the lame ox, but the doctor was gone. We did everything that we knew how to do to attract his attention,—cracked the long ox whips, fired the rifle, and built up large bonfires, as wood was plentiful,—but apparently with no result. About eleven o'clock that night, we heard native voices coming through the darkness; and a little later, three stalwart Bechuanas came into our camp, followed by Dr. Carmichael.

Soon after leaving the wagons, he had become hopelessly lost; but after wandering

around some little time through the bush in the dark, he heard a cow bellow, and following in the direction of the sound, he came to a native village. By gesticulations, he made the people understand that he was lost, and they brought him back to the wagons.

ABANDONED BY THEIR PARENTS

At this same place, some travelers on the way to Bulawayo were encamped, with their wagons and families. Two young girls, one about eighteen years of age and the other about sixteen, wandered away during the day into the woods, and became bewildered and finally lost. The parents stayed in camp that night, and spent some time the next day searching for the girls; then, deciding that they could not find them, they yoked up their oxen in the afternoon, and started on again toward Bulawayo, leaving the girls to perish in the wilderness.

The young women found their way to a native village, and the natives brought them into camp, only to find that their parents had gone on to the north. They then appealed to the Bechuanaland border police, who had a camp a few miles away. Two young Englishmen came along the next day with their horses, took the girls behind them, and rode along on horseback until they over-

took the emigrants. I could hardly understand the lack of affection manifested by those parents; still, I have witnessed many things almost as cruel during my long stay in Africa.

Just on the northern border of Bechuana-land, we came to a territory called the Tati Concession, where there are extensive gold mines. I was rather interested, in looking up the history of this concession, to learn that "Tati" is derived from a Sentebele word meaning "taken." Literally translated, the name of this strip of territory is "the *taken* concession,"—surely an amusing contradiction of terms.

ORIGIN OF THE MATABELE NATION

From here we crossed over into Matabeleland, the country in which we were to locate. The Matabele nation was established by Umsilikazi, their first king. Umsilikazi was a prominent chief under Tjaka, king of the Zulus. About 1828, Tjaka sent him to the north of Zululand on a raid, in which he was very successful. He captured thousands of head of cattle, and came back with a long train of slaves. On reaching the borders of Natal, he called his *indunas* together, and asked why, as they had won all this spoil by their own prowess, they should hand it over to Tjaka, who had not even gone with

them. They agreed with him that the spoil ought to be theirs. Umsilikazi camped on the borders of the country for a few days; and as he sent no present to King Tjaka, his action meant treason and rebellion.

Tjaka at once raised a large force to coerce his rebel chief. Umsilikazi, fearing to risk a battle, and doubting the loyalty of many of his *indunas*, crossed over the central part of what is now the Transvaal, and did his utmost to leave no human creature behind. It was his aim, he said, to leave a great desert between him and his old master. From there he traveled north, devastating the country, and capturing all the cattle he could. Finally, crossing the Limpopo River, he subjugated the Mashonas, the Makalanguas, and other tribes, and established the Matabele kingdom.

Umsilikazi was a cruel, bloodthirsty ruler. I have seen many places in Northern Rhodesia where he raided the Batongas. Natives have shown me how the Matabeles would bend over the small trees almost to the ground, and tie the babies, which their mothers were unable to carry forward in the hard march, into the branches of the tops; then they would build a fire beneath, and leave the infants to roast alive. The Matabeles lived by war and plunder. The only means they had of reckoning time was

by the movements of their warriors; for they planned to raid some territory every year.

About 1890, the British South African Company, having obtained a royal charter from the English government the year before, settled in Mashonaland, and espoused the cause of the Mashonas. They built Forts Victoria, Charter, and Salisbury, and began to occupy the country and develop the mines.

ANCIENT GOLD MINES

All through Rhodesia, there are ancient ruins which indicate that at some time farther back than the traditions of any of the Bantu tribes extend, gold was mined in that country. These old mines may have been the far-famed mines of Ophir. There are ruins and paintings on the rocks all through the country, the most notable of which are the Zimbabwe ruins, which would indicate that these mines were operated by the ancient Phœnicians; but of course there is no definite historical proof of this. We do know, however, that mining was carried on extensively throughout the country. But with the ancient methods of extracting gold, it did not pay to work low-grade ore; so as soon as the value in the lead began to decrease, the site was abandoned. To-day

Rhodesia ranks fourth among the gold-producing countries of the world. Many of its most prosperous mines have been developed from the old veins of quartz that were abandoned by the ancients, but which, with modern mining methods, can now be worked at a profit.

In 1893, Lobengula, who had succeeded his father, Umsilikazi, sent his army on a raid into Mashonaland. They came into contact with the settlers there, who had been brought in by the British South African Company; and the English government demanded reparation for the losses to English subjects, and to the Mashona people, their allies. Lobengula said that he had never given back to a Mashona anything that he had taken from him, and never intended to. This, of course, led to a declaration of war; and in November, 1893, Lobengula fled from his town, Bulawayo, and the Matabele nation came to an end. No one knows the fate of King Lobengula. Some suppose that he took poison. Others argue that he was killed by his own people. Natives have told me that they think he is still living, somewhere north of the Zambezi. One thing is sure,—no man knows the place of his sepulcher.

Immediately after the Matabele nation had been crushed, the British South African

Company threw the country open for settlement, and the way was made easy for us to establish our first mission to the heathen.

After entering the country, we were much impressed by the names given to the different places along the line. The first was Plumtree, but we did not see any plums. The next was Figtree. There were some large wild fig trees there, but no figs. As a matter of fact, the wild fruits in Rhodesia are very disappointing. One of our missionaries has described them as "consisting of three parts,—the peel, the pit, and the pucker." This description is very applicable to the *umtundulukas*, the *umqokolo*, the *umtakabomvu*, and others. The figs of the young wild fig tree are fairly good if one can get them before they are filled with ants and worms; but as these get into the fruit as soon as it begins to ripen, it is of little use as an article of diet.

THE GRAVE IN THE MATOPPAS

As we approached Bulawayo, the Matoppa Hills came into sight. Off to the east from Figtree, on a clear day, one can catch sight of the rocky prominence of World's View, where the Hon. Cecil Rhodes, after whom Rhodesia was named, and who was the greatest statesman that South Africa has ever produced, selected the site of his grave.

There in the top of the hills, on the very highest point of an enormous rock, the grave was blasted from the solid granite, and Mr. Rhodes's body was interred. A brass plate on the granite rock that was placed back over the coffin bears the simple inscription "Cecil John Rhodes." The only monument is four massive boulders, each of which is as large as an ordinary dwelling house, standing at the four corners of the grave.

NEARING BULAWAYO

July 23, we reached the Khami River, about eighteen miles from Bulawayo, and there left the main wagon road to turn away to the west and the mission farm. This road, leading in from Mangwe Pass, was the only road by which Lobengula would ever permit traders or hunters to enter his territory.

Some years before the English occupation of the country, the natives south of the Khami River, near Mabukatwani, decided to dig up the road, and plant extensive gardens on its site. When the Kafir corn and mealies (Indian corn) were nearly ripe, a trader coming up from the south with his wagons stopped at Plumtree, and went forward on horseback to obtain Lobengula's permission to enter the country. When he arrived at the place where the road had

been dug up, the natives met him with their assagais, and refused to allow him to go through their lands. He made a wide detour to the west, and the next day arrived in Bulawayo. After obtaining the king's permission to come into the country with his goods, he asked by what route he should enter, and the king told him to go by the usual way. The man then said that several miles of the road had been dug up near Mabukatwani, and planted to Kafir corn and mealies, and the natives refused to permit him to cross their lands.

Lobengula seemed very much surprised, and evidently had no knowledge of what his people had done. He told the trader to go back, and that by the time he came up with the wagons, the road would be open.

The next morning, Lobengula ordered his driver to inspan the oxen to his own wagon, and some of his native servants to collect about five hundred head of loose cattle, as he was starting south. With his herds and drivers, Lobengula left Bulawayo early in the morning, and gave instruction to hurry the cattle along, giving them no opportunity to snatch even a mouthful of grass from the roadside. He drove them hard that day, and tied them fast to chains that night on a bare spot of ground, so they would have no opportunity to eat.

He arose early the next morning, and arrived at the native gardens about nine a. m. Immediately he entered the gardens, Lobengula told his driver to put aside his whip, and climb on the wagon. He also instructed the natives who were driving the herd of cattle not to urge them in any way; and with this throng of five hundred head of hungry cattle, he started quietly through the gardens to open the road.

The natives came down, very much infuriated; but when they saw their king riding along on the wagon with a smiling face, they made obeisance to him, and returned to their villages.

Lobengula drove down the whole length of their gardens, then turned his team and all the cattle, and quietly drove back through them again. In that way, he reopened the road, and it was never again closed to white men.

The day we left the main wagon road, we met with an accident. A very pretty little red cow, which Mr. Sparrow had taken down with him from the mission farm to Mafeking, in order to have milk day by day on the road, and which had walked quietly along, taking her place every night alongside the ox in the fourth yoke from the wagon in the short span, was bitten by a snake. The native boy came in at once, and reported

that he had seen the cow bitten; but before we could get to her, she was dead. We felt sorry for the little cow. She had never made us any trouble; we had never had to drive her a step of the way; but all that was worth anything to us now was her skin.

First Seventh-Day Adventist Mission Station Among the Heathen

ON Thursday evening, July 25, Mr. Sparrow climbed out of the wagon, came back where we were with the cart, and told us we were now on the mission farm. What a joy it was to us to know that the long trek was ended! That night, we camped under a big tree, and Friday morning, July 26, drove farther in, to the site selected for the station. Mr. Sparrow stopped where he had built his huts the year before, and we turned our oxen out to feed.

After we had been there about two hours, the natives, hearing of our arrival, came up to greet us. They said they had built a hut for us about five hundred yards farther west, as they thought that would be the best place for us to settle.

Elder Tripp sent at once for the oxen, had them brought in and inspanned; and about noon, July 26, 1895, we arrived at our new home,—a little mud hut, about fourteen feet in diameter, built by the natives. The walls were about five feet high,

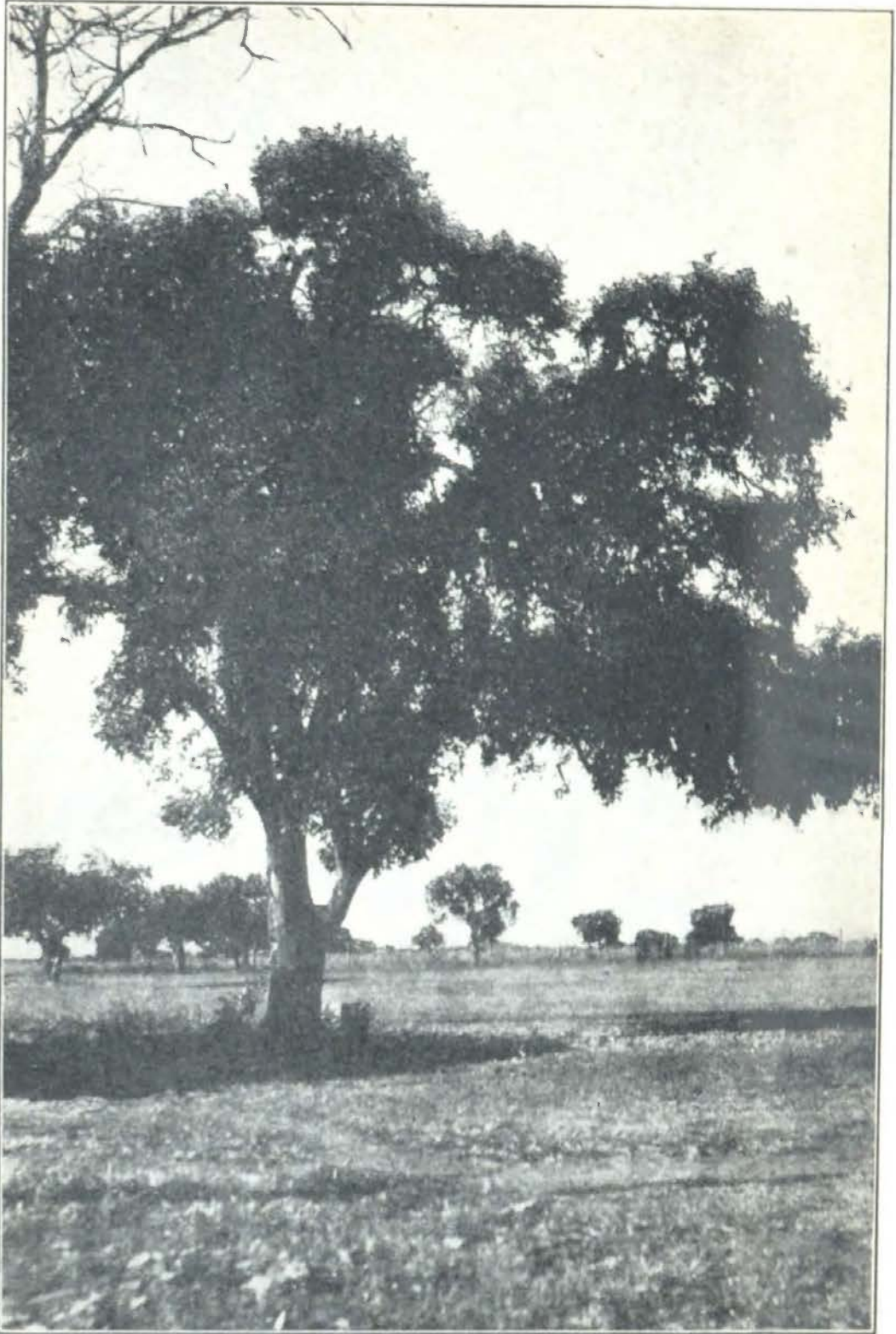
and the roof was covered with a thin coat of grass. This made a good shade, but gave no adequate protection in rainy weather.

A ROYAL GIFT FOR MISSION WORK

The story of how the grant for the mission farm was received is one of unusual interest, as it shows how the Lord can lead when His people have an unselfish desire to work for Him and will step out by faith on His promises. Elder A. T. Robinson, who was one of the early Seventh-day Adventist missionaries sent to South Africa, has written the following account of the way the grant for the first mission farm in Rhodesia was secured:

“About thirty years ago the British government granted a charter to a company of capitalists, for the development of a large tract of country in South Africa, known as Matabeleland and Mashonaland. This company is known as the British South Africa Chartered Company, or for short, the B. S. A. Company.

“In 1894, this land had been opened for settlement, being offered to settlers at the nominal price of about thirty cents an acre. At that time, the Foreign Mission Board of the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists took steps for the opening of a mission station among the Matabeles, ap-



THE TREE WHERE OUR TENTS WERE PITCHED WHEN WE
FIRST OPENED THE MATABELELAND MISSION

appropriating money for the purchase of three thousand acres of this land.

“The Hon. Cecil Rhodes, premier of Cape Colony, was at the head of the B. S. A. Company, and Dr. Jameson was the administrator in the country. Being in Cape Town at the time, I was invited by the Foreign Mission Board to see Mr. Rhodes, and obtain such information as I could concerning the country. Mr. Rhodes was one of the greatest statesmen of his time. Somewhat abrupt in manner, he was a man of exceptionally strong personality. I called upon him, and requested him to make a date when I might have a personal interview. ‘Very well,’ said he, ‘just as well now as any time.’ I told him I had a matter of interest to present to him, but was not prepared just at the moment to do so. ‘Very well,’ he replied, ‘come next Wednesday at ten thirty.’

“At the appointed time, he graciously bowed me into his magnificent office, and asked me to present what I wished to lay before him. Having learned upon reliable authority that, owing to the manner in which missionaries had treated the natives in other parts of Africa, both Mr. Rhodes and Dr. Jameson were prejudiced against that class of men settling in the newly opened country, I prepared with much care an outline of the industrial features of the work proposed by

our people. After I had begun to present the memorial I had prepared, I noticed that Mr. Rhodes was busily writing. Thinking that he was not giving attention to what I was presenting, I paused, when he looked up and said, 'And?' which I took as an indication that he was ready to give me his attention. Again, noticing that Mr. Rhodes was writing, I felt somewhat discouraged, and was quite sure that he was absorbed in other matters, allowing me the satisfaction of speaking my little piece. This not seeming good enough for me, I again paused, when he looked up with a bland smile, and said, 'And?' I then proceeded to the end of what I had to present, feeling very uncertain of having made much impression. After I sat down, he still continued writing, leaving me to wonder whether or not he knew I had ceased speaking. After a few minutes, however, he folded up his writing, put it in an envelope, sealed it, wrote the address on the outside, and gave it to me, saying, 'Hand this to Dr. Jameson when you get to Bulawayo.' One could hardly guess how curious I was to know the contents of that epistle, but it was sealed.

"We fitted out an expedition, in charge of Mr. A. Druillard and Mr. Peter Wesels, with a team of sixteen mules, a large covered wagon, and two or three helpers.

From Kimberley they were six weeks on the way. When they reached Bulawayo, it was agreed that Mr. Wessels should act as spokesman. After reading Mr. Rhodes's letter. Dr. Jameson said, 'Gentlemen, how much land do you people want?'

"As we did not know exactly how much the land would cost, this was rather an embarrassing question.

"Relating this experience after their return to Cape Town, Mr. Druillard said: 'I just thought, Now, Peter, if you don't say six thousand acres, you ought to be kicked.'

"But Peter stammered for a minute or two, then said, 'Well, doctor, the facts are, we ought to have twelve thousand acres, but it will depend upon the terms upon which we get it.'

" 'Terms?' quoted Dr. Jameson. 'Heavens and earth! Rhodes commands me to give you all the land you can make use of. Do you want better terms than that?'

"Mr. Wessels replied that that was satisfactory, provided they could have a guide to go with them.

" 'All right, gentlemen,' was the response, 'you shall have a guide; and wherever you find twelve thousand acres, east, west, north, or south, that is not taken, it is yours.' "

While we were traveling up country, we repeatedly asked Mr. Sparrow what the mission farm was like. When we came through Bechuanaland, which was dry and sandy, he told us the mission farm was like that; and our hearts sank. When we came to another section of country, which was fairly well timbered with scrub trees, he told us the mission farm was like that; and as we entered the Matoppa Hills, and saw the massive heaps of rock on every hand, he told us the mission farm was like that.

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH THE MISSION FARM

We wondered how we could harmonize the three statements; but after our arrival, we could *see* how. The mission farm was large,—there were twelve thousand acres in it,—and we found that the western section was made up of great heaps of granite rock, just like that we had seen in the Matoppas; another section was dry and sandy, very much like Bechuanaland; and a considerable portion of the land was covered with the scrub bush that had become so familiar to us along the road.

A letter written by one of our brethren who pegged out the mission farm the year before, stated that it was “heavily timbered”; so we had great hopes that we could build

log houses, after the pioneer plan in America, and make ourselves quite comfortable. We found, however, on reaching the mission station, that the "heavy timber" was not heavy in quantity, but in weight. The most common tree on the farm is so heavy that the wood will sink in water.

Elder G. W. Reaser, who visited the mission farm in July, 1903, described it thus: "The appearance of the mission farm was an agreeable surprise to me, as I had expected to see a barren, desolate region. Contrariwise, although I arrived at the dry season of the year, I found the sight of the homes on the farm very pleasing to the eye, as the view is extensive, and diversified with hills and valleys, *kopjes*, and an abundant growth of vegetation. In fact, as I wandered over the farm, it seemed to me that if this tract of twelve thousand acres were located in the suburb of any of the great cities of the world, it would be regarded as an almost perfect natural park. Its great variety of flowers and grasses in their season; its many species of trees, including two varieties of mammoth cactus; its picturesque, massive granite boulders, many of them so delicately poised that apparently a slight touch would send them to the bottom of the hills which they crown, but held firmly in position by the law of gravitation; its numerous species



A SOUTH AFRICAN "KOPJE"

of animal life, and its agricultural possibilities,—all these combine to make it a place of interest to the student of nature.”

While masses of granite may look very pretty in a park, the farmer does not like to see his farm completely covered with them: so we have had many but diverse opinions of that mission station. Perhaps I had better not give my own.

LOST IN SIGHT OF HOME

One visiting the Solusi Mission (as the Matabele Mission is now called) at the present time can hardly realize what the conditions were when we first opened that station. Where the houses now stand was dense bush, so thick that once Elder Tripp and I, on returning from the well about five hundred yards away, lost our bearings, and it took us some little time to find our tents. At another time, when we were digging a well, Elder Tripp went out a little way to cut a tree from which we planned to make a windlass; and on his way back, he became lost in the bush. Although only about two hundred yards from the tents, he had to climb a tree, from which vantage point he could see the top of the big tree under which our tents were pitched.

On our arrival at the mission station, we were often reminded of the experience of

Cæsar,—“All things had to be done at one time.” The garden must be planted immediately, houses built, trading with the natives carried on, sewing done for the native women, and a well dug, with much other work incident to pioneer life.

In selecting a site for our garden, we went about three quarters of a mile to the north-east of our hut, where we found some very wet land. I plowed about half of it, when it became so wet that the furrow was full of water, and the oxen were continually miring down, so I had to stop. To-day, and for a number of years, that land has been so dry that the workers have farmed it right along in the wet season; but at that time, it was covered with water all through the dry season. As a matter of fact, the whole of Rhodesia has been drying up for the last twenty years.

PLANTING AND BUILDING

We soon planted the vegetable seeds we had brought out from home, and the garden started growing nicely. Then we hired some natives to begin the clearing of the land near the house, to have it ready for the wet season. In Cape Town, we had bought six long-handled axes. We had also brought six mattocks with us from America, as that tool was then unknown in Africa. The first

day the natives worked at grubbing out the trees, one of them came in to report that he had broken his ax handle. When we reproved him for his carelessness, he asked us to come down and see the size of the tree, and confidently asserted that no man could chop down a tree the size of that one, with the ax we had furnished him, without breaking the handle. Then and there we learned why the people in that country give the natives only short-handled axes to use; these are similar to the native axes, and the handles are not so likely to break.

We were living as comfortably as we could in our tents; but after the garden was planted, and we had set the natives to work clearing the land, Elder Tripp and I began to cut the poles for building some temporary houses.

The trees that grow in Africa are very crooked, gnarled, and twisted. We found it quite difficult to get poles eight feet long that were anywhere near straight. These set on end, plastered up with mud, were to constitute the wall of our house. One day, when I was going through the woods with a native boy, I discovered a clump of very nice, straight poles, from which I thought I could get some good rafters. The boy tried, in his broken English, to urge me

not to cut them. He said, "One month, good; two month, good; three month, no good."

I could not understand his explanation, so cut one of the best poles, and put it into my house for a rafter. I found that it was just as he said,—one month, good; two months, good; but the third month, the pole broke, because the wood borers had honeycombed it — practically eaten it up. Thus I learned that although I had gone to Africa to teach the natives, there were many things they could teach me.

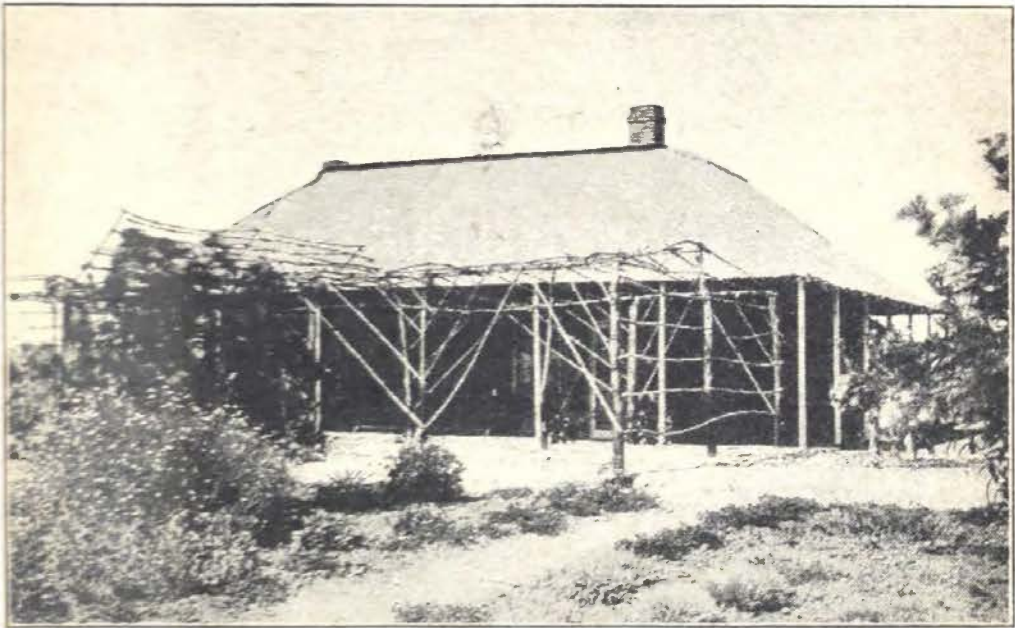
NATIVE CURIOSITY

The women of our company were a great curiosity to the natives, many of whom had never seen a white woman before. Their hair was of special interest. When the natives found that it was long, they wanted to know how it could possibly be kept free from vermin. Often Mrs. Tripp and Mrs. Anderson had to take down their hair five or six times a day, and let the natives examine it carefully, that they might be assured that it was all their own, and really grew out of the scalp.

One day, as Mrs. Anderson was going about her work in the tent, with a group of half a dozen or more native women sitting outside of the door, they caught sight of

her black stockings above the tops of her shoes. They all jumped up, clapped their hands, and shouted: "She is black! She is black, just like the rest of us! It is only her face that is white!"

They were continually inquiring where our children were. Elder and Mrs. Tripp had a son, George; but we had no children,



MISSION HOME OF ELDER AND MRS. W. H. ANDERSON, ON
THE BAROTSE MISSION

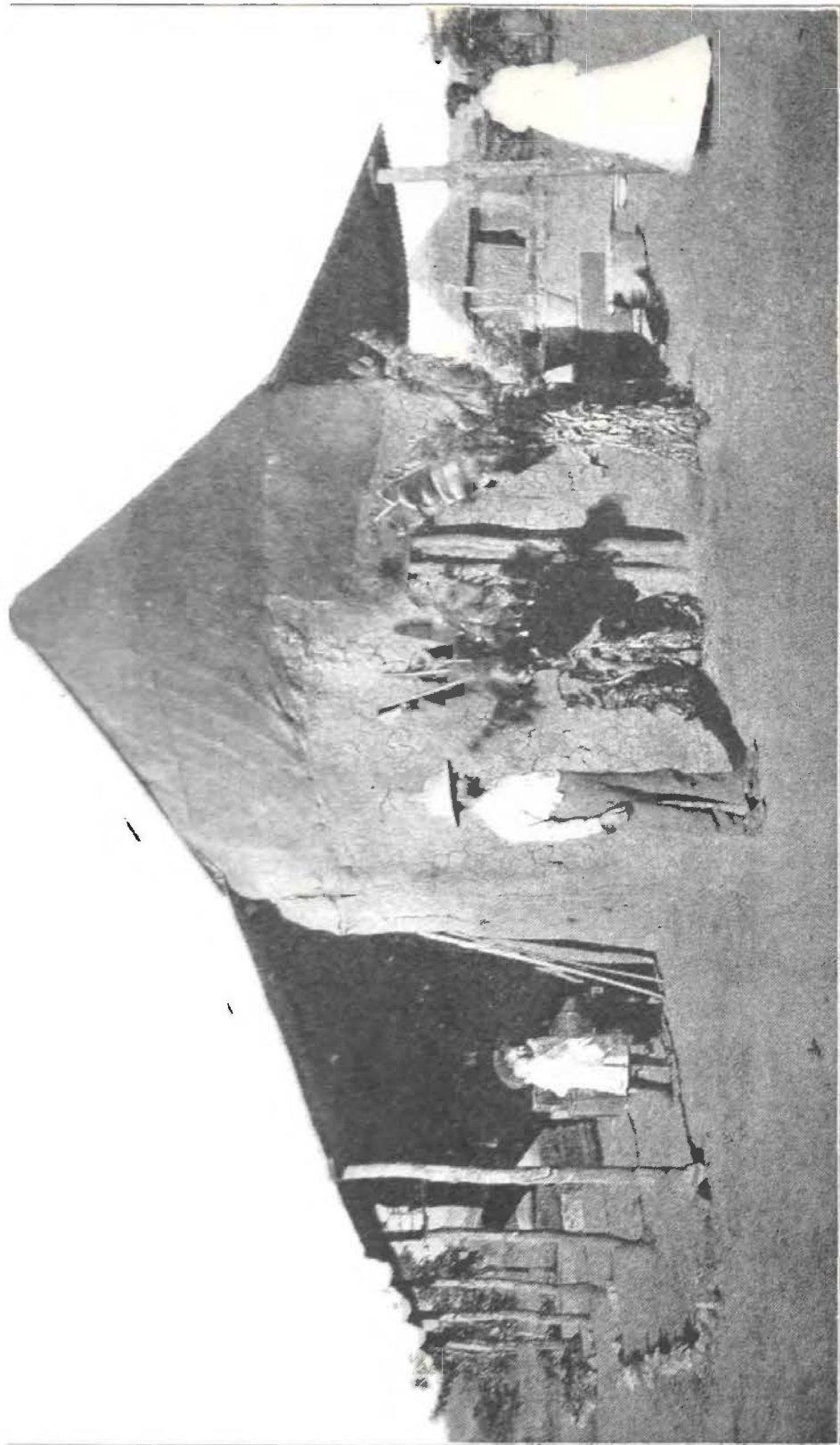
which in the eyes of the natives is a deep disgrace. One day, as they were asking the usual question, Mrs. Anderson remembered a little doll about three inches long that she had, with beautiful hair, and eyes that closed when it was laid down. She went to her trunk, brought out this doll, and

showed it to the women, and told them this was her only baby. The fame of that doll went out all through the country. Native women and children would sometimes walk fifteen or twenty miles to see the baby that was kept in a box, never cried, and would close its eyes and go to sleep at once when it was laid down.

THE FIRST MISSION HOUSES

Our houses were built twelve by twenty-four feet, with walls eight feet high, and covered with a grass roof. The walls were made of poles, set upright, and plastered in between with mud. As the poles were very crooked, it took an enormous amount of plaster and much hard work to fill in the chinks.

There was a question as to what we should have for floors. We thought that perhaps we could get some of the timber on the mission station, have it sawed, and in that way procure planks for a board floor. On investigation, we found that it would cost eight cents a running foot merely to have the timber sawed. Besides that, the logs had to be drawn forty miles to the sawmill, and the lumber forty miles back home. The proprietors of the sawmill at Bulawayo also required that all logs be hewn square before being submitted to them for



FIRST MISSION HOUSE, BAROTSELAND

sawing. Another requirement was that the logs must not be more than eighteen inches through, as their saw was not large enough to cut any thicker logs than that. Then, too, had we put in board floors, the white ants would have eaten them up in short order. We were rather reluctantly forced to the conclusion that plain, old-fashioned dirt was the best material we could use.

It is a common practice with the natives, and also with many white settlers in the country, to make their floors of dirt mixed with cow dung. Each week-end, they give the entire floor a coating of fresh cow dung as the older portions wear out. We preferred plain dirt, without any such addition.

MOVING TRIALS

Our houses had two windows, one on each side of the front door; and each window contained two panes of glass, eight by ten inches in size. At the side of the house, an opening was left for ventilation. This could be closed with a canvas frame in case of rain. The inside was divided into two rooms by a curtain strung on a pole. This pole held the walls together in the middle. The front room was the parlor, sitting room, and bedroom. On the other side of the curtain was the kitchen, dining room, and pantry.

It was the first week in November when the houses were finished and we were ready to set up our stoves and move in. When we came to unpack the stoves, we discovered, to our great consternation, that we had only one joint each of stovepipe. In South Africa, it is customary always to set the stove inside the fireplace, so only one joint of stovepipe is needed to carry the smoke into the chimney. I had built an old-fashioned stick-and-mud chimney on the outside of my house, leaving a hole through the wall in which to insert the elbow of the stovepipe, which I had carefully instructed the man who packed our stove in Cape Town to include.

There was not enough pipe to reach this hole in the wall, and no elbow at all. As Elder Tripp and I were going into Bulawayo, we thought perhaps we could obtain there what we wanted. But the dealers had no extra joints of stovepipe, and an "elbow" was a thing unknown to them. So we went to a sheet metal factory there, and asked a workman if he could make us two elbows and two joints of pipe each.

After we had given him a description of what we wanted, he said he thought he could make them; and he was just preparing to cut the material when it occurred to me that perhaps I had better ask the price. He

told me that for a common joint of six-inch stovepipe he would charge us one pound (\$4.87), but that the elbow would mean extra work, and would cost £1 10s (\$7.30). I told him then that I would not leave the order, and Elder Tripp said the same.

On reaching home, I took some tins in which we had bought kerosene, and by rounding them out on an ox yoke, and riveting them together with copper harness rivets, I made the joints of stovepipe, through which the smoke somehow or other found its way. For an elbow, I cut a hole in the end of one tin, and set that into the stick chimney. Into another hole in the bottom of this tin, I inserted the pipe, and thus solved my difficulties at the expense of about two hours of labor. This is the way we have to improvise many times in the mission field.

On November 8, 1895, we set up our stove, blacked it, and were contemplating breakfast the next morning in real European style. Mrs. Tripp and Mrs. Anderson certainly appreciated the prospect of again cooking a meal on a stove. They had cooked over a camp fire for nearly six months, and it was becoming very monotonous.

WHEN RAIN MEANT TEARS

We retired early the night of November 8, with glad expectations for the morrow;

but that night, the first heavy rain of the season struck us. The walls of our houses had not had time to dry thoroughly in the sun: and the next morning, the whole gable end of my house was washed in. Our nicely polished cookstove was covered with about eight inches of mud. The dirt floor in the kitchen had about three inches of water standing on it, and the whole place was a ruin.

The disappointment was so bitter to Mrs. Anderson that that morning, for the first time, I think, in our mission experience, I caught her shedding a few tears. It was not for long, however; she soon brightened up, and we set to work to repair the damage.

How well we succeeded is shown by the fact that four months after arriving on the mission farm, we had our houses completed, our church erected, a well dug, and over thirty acres of land cleared and planted, and were beginning to converse a little in the native language. From one hundred fifty to two hundred natives attended our Sabbath services. We were settling down to work, and very happy indeed in it.

COMING TO THE MISSIONARIES FOR HELP

One day, Elder Tripp and I left the mission station for Bulawayo. We had been gone only a short time when a native woman

came to Mrs. Tripp crying. This woman had brought some grain to the store the day before and sold it for calico, from which Mrs. Tripp had made her a dress. Her husband became infuriated when he found that she had exchanged her grain for a dress, and beat her unmercifully, so she came to the missionaries for help. It seems strange how quickly the people learn to turn to us to help them in their difficulties.

Shortly after we had moved into our new house, one of the native boys who had been working for us was to be married, and invited us all to attend his wedding. Elder Tripp and I were very busy, so we were not able to spend the whole day with him; but Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Tripp went over early in the morning, and remained until we called in the evening to accompany them home.

The wedding ceremony passed off with the usual feasting and dancing; and at the close of the day, when we left the village to return to our mission, the natives, according to their custom, accompanied us for some little distance along the path. They had noticed that the missionaries on parting from their wives always kissed them good-by. So old Chaba Chaba, the head man of the party, thought it would be the proper thing for him to kiss Mrs. Tripp and Mrs. An-

derson good-by before returning to his village. He began on Mrs. Tripp, but Mrs. Anderson made her escape before her turn came.

LOCUSTS

The rains came in due time, and our corn, beans, and Kafir corn were soon up, and growing nicely. But one Sabbath afternoon, while we were in church having our regular Bible study with the white workers, we noticed clouds of insects flying over the cornfield, and were much interested in watching them. This was our first visit from locusts. They increased in numbers until the whole field seemed to be covered with them. Our corn was up just high enough that we could see the rows across the field; but in half an hour from the time we noticed the first locusts, there was not the least sign of green vegetation of any sort in the entire field.

The corn grew up again, but the beans were ruined. When our crops had started growing again, we had another visit from the same pests; but we were ready for them this time, and soon learned how to save our crops. When a swarm of locusts attack a cornfield, we call up all the natives we can gather together to go out into the fields, and run up and down through them, beating

old tin pans, and yelling like wild Indians. By making all the noise that it is possible to make, and throwing loose earth in among the locusts, we are able to keep them moving on, and in that way save our crops.

Our worst experience with locusts is before they grow their wings, while they are little "hoppers." When these "hoppers" attack a cornfield, the natives usually give warning of their coming, as they move very slowly. Then we dig a trench about eighteen inches deep, along the side of the field, with holes as large as a washtub at intervals in the trench. As the locusts fall into the trench, they hop along until they fall into the larger holes; then by throwing on a little earth, we bury them by millions.

Sometimes they are so plentiful that the trench and the holes are soon filled. Then we hitch two oxen to a log, and drag it down the trench, killing the locusts in that way. Occasionally they will pile over one another and get into the field, in spite of all the precautions we know how to take. Then we get behind them with switches, brushing and driving them through the field and out at the other side, thus saving our crops. The locusts never turn back, but always fly or hop straight ahead; so when we once have them through the field, we have no fear of their turning back to enter it again.

The natives are very fond of the locust as an article of food. Flying locusts always settle on trees at night. When the natives see a swarm settling down in the evening, they surround it very early the next morning, with sacks, blankets, and other receptacles, and catch them by millions. They cook the insects about twenty minutes, then remove the head, the wings, and the legs, and spread the bodies out in the sun to dry. When thoroughly dried, they are packed away for future use.

The natives pound the dried locusts into meal with a mortar and pestle, and make a gravy from it which tastes very much like codfish gravy. After watching the natives eat locusts, I asked them to let me have a taste; but they had a hearty laugh at me when I told them the things were not good. Our native girl said she was sure she could cook them so I would enjoy them. I told her she might try. She asked for a frying pan and a little butter, and fried the locusts nice and crisp. I must say that they tasted fairly good. Had it not been for the thought of the thing, perhaps I could have eaten them with relish.

DESTROYING THE LOCUSTS IN RHODESIA

In those early days, locusts often destroyed the native crops throughout the

country. Then some one discovered that if the bodies of young locusts were sprayed with an arsenic preparation, not only the locusts that were sprayed with it died, but others that would eat their dead bodies would die, and in that way millions could be destroyed. The government furnished spraying material to all the settlers, and required settlers and natives alike to report all swarms that they discovered, and to see that they were sprayed with the arsenic preparation. Three years of this vigorous campaign almost eradicated the pest from Rhodesia.

I was very much interested one time when visiting one of my outstations after we had had a siege with locusts, to hear one of my native evangelists preaching, from a text in Revelation, on the perils of the last days. The figures of Daniel and Revelation appeal to the native's imagination. This evangelist, after recounting the destruction that the locusts had wrought that year, read Revelation 9:7: "The shapes of the locusts were like unto horses prepared unto battle."

"Now," he said, "you see the destruction these locusts that are not much longer than your finger have wrought. If such devastation as that can be wrought by a small thing about as long as your finger, what will be the result when the locusts come as big as horses?"

The Matabele War

IN December of 1895, Rhodesia was thrown into great excitement by the Jameson raid. Dr. Jameson, who was the administrator for the British South African Company, which controlled the whole of Rhodesia, gathered together the entire police force of the territory, and went into the Transvaal for the purpose of overthrowing the government of the South African republic. He was met, a little west of Johannesburg, by the Boer army; and after a short, sharp conflict, he and his entire force were taken prisoners.

This news soon spread among the natives. Previously to this time, the Matabeles had a profound respect for the English. They had often fought the Dutch, but had never been conquered by them. Now they had seen "the little Englishman," as they called Dr. Jameson, and his entire force, taken prisoners by their old enemy, Paul Kruger, whom they had generally worsted in battle. Naturally, the English people completely lost prestige as a fighting power.

NATIVE GRIEVANCES

Soon after the Jameson raid, the entire country was swept by a cattle scourge, called

the rinderpest. In the first outbreak of this disease, the government tried to check its progress by shooting all the cattle in infected herds. This roused the ire of the natives, who resented having their cattle, which were their sole wealth, destroyed in that way.

The Englishmen in the country were rapidly opening the mines, clearing the land, and beginning extensive farming operations. This required a large force of native laborers. When King Lobengula wished any one to work for him, he simply sent out his messengers, and called upon his principal chiefs and head men of villages to send so many men for work; and he never gave any compensation for their labor. The chiefs and head men were required to produce the number of laborers called for on each occasion, and woe betide any petty *induna* who failed to supply his quota. From the native viewpoint, to supply these laborers was compulsory.

As the mines were opened, and the country began to develop, the new government sent out messengers in the same way to the chiefs and the head men, calling for a certain number of men to work in the mines, for which labor they received good compensation. From the government viewpoint, this was simply a request for labor. From the na-

tive viewpoint, it was compulsory, just as in the days of Lobengula, though I never knew of a single instance in our district in which a native was taken against his will, and compelled to go to the mines. All these things caused unrest and dissatisfaction among the natives.

REBELLION AVOIDED

About the end of January, 1896, Umlevu, the head chief on our mission farm, came to Elder Tripp, and told him that the Matabeles were plotting to rebel against the government, and that two moons from that time, they would begin to fight.

Elder Tripp at once called a council of all the natives on the farm, and many from surrounding villages, and talked the matter over with them. He tried to show them how futile it would be for them to attempt a rebellion against the English. He told them that there was a single town in England that contained more white people than there were natives in all Matabeleland, and that although they might massacre every white person in the country, the English would surely come back and be revenged. He tried to show the Makalangas that their lot was better and happier, and that they were more prosperous, under the British South African Company, than they ever had been under the rule

of the Matabeles. He then pleaded with them to remain loyal to the government, and take no part whatever in the rebellion.

Whether or not this had anything to do with their course, I cannot say; but the natives all about our mission station, and for miles beyond to the south, remained loyal, and took no part in the uprising; yet I feel quite sure that some of them had intended having a share in it.

About the time we were informed of the contemplated trouble, a native boy who had been working for us, came to Elder Tripp, and asked permission to go on a long journey near the Bechuanaland border to see his sister. After the war had begun, I met this native one day, and he had a large quantity of ammunition. I asked him where he had obtained it, for natives in Matabeleland had been disarmed at the close of the war in 1893, and were not permitted to buy ammunition anywhere. He asked me if I did not remember the day he obtained a pass to visit his sister. It developed that the much desired visit was only a ruse to go over the Bechuanaland border, where he might obtain ammunition without difficulty.

INCREASING UNREST

About the end of March, the rumors became more insistent that the rebellion was

about to break out. Elder Tripp went into Bulawayo to investigate matters, and was told that the government was calling all the prominent native men in the country to Bulawayo for counsel, and to find out how things stood.

The council was called, but very few of the chiefs responded. Gambo, who was a half brother of Lobengula, and is to-day the leading native in the Matabele nation, responded to the call. On his arrival in Bulawayo, he was arrested and thrust into jail, where he was kept during the entire period of the rebellion.

The week following Elder Tripp's visit to Bulawayo, I went to town on business. As our cattle were all quarantined, our only means of making the journey, a distance of thirty-two miles, was on foot. I left the mission station about three o'clock in the afternoon with two native carriers, each of them with a load of produce weighing about fifty pounds. We arrived at Bulawayo about six o'clock the next morning, sold our butter and eggs on the market, and then began to transact the business we had to do.

ON THE WARPATH

About nine o'clock, I saw a man come galloping up Seventh Avenue, his horse covered with foam. He had no hat nor

coat, and was shouting, as he came down the street, "The Matabeles have risen in rebellion, and are massacring everybody in the Fillibuzi District!"

I wondered if the massacres had been confined to that district, or if the whole nation had risen in a single night to kill all the white settlers. Deeply anxious over the fate of my wife and the other missionaries, thirty miles away, I went to the government officials to gather what information I could. Then, with my two native boys, who were strangers to me, and whom I feared to trust, I started for the mission farm about two o'clock in the afternoon. I sent the boys around by the wagon road, and asked them to meet me at the Khami River, twelve miles away, as I told them I wished to see a white man who lived near a footpath a little west from the wagon road. I told them, further, that if I did not arrive before sunset, they were to sleep on the Khami River that night, and go on to the mission farm the next day.

As soon as they were out of sight, I hurried along the shorter footpath, and crossed the Khami some little time before they could possibly reach that point. From there I hurried on to the mission farm as fast as I could go in my weary condition, and arrived home at about two o'clock in the

morning. Oh, how glad I was to see our mission buildings still standing, and to hear the welcome voice of my wife when I called her! I had traveled about seventy miles in thirty-six hours, without any sleep and with very little food; so I was completely tired out. We at once called Elder Tripp and his wife, and had a long talk over the situation, and decided that it was best to leave the mission at once.

Next morning, we called in the natives again, and advised them to take no part in the rebellion. We spent the rest of the day packing our books, bedding, and provisions in our wagon. We had only one wagon at this time; the other wagon and the cart had been sold. It was impossible to load all the things for four families on one wagon, so our stoves, dishes, and things of that nature, which we knew the white ants could not devour, were buried. Practically everything in the store was purchased by the natives that day, so there was nothing there to leave behind.

Everything else, cattle and all, was left in charge of our natives. They did not like to see us go, and asked, "Who will protect us when you are away?" They had learned to come to us with their grievances, and we had assisted them in getting their rights;

hence they looked upon us as their only protectors.

TURNEÐ BACK

When at Bulawayo, I had been advised to take our workers to Mangwe Pass, on the border of Bechuanaland, about ninety miles to the southwest. Acting on this advice, we set out, leaving the mission farm in the evening, shortly after the arrival of the native boys whom I had sent home by the wagon road. We drove about twelve miles that night, and in the morning camped near a little river, which was difficult to cross. Our oxen were very tired, as we had made the entire distance cross-country, and the heavy rains had made it hard traveling through the veldt. We let the oxen rest until about two p. m. Soon after we had yoked them up, a native boy came to us, bearing a note from a party of thirteen armed men, who had been sent from Bulawayo to escort us into town. The note read, "Trek back at once to the farm."

We wrote a reply, saying we would turn back and meet them at the crossing of the Gwaai River, as this would save us several miles of travel. When we reached the Gwaai, no escort was to be seen; so we camped for the night.

Mr. I. B. Burton and Mr. A. Goepp, who lived near our station, were in our party,

and they agreed to act with me as sentinels to guard the camp while the others slept. The third time I paced down my side of the line to where I was to meet Mr. Burton, he did not appear. I hastened over to his section, and found him sitting by the side of a tree stump, sound asleep. The poor fellow was so tired from the heavy strain of the past few days, that he found it impossible to fight off slumber any longer.

We started again toward Bulawayo about three o'clock in the morning. After traveling seven miles, we were overtaken by two of the escort who had been sent to see us into Bulawayo; and we had to retrace five miles of our journey, to find the others.

While waiting during the day, we were joined by twenty native policemen, who came in from the native commissioner's district, about thirty miles to the west. These men all had rifles and a good supply of ammunition, and there was some anxiety in camp as to just what would happen. Before they arrived, the white men of our escort were instructed by their commander to stand near their rifles, but make no show of any anxiety. The commander himself, entirely unarmed, walked out to meet the natives. He greeted them kindly; and as they came into camp, he asked them to divest themselves of their rifles and bandoleers, and go

to the fire near-by, where he had killed an ox for their food. The men at once put down their arms and hastened to the feast. By this little strategy, they were all disarmed without difficulty, and permitted to return to their villages.

A NARROW ESCAPE

In the evening, we resumed our journey toward Bulawayo. On the way, we had to pass through a narrow cañon, with high *kopjes* on either side. We learned later that an old native chief, Mayeza, arrived in these hills about two hours after we had passed, for the purpose of killing us all, and taking everything we had.

We camped that night on the Khami River, and most of our company retired, but a strong guard was placed about the camp. Just before daybreak, one of the sentinels heard what sounded like the cry of a night bird up the river. It was immediately answered by a similar cry from down the river, also by a response from down the ridge at the back of our camp. These sounds came from Mayeza's men, who had followed us from the *kopjes* to our camping place.

The sentinels at once reported what they had heard. All the camp was roused; fires were lighted around the outer edge; and all the men took their places well within the

darkness, so the natives would be required to expose themselves to the light before they could see any of the white men. This precaution saved our lives, and as soon as daylight came, the natives retired, and we entered Bulawayo in safety.

As we drove our wagons to the market square, the people hurried up, inquiring, "Who is this that has been rescued?" Then the word was passed along, "Only some missionaries from the Gwaai District;" and they lost all interest in us. However, one man and his wife came to us with anxious faces, and inquired about their brother, who was a trader near our station. We had heard of him only the day before we left the mission, but the natives had told us that he had gone. It afterward developed that Mayeza's people, the same band who had followed us, had killed the man as he slept under his wagon, stolen his oxen and all his trade goods, and then burned the wagon and his dead body in order to cover their guilt.

CAMPING IN TOWN

We could find no house in Bulawayo into which we could move. Every place was full, and rents were so high we could not have afforded to take a house anyway. So we decided to live in our wagon. We accordingly unpacked, placing our boxes on

stones, to keep the white ants from them. A curtain divided the wagon into two compartments. Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow and their six weeks' old babe made their bed in the front "room"; and Elder and Mrs. Tripp had their bed in the back part of the wagon. They tied their springs up about two feet above the bottom of the wagon box, and George Tripp placed his blankets on the bottom of the box and slept there in trundle-bed style. That left Mrs. Anderson and me to sleep under the wagon. We tied one side of our springs to the coupling pole, and the other side to the long rail that went down the side of the frame of the wagon, and tried to be comfortable.

After living this way about two weeks, Mrs. Anderson called me one night, and said, "Harry, it is raining!"

I answered, "Yes,"

"Well," she said, "let's get up."

I asked, "Up where?"

Our bed was so placed that the rain from the cover of the wagon poured down into it; but as there was no place for us to go, we remained in bed, and had a wet sheet pack until morning. The next day, the sun came out bright and clear. We hung our bed-clothes on thorn bushes, and had everything dry and cozy for the following night. Twice

during our stay in Bulawayo we had this experience.

LIFE DURING A SIEGE

All communication with the outside world was soon cut off, and for about five months, Bulawayo was in a state of siege. Two laagers were built, one near where the railway station now stands, which was occupied by the Dutch settlers, and the other on the market square inclosing the town hall. All the English women and children were supposed to sleep in the town hall and that laager at night, and the families of the Dutch people were expected to sleep in the Dutch laager. We preferred to stay in our wagon.

A laager is built by setting wagons one against another, end to end, to form a hollow square. Underneath the wagons and between the front and the back wheels around the outer edge, the space is filled with sandbags, which form a protection for the men lying under the wagons. On the top of the racks of the wagons, along the outer side of the frame, are also piled two layers of sandbags, so that men can lie down in the body of the wagons, and fire out through the loopholes between the sandbags at the approaching enemy.

The defense of the city was meager. One thing done for its protection was to place

boxes of dynamite at all the street corners of the town, and connect these boxes, by electric wires, with a switchboard in the town hall, so that the whole outside of the town could be blown up by touching buttons at a central point.

Our wagon stood at the corner of the hospital grounds, where a large number of soldiers, wounded in their first encounters with the enemy, were cared for. The native camp fires could be seen in a semicircle around the town every night; and as there were no regular troops, the sole defense of the country rested upon the settlers who had fled to Bulawayo for safety.

SOUND SLEEPERS

One day, the major who had charge of the troops in Bulawayo told us that as our wagon was at the outskirts of the town, we were not sufficiently protected, and we must therefore move to a more central point. He then told us of an expedition he had made the night before, accompanied by three of his assistants, to see what the defense of the town was really like. The four men first entered the Dutch laager, and found everybody there sound asleep. Then they went over to the hospital. Unobserved, between two of the sentinels, they climbed the barbed wire fences that surrounded the

grounds, and passing between the inner patrol of sentinels, went up on the porch of the hospital building, where they took the rifles and bandoleers from the sleeping guards, and went off with them.

From there they went down to the market square, where most of the women and children of the town slept every night. They climbed over the barbed wire fence, made their way through the barbed wire entanglements in front of the machine guns, extracted the breech locks from some of the guns, climbed over the sandbags of the laager, and made their way directly into the town hall, without being observed by anybody.

How men could sleep like that — many of them with their wives and children depending upon their vigilance for their lives, the native camp fires all about the town — is more than I could ever understand. It seemed, however, that the very negligence of the volunteer soldiers was their security. The natives told me, after the war, that on three different occasions, scouting parties went into the town about two o'clock in the morning, traveled the length and breadth of it, and saw and heard nobody. They then returned to their camps, and advised that no attack be made. They were sure that the white men were depending on witchcraft

or some supernatural power; otherwise they would never all go to sleep in the face of danger. So the superstition of the natives saved the day.

FACING FAMINE

The question of food next caused us anxious thought. All supplies had come into Bulawayo from Mafeking, by ox wagon; and now that so many oxen were dead from rinderpest, freight rates from Mafeking to Bulawayo went up to twenty-five dollars a hundred pounds. Then road communication was cut off, so nothing could come in even at that rate.

I hear people now talking about the high cost of living. We had a little taste of it at that time. Elder Tripp wrote to the Foreign Mission Board on April 6, 1896, just one week after we arrived in Bulawayo: "Bread is now selling at thirty cents a half-pound loaf; sugar is seventy-five cents a pound; eggs sold on the market this morning at \$5.11 a dozen; and everything else is in that proportion." We even had to pay twelve cents a bucket for water, and it was difficult to obtain at that, until we became acquainted with an American, who kindly permitted us to take water from his well free of cost. He gave us a key to the padlock with which he kept the well locked. After that, we had all the water we needed to use.

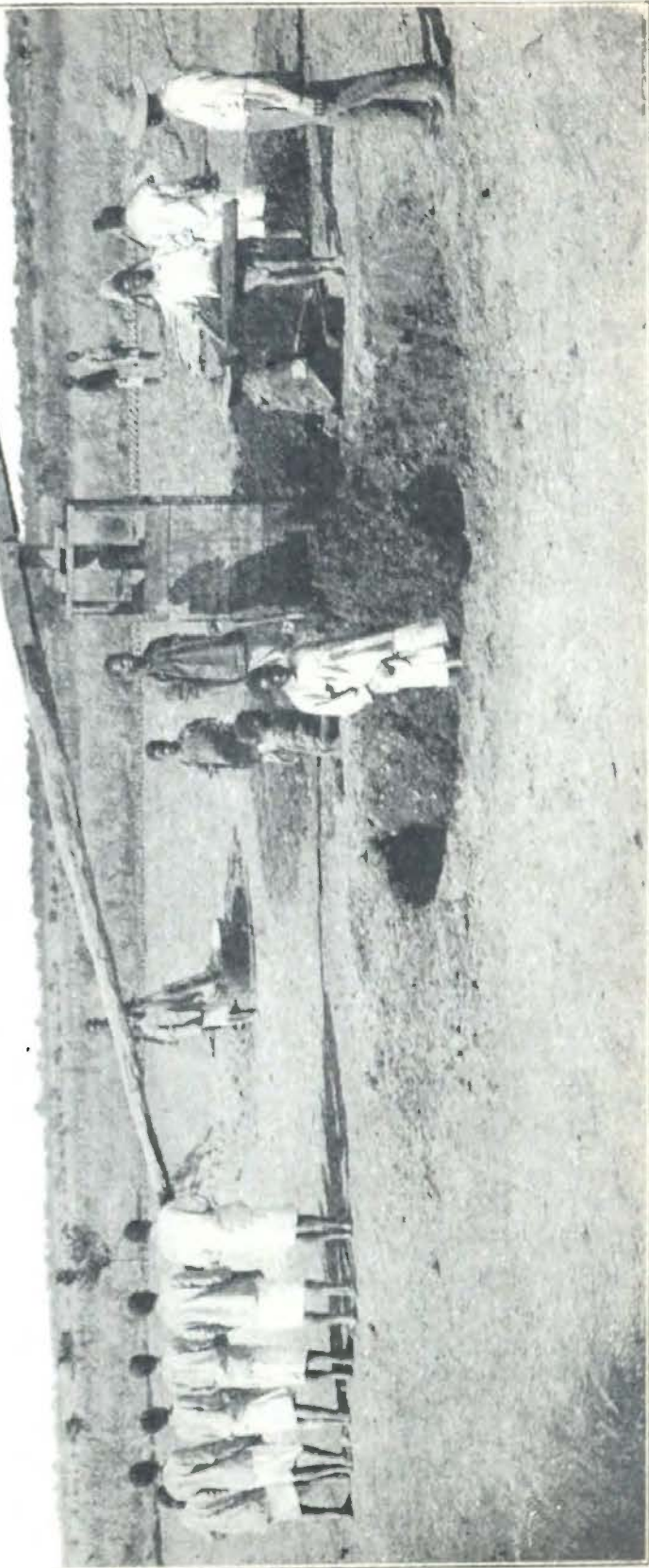
It was not very long until we began to get hungry. One day, Dr. Carmichael and Mr. Goepp strolled out to the edge of the town, and found a large number of castor-oil beans growing in an old garden. Wondering if they would not taste good, they collected a quantity of them, procured an old native earthen pot, cooked them, and ate until they were satisfied. Poor Dr. Carmichael nearly died that night. Mr. Goepp fared but little better, and both decided that they would rather go hungry than eat any more castor-oil beans.

FORAGING FOR FRUIT

Elder Tripp and I one day thought to go out near the brickyards to see if we could find some *inqokolo*,—a small native fruit something like an apple. Soon after we left home, a report was brought into town that a large number of natives were massing at the brickyards for an attack on the town. Naturally Mrs. Tripp and Mrs. Anderson were very anxious about us. The government officials rushed out the seven pounder, and started shelling that section of the suburbs; and of course, Mrs. Anderson and Mrs. Tripp thought that if we were not killed by the natives, we should be by the shells.

We had gone down to the brickyards, and not finding there the fruit we sought, went a little farther afield, out near Government

(104)



NATIVES MAKING BRICK

House, where we found it growing in abundance. We soon had our gallon buckets filled; and as there was plenty more, and we wanted to carry back all we could, we took off our underclothes, tied the legs into knots, filled them full of apples, tied up the tops with bark strings, and went home with them astride our shoulders. We arrived at the wagons about the middle of the afternoon, very much to the relief of our anxious wives. No more foraging for fruit was permitted after that.

After we had been in Bulawayo a little more than two months, Mrs. Anderson began to suffer from severe headaches on account of exposure to the hot sun. I endeavored to procure a room where she could be more comfortable. Finally I found a vacant room, with a dirt floor, unplastered brick walls, a door at the side, one small window, and a corrugated iron roof, which made the room very hot during the day. There was no furniture, and the landlord told me that the rent was \$22.50 a month, cash, in advance. We decided, as our wages were \$12 a week, that we would stay where we were.

In June, Elder Tripp told me one day that our money was about gone. Our bank account had so dwindled that we did not have money enough to support us for an-

other month. It was at this time that the testimony recorded in "Testimonies for the Church," volume 6, page 27, was given:

"The poverty of the missions in Africa has recently been opened before me. The missionaries sent from America to the natives of Africa have suffered and are still suffering for the necessities of life. God's missionaries, who carry the message of mercy to heathen lands, are not properly sustained in their work.

"Our brethren have not discerned that in helping to advance the work in foreign fields, they would be helping the work at home. That which is given to start the work in one field, will result in strengthening the work in other places. As the laborers are freed from embarrassment, their efforts can be extended; as souls are brought to the truth, and churches are established, there will be increasing financial strength."

WAR-TIME DIET

During the months we spent in Bulawayo, the food problem was very perplexing to us. The highest price that flour reached during the Matabele War was, I think, \$126.62 for a sack supposed to weigh 180 pounds; but the auctioneer refused to guarantee the weight. At one time, Mrs. Anderson was sick of the coarse food we had been eating, and her stomach positively rebelled against

any more of it. She said she believed she would like a little fruit for a change, and wondered if I could not procure for her a can of Bartlett pears. I obtained permission from the military authorities to buy a one-pound can of Bartlett pears, for which I paid \$1.75. However, it gave Mrs. Anderson the relief she needed, so we did not regret the outlay; yet we found it difficult to live on our salary.

In looking over the letters that Mrs. Anderson wrote to her people in America at that time, I find the following paragraphs:

"I am steaming a fruit pudding for our Sabbath dinner, and will have sweet gravy to eat with it. I will tell you the recipe; it may be of use to you sometime, if ever you get into a tight place: Into a basin of water stir some corn meal, with pieces of pancakes and some cold rice. Let the mixture stand until it sours. Use this as you would sour cream or milk. Put in corn meal, and stir to the proper consistency. Add soda, a little fruit, and a little sugar. (You cannot put in much sugar, for it costs seventy-five cents a pound.) Then put in a pan, and steam for four hours. This pudding and corn mush will be some of the luxuries of life which we shall have for our Sabbath dinner.

"We get along fairly well except that eating so much coarse food makes us have

bowel trouble. Harry is sick to-day. He has been troubled for almost a week, and is worse to-day than he has been at all before. I am doing all for him that I know how to do, and I trust he will soon be better. Dr. Carmichael and Mr. Goepp have gone out of town a little way to-day to the river to fish. From what I have told you about our food, and the way we prepare it, you will see that we do not live out health reform as taught in America; but it is utterly impossible, circumstanced as we are, unless one has a mine of gold behind him somewhere. So we have a clear conscience, and feel that we should not murmur at what our heavenly Father sees fit to give us to eat."

UMLEVU'S LOYALTY

After the siege had lasted ten weeks, Elder Tripp repeated the statement that our money was almost gone, and he thought he had better try to make his way through the rebel lines to the mission farm, to see if he could get some food. That same day, natives from the farm arrived in town, and reported that the rebels had raided our mission station and taken nearly all our cattle.

When Umlevu, the native chief, who had charge of the cattle, heard of their coming, he divided the herd into small lots, and scattered them in every direction in the hands of trusted men. His oldest son took

a herd of cows, and by driving them through the thick bush, over the stony ground, and around and around, so as to make it impossible for the natives to track them, succeeded in making good his escape. All the others were captured and taken away except fourteen oxen.

The natives inquired if they should not go after the rebels and try to bring our cattle back. Elder Tripp advised them to leave the cattle where they were; for although they might be able to recapture them, the Matabeles would surely come again, and not only retake the cattle, but also burn and destroy their villages.

But before the messengers returned to the farm with this message from Elder Tripp, Umlevu recaptured the cattle, and had them all back in his own village. When Elder Tripp's message reached him, advising that the cattle be allowed to remain in the hands of the Matabeles, he was so anxious to be loyal to us, and do just what the missionary wanted done, that he promptly handed them over to the rebels.

THROUGH THE REBEL LINES

Soon after this, Elder Tripp left our wagons one night, stole away in the darkness, made his way through the rebel lines, which then almost completely surrounded

Bulawayo, and succeeded in reaching the mission station in safety. He called the natives together, and purchased from them peanuts, Kafir corn, chickens, eggs, pumpkins, beans, and anything else that he thought we might eat, or sell in the Bulawayo market. The fourth night after he had left us, we heard his welcome voice outside the wagon about four o'clock in the morning, and we were soon up and had a praise meeting, thanking God that he had come back to us in safety, and that the native carriers who came with him brought sufficient provisions to supply us for some time.

When our provisions began to run low again, I thought it was my turn to take the risk, and so went through to the farm in the night on foot to get another supply. While I was there, the natives reported to me that I could buy provisions at Solusi's village, about four miles away. I went down to see what I could find; and on my way back, a voice spoke to me, saying, "Get out of here quickly, for you are in danger."

I wondered where the danger could come from, but hurried along the path as fast as I could run. That night, I feared to sleep in our house on the mission, so took my blankets, and slept in the thick bush about half a mile away.

Next morning, some friendly natives came up to the house, and asked what path I had taken on the way home from Solusi's kraal the night before. I told them which path I had taken, and they asked me where I was when the sun went down. I told them that I was near the river.

They looked at one another in astonishment, and inquired if I had seen none of the rebels. I said, No. Then I learned that within a few minutes after I heard the warning voice, about three hundred of the rebels came down another footpath into the one along which I was traveling, and went on to Solusi's kraal.

Again I was reminded of the assurance, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them."

From the middle of June to the first week in September, Elder Tripp and I passed in and out of Bulawayo on alternate visits to the mission farm for supplies. In August, friendly natives who received permission from the government to raid the rebels, taking grain and cattle, and women as slaves, brought us quantities of corn, which they asked us to buy. We took the risk of buying about a hundred and fifty sacks of this grain, and later sold it to the government at a considerable profit. In that way,

we obtained money to carry us through until we could get funds from home.

WHEN WALKING IS PREFERABLE

Among other things that the natives brought to the mission were six donkeys, which they found in the hands of the rebels. To me it seemed that to ride a donkey that thirty-two miles into town would be a great deal easier than to go all the distance on foot, so I started off very happy to think that I should have a pleasant ride, and not be all tired out when I got back to town. It was night when I arrived; and as I came near, the donkey suddenly stuck out his nose and let out a terrific bray. I knew we could not be far from the rebel camp, and was badly frightened. Still, I decided to run the risk of going on. I had gone but a short distance farther, however, when, within sight of a rebel camp fire, the donkey let out another bray. I took no more chances, but handed him over to the native boy who was accompanying me, glided away into the tall grass in the darkness, and made my way safely into Bulawayo.

Return to the Mission Station

WE were glad when the rebellion was put down to the extent that the government officials gave us permission to return to the farm and assured us that we should be quiet. On September 5, I sent the oxen into Bulawayo to bring out the wagon. Elder Tripp was already there; but when he started loading the wagon, he slipped, and sprained his ankle so seriously that he was unable to do anything more. This left Mrs. Tripp and Mrs. Anderson, assisted by a worthless native boy, to do all the work of loading our goods into the wagon, packing away our few possessions, and arranging everything for the return trip. However, it was such a pleasure to them to get away from Bulawayo and back to the farm, that no one made any complaint.

The oxen had done no work during our stay in Bulawayo; so when they came to the crossing of the Kwasiz River, they refused to pull the wagon through the heavy sand and up the steep bank. Here they stuck fast for one whole day, trying to get through the river. Finally, about nine o'clock at night, they gave "a long pull, a

strong pull, and a pull all together," and the wagon easily went out.

How good the houses looked! The natives had not burned them, and aside from the damage done by white ants, everything was intact. We had had to leave in our houses some of our belongings, because there was no room in the wagon to take them to Bulawayo, and the white ants would have devoured them if they had been buried. Soon after we left the farm, Umlevu took all of these things from the houses, and hid them away in a large cave. When he found that we were settling again on the mission station, he brought them all to us without the loss of a single article. Our stoves and dishes we dug up from where they had been buried; and as the iron and china were too much for the white ants, nothing had been eaten.

Umlevu had saved a herd of about twenty cows, with their calves; but these had later contracted the cattle disease, and all died except two cows and a calf. We had the fourteen head of oxen that had drawn our wagon into Bulawayo at the outbreak of the war, and which we had sent back. These were stationed on another section of the farm, because they had been exposed to rinderpest, and we did not wish to take any chance of infecting the rest of the herd.



UMLEVU AT THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE WHERE OUR GOODS WERE HIDDEN DURING THE
MATABELE REBELLION

One month after our return to the mission station, these oxen also sickened and died. The natives devoured them like vultures. Dr. Carmichael entered a very vigorous protest, and declared they would all die from the cattle disease. When they showed no signs of having taken the disease, the doctor prophesied that they would all break out with sores or ulcers. These did not materialize either, and as far as I could see, none of the natives ever suffered any evil effects from eating the diseased meat.

FAMINE

In putting down the Matabele rebellion, the English government had destroyed the food of the natives, and burned many of their villages. Napoleon, I think it was, said that "all armies fight on their stomachs;" and it was by the cutting off of the food supply that the Matabele rebellion was finally crushed.

The suffering of the natives made us heartsick. Imagine, if you can, fifteen or twenty persons coming to your door daily begging for food. Many of these natives were so thin in flesh that they staggered as they walked; yet we were compelled to say to them, "We have no food for you." They must go away and die. Mrs. Anderson wrote to her mother at this time:

"Do you wonder that gray hairs are coming into our heads thick and fast? There are now five hungry women outside the door. Our native children, whom we have taken to save them from starving, cook their food about twelve feet from the kitchen door; yet we have to have some one watch it all the time to prevent the starving natives from stealing it out of the pot. Once they grabbed the kettle, and ran away with the food, kettle, and all. Imagine yourself compelled to treat all these cases with a stony heart, and act as if you did not care whether they lived or died, and you have our situation exactly. I had to stop writing just here, and drive a starving man away from the door. He was determined to have some food."

The natives brought us their children, that we might save them from starvation. One morning, I bought a slave boy for a blanket. You may think it strange that a missionary should traffic in human flesh; but I bought this slave in order that I might make him a free man, and I trust that some day he may be free from sin, and set at liberty by Christ Jesus.

STARVING CHILDREN

We could not care for many of the starving children, as the price of corn rose to twenty dollars a bushel, potatoes to sixty-

two cents a pound; even salt was thirty-six cents a pound. One little fellow named Malomo (mouth) was brought to us. The poor boy was mere skin and bones, and was scarcely able to walk. He was a slave, and his master demanded three sacks of grain for him. Each sack at that time was worth seventy-five dollars. I told the master that



KOLO MISSION HOUSE, BASUTOLAND

we could not buy his slave, but he must set him free, and leave him with us to care for. After arguing the case for more than an hour, he finally left the mission station, and the boy stayed with us.

Perhaps one who has had typhoid fever and recovered from it, can understand something of the pangs of hunger these people suffered. One night, some months after this boy came to us, when he was beginning to

get strong again, but still suffered from hunger, he stole some crackers, and hid them away under the blanket of his bed. I went into his bedroom before he retired, and accidentally caught my toe under the edge of the blanket, turned it back, and discovered the crackers.

When the boys came in from their evening worship, I took this little fellow outside, and had a long talk with him. I told him that I expected Jesus to come soon, and that His purpose in coming back to this earth was to take His children home to His village. I then read to him from the book of Revelation of the class of people who will remain outside the gates. Among others mentioned are thieves, and I told him that Jesus will permit only those who do not steal to enter the New Jerusalem. At this point, I showed him the crackers I had found.

With tears in his eyes, the little fellow grasped my hand, and said, "Father, I will never steal again." Then he chokingly added, "But I was so hungry!" We prayed that God would strengthen him to be true to His commandments. I have known the boy from that day to this, and he has never taken anything that did not belong to him, since that time.

Another day, I noticed a native driving a chicken away from our house into the bush,

that he might kill it. I followed, and came up with him near a *kopje* about five hundred yards from the house. He asked me to come with him to the other side of the *kopje*, as there was something there that he wished to show me.

ABANDONED TO DIE

As we walked along together, I heard the stifled cries of a child. I kept looking and watching, but could see no one, until the cries seemed to come out of the earth at my feet; and there, thrust down an ant bear hole, was the body of a child about three years of age. I pulled away the brush that had been thrown over him, caught him by the feet, and drew him out. The maggots were eating along down the side of his face, he had an ugly bruise on the back of his head, and had been struck on the temple with an ax. His mother thought she had killed him, and then thrust his body down the ant hole. Afterward I asked the mother why she had done this.

“Oh,” she said, “the child had been crying for food for three days. I had none to give him, and I could stand it no longer, so struck him with an ax, thrust him down the ant bear hole, stopped my ears, and ran.” This is heathenism.

One Sabbath afternoon, I was taking a walk with the native children, among the

rocks. Up in a *kopje* we heard groans; and upon investigation, I found a girl of about twelve years with three of her ribs broken, the breastbone crushed in, and badly bruised about her head. I picked her up in my arms, and carried her to Dr. Carmichael's place. We cared for her for three days. During all this time, she was delirious, and many times pleaded with her mother not to kill her.

Here evidently was another case where the mother, not being able to satisfy the hunger of her child, had sought to kill her rather than see her starve to death.

THE UNBURIED DEAD

We could hardly go five hundred yards from the mission station without finding the dead body of some native who had starved to death. Along the rivers and at the watering places on the way to town, we would find fifteen to twenty dead bodies being devoured by vultures or jackals, as there was no one to bury them. Even to-day, in traveling through the veldt, we often come upon the skull and other portions of human skeletons bleaching in the sun,—sad reminders of the Matabele rebellion.

I know what it means when I read in the papers that there are no children under seven years of age in Poland, and that large sections of Armenia are almost uninhabited. After the war, there were large areas in Mata-

beleland where all the children between the ages of three and fifteen years died of starvation, or of diseases that came in the wake of that uprising.

A LITTLE ISHMAEL.

One day, when walking through the bush a mile from the mission station, I noticed a three-year-old boy playing in the sand. As I neared him, I saw the body of his dead mother lying near. Poor little fellow! His mother had died of starvation, and he was too small yet to realize his loss. I took the child home, cared for him for about a month, when his father came and took him away.

The father left the child with his wife's sisters, supplied them with food and money, then went away to work on the railroad that was being built into Bulawayo. At the close of his six months' contract, he returned home to find that the child's aunts had consumed the food themselves, wasted the money, and his boy was a mere skeleton. He immediately picked him up and brought him back to us, for he said the missionaries would care for a stranger better than the natives did for their own flesh and blood.

The child afterward told me that all the food he had during the six months his father was away he had to steal. It became so much a part of his nature to steal, that he con-

tinued the practice when he had all he needed to eat. Often I have seen him sitting by the pot where the children were cooking porridge; and as soon as he thought no one was looking, he would grab a handful of the hot mush from the pot, throw it down by the fire, cover it with ashes, and then eat it at the first opportunity.

From that time to this, he has been unable to break himself of the stealing habit. I have pleaded with him many times to give it up, and finally sent him away from the mission station. He remained away from us for two years, and then came back, and told me that he had reformed. I tried him again, but found that when opportunity offered, the old habit still had the mastery over him.

I dismissed him again from the mission, and he now has charge of a farm owned by an Australian. This man, a Mr. White, tells me the boy is the best native to work that he ever saw. I asked if he ever stole. He said, "Yes, once in a while," but added that the lad was so good and faithful in his work, he did not mind the little he might steal.

A NEW HARVEST

After our oxen died, we had no way to plow our ground. Elder Tripp and I, assisted by the native children, of whom between us we had taken nearly thirty, dug up with hoes about thirty acres of land, and

planted it to corn and Kafir corn, from which we reaped a fairly good crop.

In the hot portions of each day, we gathered the children into the school, and thus laid the foundation of the strong work that is now going forward on the Solusi Mission station. Several of those boys who were rescued from starvation at that time are now preaching the gospel to their own people. Some of the girls are faithful Christian wives of our native workers. The sacrifice made in those early years has resulted in a harvest of souls for the Master.

The Shadow of Death

IN September, 1897, Elder and Mrs. F. B. Armitage arrived at the mission station. Although the railway had been completed some little distance north from Mafeking since we came into the country with our ox wagon, Elder Armitage took longer to reach the station with his donkey wagon than we took with the oxen. We knew that he was somewhere between the end of the railroad and Bulawayo, and waited anxiously for weeks to hear something from him.

Finally Elder Tripp and I learned from the stage driver, that Elder and Mrs. Armitage were perhaps twenty-five or thirty miles down the road from Bulawayo, and we started to meet them. We traveled down as far as Figtree, where we stopped to rest our mules. While there, we met a miner coming into the country with a comfortable mule wagon, and I asked him if he had seen any one on the way who looked like Elder Armitage. I had attended school in Battle Creek with Elder Armitage, and so gave the man a very accurate description of the party. He told me that they were perhaps two days' trek behind his wagon. The lady of the

party, he said, was sick, and had to be lifted in and out of the wagon. He further said that if they were Americans, and that was their first experience in Africa, he would advise me to inspan the mules at once and go after them posthaste, as they were plodding along with a donkey wagon, traveling usually eight or ten miles a day.

As our mules were tired out from the hard drive the night before, Elder Tripp started on foot to meet the party, and about midnight that same night, came up to their wagon, capsized in a mudhole. Mrs. Armitage was not sick, but had had the misfortune to sprain her ankle, so she was unable to walk. They came along the next day to Figtree, and we spent the Sabbath pleasantly together.

On the night after the Sabbath, Elder Tripp and I took about two thirds of the load from Brother Armitage's wagon, and drove through to the mission with it, leaving them to plod along with the donkeys. They arrived two days after we did.

Soon after the arrival of Brother Armitage, we began the erection of our permanent mission houses, which were built of brick. Not long after the rains began that year, we moved into the new homes, and were more comfortably situated than we had been at any time since leaving the homeland.

At Christmas, 1897, as the railway was now completed into Bulawayo, we had a visit from Dr. Kate Lindsay, of the Battle Creek and later the Cape Town Sanitarium. Elder Tripp asked me to take a mule wagon to Bulawayo to meet her. The rain had been falling heavily for about two weeks, and the roads were almost impassable. Although I had a load of only one ton on the return trip, we stuck fast in the mud when we tried to cross the Khami River, about twelve miles from Bulawayo. Then the mules absolutely refused to pull.

BISCUITS OR "SAMJOK"

I was using a little *samjok* persuasion on one of them, when Dr. Lindsay suggested that she knew a better way to get a mule to pull. She climbed down out of the wagon, and offered the mule some sanitarium biscuits. The mule was angry rather than hungry; and instead of taking hold of the biscuit, he took the doctor by the sleeve with his teeth. She beat a hasty retreat, and left me to get the wagon out in my own way.

About eight miles farther on the road, the wagon went down into the mud; and in trying to twist it back to the hard ground, we broke the wagon tongue. There we were, fourteen miles from the mission station, stuck fast in the mud, with a broken wagon. The only way now to get home was to ride the

mules, and we did not know that any of them had ever been ridden. I took one mule out of the span, and rode him up and down for about half an hour, and found that he would go very nicely. Then, strapping some blankets on his back, I offered him to Dr. Lindsay as a saddle horse. I then took another one out of the team, and tried that one for my own use. Although he was a little wild, and would buck occasionally, we went along fairly well.

A native boy was left behind to look after the abandoned wagon, and the doctor and I went forward, riding part of the time, and part of the time she would get off and walk, as it was very tiresome to ride without a saddle. We arrived safely on the mission station about noon on Friday. After resting over the Sabbath, the doctor seemed quite fresh again, and ready for work.

TEACHING HEALTH AND HYGIENE TO THE NATIVES

When Dr. Lindsay saw the pitiably filthy condition of the natives, she was very anxious to show them a better way to live. Accordingly, the natives from a number of near-by villages were invited to come in to hear some lectures by the doctor. They came, in large numbers, every other day for a week, and listened attentively to all that was said. It

was my part to act as interpreter; for it was a rare thing in those days to find a native who could understand a single sentence of English.

At the close of the last lecture, Dr. Lindsay expressed her appreciation of their faithful attendance, and told them she hoped they would carry out in their homes the instruction that had been given them, and so be benefited by it. She then said good-by, as she was to leave the next day, and returned to my house.

The natives, however, refused to go home. The doctor noticed this, and asked if they still wanted to hear more. I told her they wanted something more; and she, mistaking the idea of the natives, gave them another half hour's talk.

She then went into the house the second time, but the natives still lingered. Again she came out, and wanted to know if they were not satisfied. I told her they still wanted something more, but it was not more of her lecture. They insisted that they had left their gardens, and lost a great deal of valuable time in coming into the mission station to listen to her, and now she must pay them. The doctor thought they hardly appreciated all the good she had tried to do them; but the only way I was able to pacify them was to take them to the store, and

distribute several yards of calico and about two dozen boxes of matches among them.

ELDER O. A. OLSEN'S VISIT

A week after Dr. Lindsay's arrival, our hearts were cheered by a visit from Elder O. A. Olsen, who for a number of years was the president of the General Conference. We appreciated his counsel very much indeed. Oh, how good it was, after having been isolated so long from those of like precious faith, to have an opportunity to attend a series of Bible studies again, conducted by so good a teacher as Elder Olsen!

In counsel with Elder Olsen, we laid plans for the extension of the work, and asked for more help. The health of our workers was not good. Two years of overwork and exposure were beginning to tell. The houses that we had lived in at first were damp, and leaked when it rained. Many a night, my wife and I slept in our bed with our umbrellas and raincoats over us to keep us dry. We also lacked nourishing food. War prices still continued. For a period of more than two years after the war, flour never sold for less than thirty-five cents a pound. Butter still remained at \$1.75 a pound, eggs always above \$2.50 a dozen, and other things in proportion. The coarse

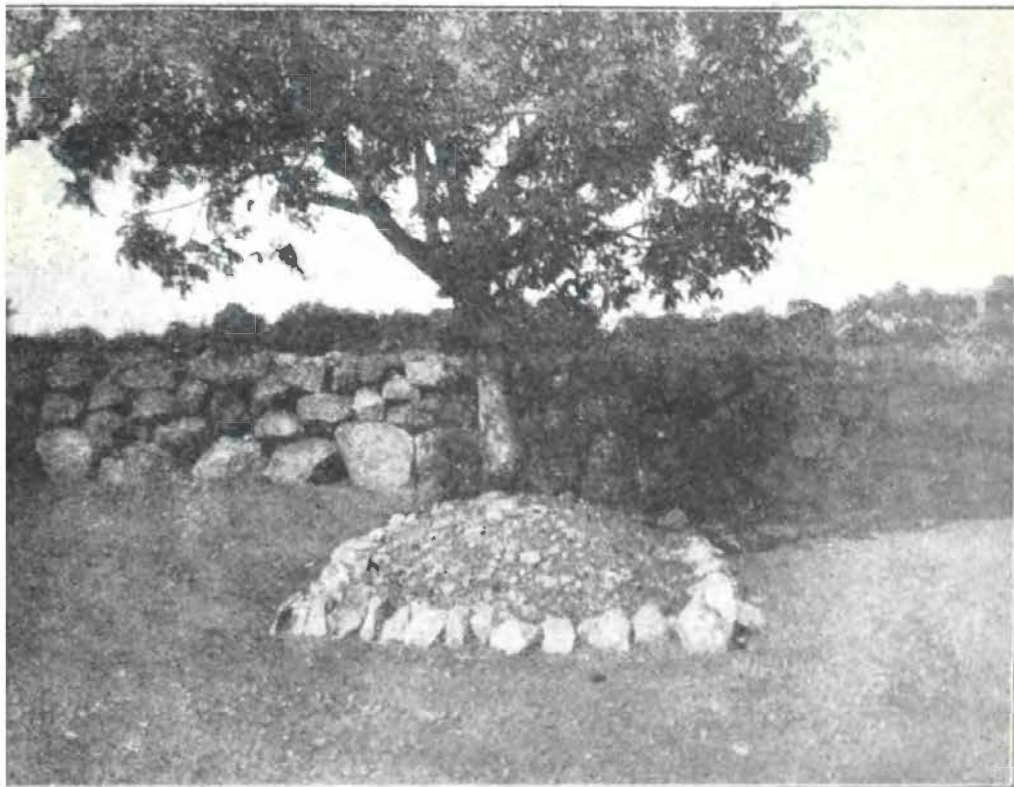
food that we were compelled to eat at this time caused a great deal of bowel trouble.

DR. CARMICHAEL'S DEATH

As Elder Tripp was the superintendent of the mission, and always carried the heaviest burden, he was the first one to give way. One morning, he told me that he could get on very well with his work until about breakfast time (we usually worked two hours in the morning before breakfast), but after breakfast, he felt only able to drag around all the rest of the day. At the time of Elder Olsen's visit, we pleaded with Elder Tripp to go to the coast, transact some business that needed his attention, and take two months to rest and build up at the sanitarium. If he did this, we urged, he might return well and strong, to take up the work during the dry season; but he did not leave.

Then came the malaria; and the early part of 1898 was the worst year for malaria fever I have ever seen in Southern Rhodesia. All the hospitals in Bulawayo were filled with patients. Dr. Vigne, a prominent physician there, told me in the month of January that he did not think there was a single well person among the seven thousand white inhabitants in the town. About the middle of February, Dr. Carmichael was taken sick.

Mrs. Anderson and I took him into our home, and nursed him as best we could; but he grew gradually weaker, and the evening of February 28, 1898, he died. Poor doctor! The one who was to care for the rest of us,



GRAVE OF DR. CARMICHAEL

and minister to us in case of sickness, was the first of our number to be laid in the grave.

THE STATION BECOMES A HOSPITAL

At the time of Dr. Carmichael's burial, Elder Tripp was scarcely able to be about. He complained of a severe headache, which made it impossible for him to rest at night.

The day after the funeral, he took to his bed. Our whole mission station was then turned into a hospital. In Elder Tripp's house, he was in bed, nursed by Mrs. Tripp and Elder Armitage. In Elder Armitage's home was Mr. C. Sparrow's little girl, delirious and dying of malaria, nursed by Mrs. Armitage. At our own place, we had Mr. C. Sparrow and his wife, their two boys, Owen and Laurie, and a white man who had been working for Mr. Sparrow, all sick in bed.

All work on the mission station was abandoned. Even the school for our native children was closed. All our time and attention were given to caring for the sick. But in spite of all of our efforts, on March 7, 1898, Elder Tripp died, just three years from the time he received his appointment at the General Conference to take the superintendency of the Matabeleland Mission. At the same time that we buried Elder Tripp, we buried Mr. Sparrow's baby girl.

Master George Tripp was next taken sick, and we sent a wire to Cape Town for assistance. About a week later, Mr. George Replogle, now Dr. Replogle, in South America, came to our assistance from the Cape Town Sanitarium. He did all that could be done for George; but on the fourth of April, he too passed away.

Then Mrs. Tripp was taken worse, and we advised that she leave the country. Mrs. Tripp and Mrs. Anderson, accompanied by Mr. Replogle, left the mission about the middle of April for the Cape Town Sanitarium. Mrs. Tripp's condition was very critical, and we wondered whether she would live through the 1360 miles by rail from Bulawayo to Cape Town.

After their departure from the mission station, John Taba was taken ill. He was a Zulu who had come into Rhodesia in the early days, and was acting as government interpreter in Bulawayo. Through evil associates, he had fallen a victim to the drink habit, which was fast ruining his life. Dr. Carmichael had got hold of him, and brought him out to the mission station in order to save him from the influences about him in Bulawayo. Here he experienced a genuine conversion, accepted Christ, gave up his evil habits, and became a faithful and trusted worker. He was the next one to be stricken with malaria. I cared for him as best I could, and he seemed to be making an excellent recovery.

One day, his son came running to me to say that his father was worse, and asked me to come at once. I went down to see him, and found him unconscious. He died that night. I could not understand what had

caused his relapse, because that very morning, he seemed to be so much better, and I thought was on the road to recovery.

Later I found that after I had left him in the morning, a native came by with some ears of green corn. John thought they would taste good, and told his wife to cook some for him. Without asking me about it, she cooked six of the ears of corn, and he ate them all, with fatal results.

DEATH OF MRS. ARMITAGE

Mrs. Armitage was next taken ill, and Elder Armitage came down the day after. His fever ran to 108 degrees; but we succeeded in getting it under control, and he soon became much better. But with Mrs. Armitage, the case was different. She gradually grew worse, until it was decided that she ought to leave the country, in a last desperate effort to save her life. Accordingly, Elder Armitage took her to Bulawayo, and started for the coast with her on the first train. On the way down, she rapidly grew worse; and as they were nearing Kimberley, the distracted husband pleaded with the Lord to spare her life until they reached that station, as he could not endure the thought of her dying on the train. The Lord mercifully heard his agonizing prayer; but within a few hours after

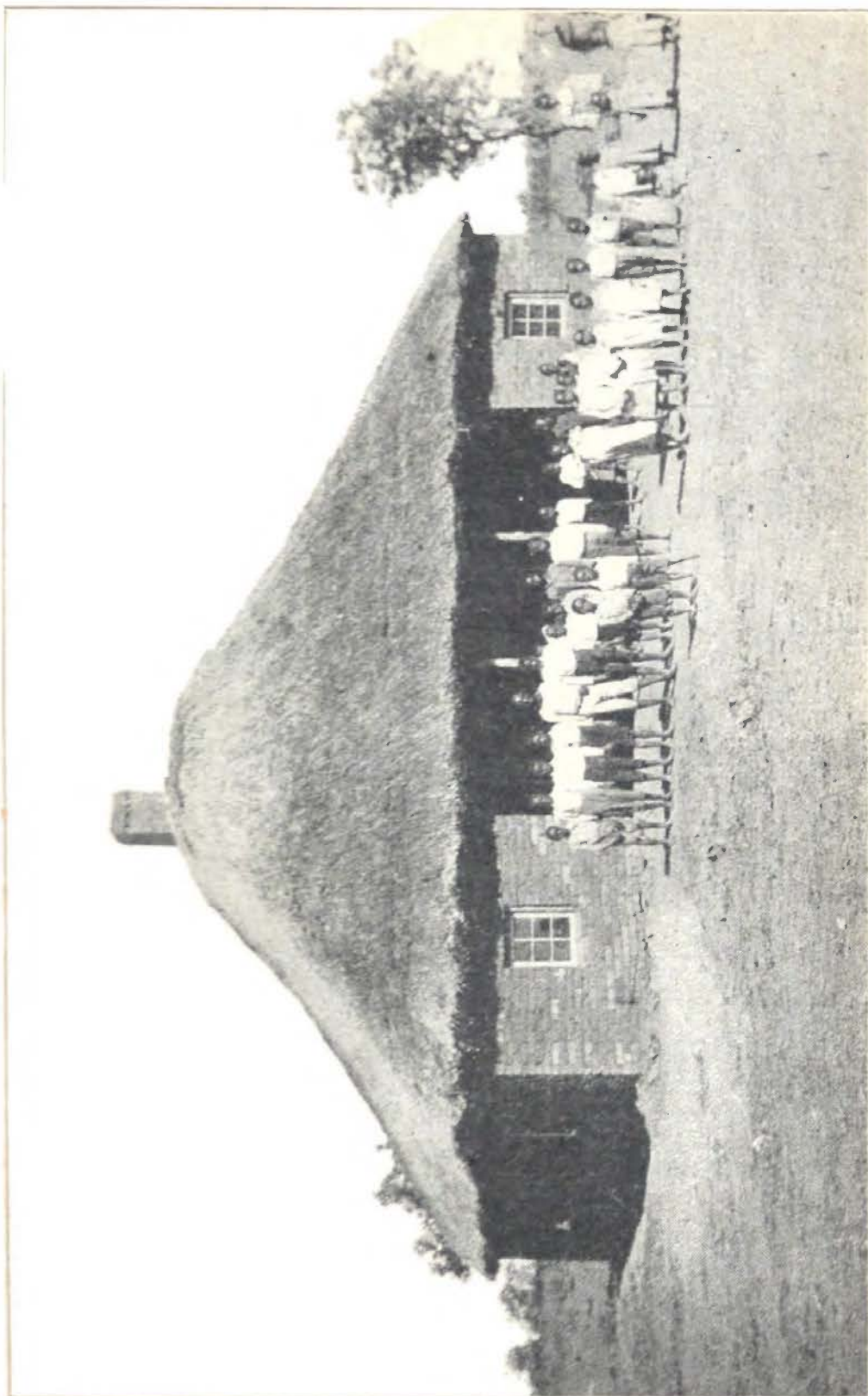
arriving in Kimberley, Mrs. Armitage closed her eyes in death.

DARK DAYS

Truly those were dark days for our Matabeleland Mission. In the short space of a little more than two months, five of the workers had died, three had gone to the coast, and I was left alone on the station. I often thought of Elder Olsen's statement that he would make the most earnest plea he had ever made in his life for help. Now, when help should come, it would be too late to save the lives of those who had needed it so badly.

We often wonder, in the mission field, why it is so difficult to get help, and why we have to wait many times until worn, tried, and consecrated laborers go down in death before recruits come. Generally when a man dies, some one is at once rushed to the field to take his place; but, oh, why should it be necessary for a man to go down under his burdens, and his life go out, without the relief he needs so much?

Elder Olsen's appeal apparently had come to naught, and the future looked dark indeed. If a man in his position could not bring help to our mission, what could I do or say? Must the work stop? Must the station be abandoned? — No, never!



MATABELELAND MISSION CHILDREN AND THEIR HOME

New Recruits and Extension

ON the evening of April 4, 1899, Elder F. L. Mead and party arrived in Bulawayo. Elder Mead had been sent to take the superintendency of the Matabeleland station, made vacant by the death of Elder G. B. Tripp. He was an experienced minister, and had been general canvassing agent in the United States for a number of years. He was a man of rare good judgment, and blessed with a superabundance of common sense,—just the qualifications necessary for a successful missionary. Mrs. Mead was a devoted Christian woman, a lovely character, and an excellent homemaker. They were accompanied by their two children, Walter and Lena.

Another of the party was Dr. H. A. Green,—a young man just out of medical school, full of energy and enthusiasm, skillful as a surgeon, and capable of carrying on medical work among the natives. He was accompanied by his devoted wife, who was a trained nurse and an excellent helper for her husband.

These two young persons immediately took up medical missionary work at our



ELDER F. L. MEAD, MRS. F. L. MEAD
LENA MEAD, WALTER MEAD

tation, and they found their hands more than full, for the natives have many afflictions. Their usual complaints are old, suppurated ulcers, decayed teeth, and, in the hot season, bowel trouble, due to the fer-



DR. AND MRS. H. A. GREEN

mentation of the coarse foods they eat; also in the hot season they suffer a great deal with ulcerated eyelids,—a disease that is very contagious, and spreads rapidly from one to another through the common house fly, which swarms throughout the country.

Dr. Green not only ministered to the physical needs of the natives about us, but also did a great deal of work for the white

settlers who were beginning to locate on claims in that part of the country. He had a good influence with both natives and whites, and gave our mission station an excellent standing among the people.

Miss Hiva Starr was another member of the party. Africa was not new to her, as she had spent a number of years in Bible work in the vicinity of Cape Town. Now, after a brief furlough in the homeland, she had come on into the interior to teach the natives the gospel.

Mr. J. A. Chaney was the other member of this large party of recruits who came to our assistance. He was an experienced man in mission work, having spent a number of years on the West Coast of Africa, among the Timini tribes, when he was in the service of the Christian Alliance Mission Board. His previous experience in mission work was a great help to him in understanding the natives, and his efforts for them were successful from the very beginning.

DIVISION OF LABOR

Elder Mead immediately divided up the work of the mission station among the various helpers, and planned at once to answer some of the most urgent calls for outstation work. Within twenty days after his arrival, we had established an outstation at Isiwha-

beni, and another at Umkupuvula, about twenty-five miles to the northwest, on a plot of ground which Mr. I. B. Burton had obtained from the government. Mr. Chaney was placed in charge of the Umkupuvula station, and soon gathered in a group of young men for the school, three of whom are now preachers in connection with the old central mission station.

A little later, Elder F. B. Armitage took his ox wagon, and started to the east of Bulawayo to look up a new mission site. After traveling for some weeks through the Belingwe and Filibuzi districts, he finally located the Somabula Mission station about twenty miles to the northwest of Gwelo. Elder Armitage settled on this mission, and the natives flocked to him for education, so the work there was a success from the beginning. He had many perplexing times and difficult experiences, but he was a practical man, and overcame all obstacles.

At one time, they were anxious to obtain some cows, that they might have milk on the mission station. He was not able to buy any from the natives; so he took the matter to the Lord in prayer. Not many days after that, a herd of oxen, which had been stampered by lions some miles away, passed his mission station. With the assistance of the

native boys, he rounded them up, and got them into his corral.

A few days later, the man who had lost the oxen came by searching for them; and when he found them safe and well cared for, he wanted to give some reward. Elder Armitage said he did not wish any money for what he had done; and the man, noticing that he had no cows in his corral, asked what he did for milk. Elder Armitage told him they did not have any. The man was so grateful for the return of his oxen, that he sent Elder Armitage a number of cows, which he permitted him to milk until they could get some of their own. Thus the Lord provides for His people a table in the wilderness, and makes a way for them where there is no way.

THE FIRST OUT-SCHOOLS

All missionary societies laboring in Africa are agreed that the best way to reach the native is through schools; and about the time the Somabula Mission was opened, we established our first out-schools, taught by native teachers. The children whom we had saved from starvation at the time of the famine had now grown to young manhood. Many of them had accepted Christ, and were ready to be used of God in giving the gospel to their own people.

The first out-school was established at

Tatigula, on the Gwaai River, about fifteen miles to the northwest of our central station. Near the same time, another was opened at Baluli's kraal, on the Lushabi River, about twelve miles to the west. Two native boys were sent to Wankie's, near the Zambezi River, to occupy that district.

These out-schools were well filled; and in some cases, the call was so urgent that our native boys would teach school in one village during the forenoon, and then walk two miles to another village to teach there in the afternoon, returning home at night about sunset. Thus our work was expanding in every direction, and the future looked bright.

In these out-schools, the native teachers carry the pupils through the first two or three grades. Then we select from those finishing these grades, capable, consecrated young men, bring them to the central station, and place them in the training school to be educated for God's service.

Thus our large circle of out-schools become "feeders" for the home station, and much of the primary work is thrown back upon the natives themselves. Mr. Moody, I think it was, said that he would rather set twenty men to work than attempt to do twenty men's work. So in the mission field, "the measure of the success of the missionary is his ability to multiply himself in native

teachers and evangelists." We were now beginning to use our natives in helping us to carry the gospel to their own people, and their faithful labors were crowned with success. In spite of the fact that some of the white workers were devoting a great deal of time to trading and material things, our work was moving forward, and we were beginning to reap a harvest in the baptism of a few believers.

THE QUESTION OF TRADING

The question of trading by missionaries is a debatable one. Many contend that it is no part of their work; that they are there to give the gospel to the natives, and that however fair one may be in trading with them, there will always be instances where the native will think that the white man has taken advantage of him, and thus he will close the door of his heart against the gospel. On the other hand, in the early days, some of the white men who traded with natives took advantage of their ignorance, and imposed upon them in every way possible. Here is an opportunity, so it is argued, for the Christian trader to show that he is there to do good, and not for gain. At the same time, he can educate the ignorant native in the value of money and the true worth of trade goods.

Personally, I do not like trading as a part of missionary work, and for the last eleven years, have done no trading on my mission station. To avoid it saves the missionary from the suspicion that he is among the natives for "the loaves and the fishes" instead of to give them the gospel. However, I have no condemnation for those who have been able to be a benefit and a blessing to the natives while trading with them.

DAYS OF DISASTER

Just when our work was expanding nicely in every direction, and we had begun to gather in a harvest of souls as the result of our years of seed sowing, disaster again overtook the mission station.

Miss Hiva Starr, who was teaching school, was compelled, on account of ill health, to give up her work and return to America. Dr. and Mrs. Green were also taken with malaria, and had to leave the field. On their way to England, Dr. Green was very ill on the boat; and had his wife not been a skillful, trained nurse, he perhaps would not have lived to reach his native shores again. For days, his life hung in the balance; and after his return to America, it took a long time for him to recover. Mrs. Green was given health to care for him on the journey, when he so sorely needed her

attention; but before their boat docked in New York, she too was stricken with a virulent attack of malaria, from which she suffered for more than two years after reaching their old home in Missouri. It was finally necessary for the doctor to send his wife to the mountains in Colorado, in order to get the malaria all out of her system.

In those earlier days, we had no sustentation fund, and no plan was laid to care for returned missionaries who were broken in health; so Dr. and Mrs. Green had a very hard time until he succeeded in building up a practice in St. Joseph, Missouri, which placed them above want. Missionaries who go out to the field at the present time, and return home broken in health, are well cared for by our sanitariums, and have a furlough allowance. They can hardly understand the anxieties and perplexities of those who came to America in the earlier days of our mission experience, when no provision was made to care for sick and disabled workers.

Mr. J. A. Chaney was also taken sick. While he did not return to America, he was transferred to Natal, part of which has a more healthful climate, and he went on with work there among the Zulus.

In October of 1901, Elder F. L. Mead left our mission station to go to Cape Town

to attend a conference. As I shook hands with him, and said Good-by, I remarked how well he looked.

"Yes," he said, "I haven't felt so well for fifteen years."

F. L. MEAD'S SICKNESS AND DEATH

He went away from us the picture of health. Two weeks later, when the mail came back from Bulawayo, our mail bag contained two telegrams, one addressed to Mrs. Mead, containing a message of condolence in her deep affliction; the other addressed to me. As Elder Mead was superintendent of the mission station, they received the mail, and Mrs. Mead had her telegram first. She immediately came to my house, saying that she had received a telegram, and that also there was one in the mail for me, and that perhaps mine would explain hers.

I asked what hers contained, and she said she could hardly tell me, but that she thought Elder Mead had been killed by the Boers; for the Boer War had not yet closed.

I opened my telegram, which read: "Elder Mead died of a stroke of apoplexy. Break the news gently to his family." It was signed by J. V. Wilson.

Perhaps the reader can imagine how gently I could break news like that to the grief-

stricken family. Poor Mrs. Mead collapsed on the couch in my sitting room, and I thought her heart would fail under the terrible shock.

The circumstances of Elder Mead's sickness and death were these: He had left Bulawayo on his way to Cape Town to attend the conference, and in order to save money, had traveled in a third-class carriage. This carriage was old; and as the train neared Mafeking, they were caught in a heavy tropical rainstorm, and the carriage leaked so that all the third-class passengers were soaking wet.

This exposure brought on an attack of pneumonia; and by the time the train arrived in Kimberley, Elder Mead was very ill. Two friends of his from Bulawayo, traveling by the same train, took him off at Kimberley, and saw him safely into the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Wilson, our missionaries at that place. They called a doctor, who declared his trouble to be pneumonia, aggravated by an enlarged malarial liver. Under the skillful nursing of Mr. Wilson and Miss Amelia Webster, who was in Kimberley at that time, he seemed to make a good recovery; and at the end of the week, the doctor pronounced him cured, and ceased his visits.

Elder Mead then packed his things, and planned to take the train on Monday morning to go on to Cape Town. On Sunday night, the doctor said that he was somehow impressed that he ought to go again to see Elder Mead, although he had ceased visiting him two days before. On his return from church that night, the doctor called, and found that Elder Mead had just suffered from a slight stroke of apoplexy. Miss Webster sat by his bedside throughout the night, and did everything she could for his comfort. All night long he was delirious, and his whole mind seemed to be filled with his work on the mission station. Sometimes he would be driving the ox wagon, and sometimes he would be busy with other phases of mission work. About four o'clock the next morning, he had another stroke, and died before any one could come to Miss Webster's assistance.

Soon after this, Mrs. Mead accepted a call to act as matron in our college at Cape Town. Her son, Walter, took charge of the printing plant connected with this school; and Lena accompanied them to continue her studies in stenography and typewriting.

Thus a little more than three years after the arrival of this large party on our Matabeleland Mission station, not one of them was left in the field.

*The Matabeleland (Solusi) Mission
at the Present Time*

THIS mission station formerly contained a tract of twelve thousand acres, which, as already related, was given us by the Hon. Cecil Rhodes, for the mission site. A few years ago, when the Tsungwesi Mission was opened, four thousand acres from the farm was traded for an equal number of acres in Mashonaland.

The buildings of the Solusi Mission are situated near the spot where the first mud hut was built, in 1894. They look out to the north, over the valley of the Gwaai River and the wooded hills beyond. Two cottages have been built for the accommodation of the white workers. Each building is twenty-six by twenty-six feet, entirely surrounded by a veranda six feet wide. At the back is a detached building twenty-six by fourteen feet, which forms the kitchen and an outside bedroom.

Each of the dwellings is divided into four rooms. The floors are made of cement, to save the contents of the house from the ravages of white ants. The walls are constructed of burned bricks, and the roof is



SOLUSI MISSION CHURCH MEMBERS

White Missionaries — Center, Elder and Mrs. M. C. Sturdevant; left, Mr. G. A. Ellingworth

made of corrugated iron. Each building is surrounded by a stone fence, built of gray granite, about four feet high and two feet wide at the top.

THE PEST OF RHODESIA

It may be well at this point to say a few words about the white ants, which are distributed all over Rhodesia. They are really not ants at all, but termites, and are very destructive. Our fruit trees have to be carefully guarded. During the wet season, a native boy examines each tree twice a day, to see that white ants are not girdling it, as rabbits girdle young apple trees in America.

All houses in this territory must have cement in the foundation, in order to prevent the white ants from destroying the woodwork in the doors and windows. A house constructed from wood, as houses are built in America, would not stand more than two years in Central Africa. The native huts are rethatched every year, and rebuilt at least every three years, because of the ravages of white ants.

These pests are specialists in destroying books, leather in all forms, and cloth. In our library, we have scarcely one leather-bound book that has not been attacked by white ants. One night, I left my shoes on the dirt floor; and when I picked them up

in the morning, the white ants had plastered the soles fast to the ground, and then cut the uppers entirely off the soles.

A DILEMMA

During the Matabele War, when we were in Bulawayo, I left my Bible one night lying on a box. The white ants came up the sides of the box, ate all the gilt off the edges of the Bible, and then cut one side of the back entirely off. On another occasion, when traveling among the outstations, I took off my trousers and hung them on the limb of a tree before retiring. During the night, the wind blew them to the ground; and in the morning, I found that one leg had been eaten off near the middle of the thigh. I was about fifty miles from our home station, and that was the only pair of trousers I had with me. Fortunately, I was traveling among natives, and they thought nothing of my misfortune.

THE MISSION COMPOUNDS

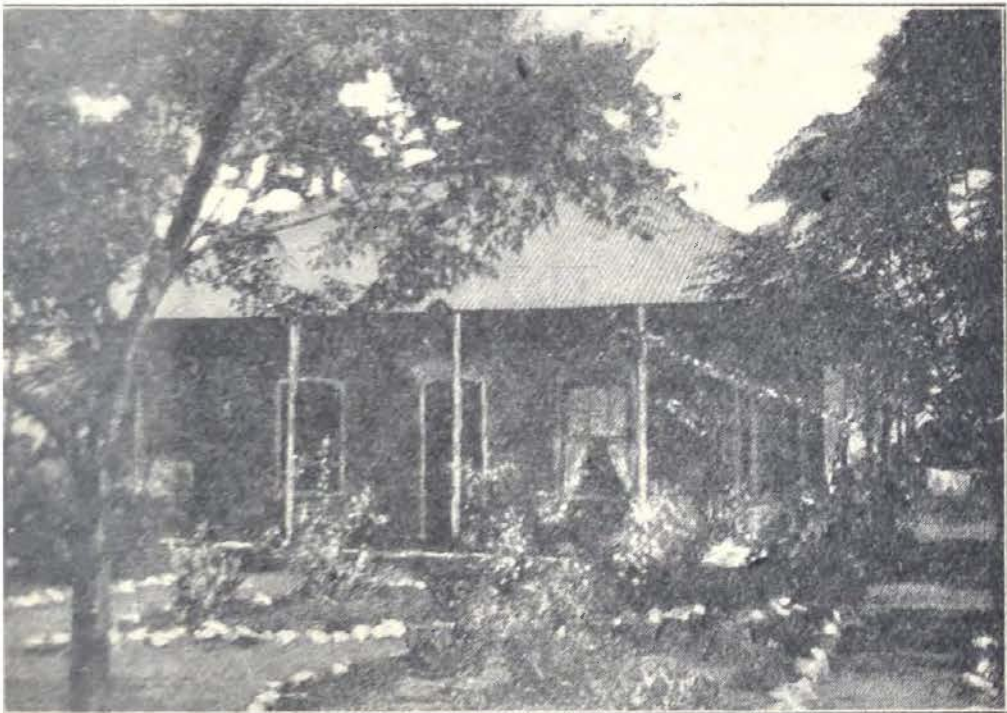
We first tried fencing our mission buildings with wooden posts and wire; but the posts never lasted more than six months, being eaten off at the surface of the ground by white ants. In 1901, we erected the stone fences that surround the buildings; and with very little repair, they have remained intact until the present time. Each

ard is one hundred fifty feet square, with the dwelling house in the center.

The verandas are shaded by the beautiful *Cuscuta* vine, flowering almost all the year round. Orange and lemon trees and banana plants grow in the compounds, although the winters are too cold for bananas to do well. Shade is provided by a number of syringa trees, the umbrella tree of California, a species of lilac. These are very beautiful and fragrant when in blossom.

OTHER BUILDINGS

A short distance west of the superintendent's house is a brick schoolhouse, with a



SOLUSI MISSION HOME

corrugated iron roof. This building is too small, and entirely inadequate for the work of the school. The blackboards are made of linoleum painted black. There are two maps on the walls, but very few other school supplies. Farther to the west is the church building, which is considerably larger than the schoolhouse. This is packed to the limit of its capacity nearly every Sabbath.

About one hundred yards back of the buildings that have been constructed for the two families of white workers on the station, is the native compound. This consists of a long brick building, one end of which is used as a dormitory for the girls attending the boarding school, and the other as a dining room for the school. A wing at the back contains the kitchen, where all the food for the native family is cooked. Extending to the east for about two hundred yards is a row of native huts, each about fourteen feet in diameter. These are used as bedrooms for the boys. In front of the boys' bedrooms and the girls' dormitory are flower beds, laid out with walks, where hardy perennial flowers are cultivated and cared for by the natives. A store and a blacksmith shop, with a tool shed near-by, complete the mission buildings.

"My brightest, most consistent, and strongest Christians are to be found in my workshop," says Mr. Dauncey, of the London

Missionary Society. "Would you dispense with the workshop because it is secular, and hence as a missionary I must have nothing to do with it? 'What God hath cleansed, that call thou not common.' "

A SELF-SUPPORTING ENTERPRISE

Nearly all our mission stations in Africa are industrial missions. The Solusi Mission is no exception. We have a large herd of well-bred cattle on the station, and the dairy supplies an abundant quantity of milk for the white workers and the school family, besides about sixty pounds of butter that is marketed in Bulawayo each week.

Most of the farm work is done with oxen; but there are six mules on the farm, which are used for traveling about the country, planting corn, and cultivating on the farm. A few chickens furnish eggs for the table, and several dozen are marketed every week at a price ranging from thirty-five cents to \$1.25 a dozen, according to the season.

The cultivated portion of the farm consists of about three hundred acres of land adjacent to the buildings. In these fields is an orchard where a few fruit trees are grown, under irrigation, for the benefit of the European workers. The rest of the farm is used for growing mealies (Indian corn), of which about twelve hundred bags, each

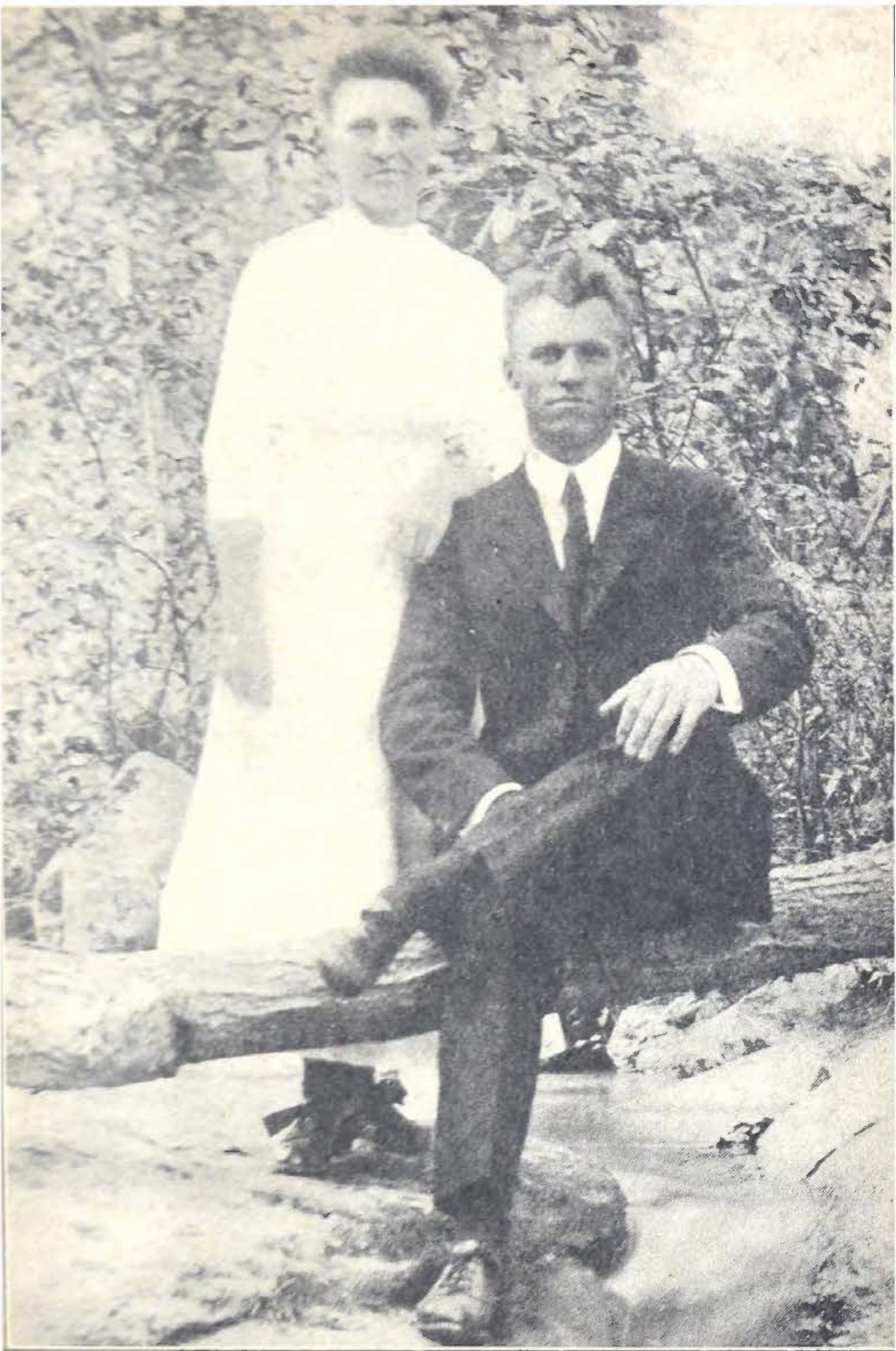
containing two hundred pounds, are produced annually.

The mission is well fitted with farming tools, such as two three-furrow disk plows, a gang plow, harrows, cultivators, planters, and three large, heavy farm wagons for marketing grain. The produce from the farm always supplies the food for the natives attending the school, and there is a considerable surplus each year for marketing, to meet other expenses.

THE BEST CROP

While good crops are reaped from the farm nearly every year, the main purpose of the missionary is to produce character. In the training school, where workers are trained for Matabeleland, one hundred nine pupils were in attendance last year. This school is under the control and supervision of Mr. Rolla P. Robinson and his wife. They are assisted by two native teachers, and are operating a very successful school. In addition to this, Mr. Robinson supervises the work of the pupils on the mission farm.

Elder W. C. Walston is the superintendent of the Solusi Mission. His time is all taken up with looking after the business interests of the mission, and supervising the ten out-schools located at strategic points in different parts of the country. These out-



MR. AND MRS. R. P. ROBINSON

schools are attended by two hundred forty-one pupils. The Lord has instructed us to scatter these lights through the world, "until the light of the one shall reach to the shining of the other, and the whole earth be lightened with the gospel."

The native teachers are doing what they can to give the gospel to their own people; and in many places, the call for help is so insistent that a teacher carries on his school



ELDER W. C. WALSTON



MRS. W. C. WALSTON

work in one village from eight to eleven o'clock in the morning, then walks two miles, and conducts another school from two to five in the afternoon, and then returns home at night. When I visited this station in June, 1916, twenty-six native preachers and teachers were attending the summer school, and each one of the out-school teachers brought in a call for help in his district.

Three years ago the natives began the sale of literature. "Steps to Christ" and



NATIVE TEACHERS AND EVANGELISTS OF SOLUSI MISSION, ALSO WHITE MISSIONARIES

"Christ Our Saviour" are printed in the language of the people, and a large number of these books have been sold. There is a wonderful opportunity to develop the canvassing work among the natives who are earning good wages in the gold mines of Southern Rhodesia. Although many of the natives are illiterate, they will buy the books, if they are well illustrated, and then hunt for some one to read to them.

The administrator of the country has kindly given our native canvassers permission to sell our books without a license, which, according to the law, would cost them \$125 a year each, and thus make the expense of this work entirely prohibitive.

The church membership of the Solusi Mission is 123, and the regular Sabbath school attendance is 135. In 1916, the native members paid a per capita tithe of \$4.35. When one considers the low rate of wages paid to the natives in that country, that tithe certainly represents a great sacrifice on the part of the believers. In the Sabbath school, \$35.55 for mission work was contributed by the natives.

THE OUTLOOK

The future outlook is bright. Plans should be laid for the opening of our work in Bulawayo, where a strong church could be

built up with very little effort. There are several more strategic points that will be occupied as soon as we have competent teachers to take possession of them.

The old days of malaria seem to have passed away, and for a number of years, the workers have had excellent health. God is prospering the labors of the white workers and their native assistants, and 1916 was the banner year in accessions to the church. The work is advancing on every hand, and is going faster than they are able to keep up with it. More than two hundred pupils were turned away from the training school last year because of a lack of room and of teachers.

It seems pitiable that when young men and women come to our training schools, and ask to be educated for God's service, they have to be turned away literally by hundreds, because the facilities are so meager, and the teachers so few. Yet this is the experience that our workers have passed through during 1916 on the Solusi Mission station.

The pitiful cry of the heathen is going up to God for help, and the prayer of the faithful missionaries there is that God will lay upon the hearts of talented young men and women in the homeland a burden for these souls who desire to qualify themselves for the Master's service.

Over the Zambezi

“Into the tall and the wet grass drear,
Then, only then, art thou pioneer.
And Mr. First must have all the woes,
That Mr. Second may find repose.”

SO says Mr. Dan Crawford, of the pioneer, in his book “Thinking Black.” About 1898, the British South African Company extended its rule over Northern Rhodesia. Previously to that time, Lewanika, king of the Barotses, had control of the whole of Northwestern Rhodesia. Like the Matabeles, he and his people had spent much of their time in raiding the weaker tribes. He owned thousands of head of cattle and a large number of slaves. When the British government took possession of this territory, it stopped the Barotses’ raiding surrounding tribes, and established peace among the natives. This led to a vast improvement in the condition of the weaker tribes.

When I first went over the Zambezi at Victoria Falls, in 1899, it was very difficult to get a guide who would travel with me farther than the borders of his own petty district. It was unsafe for him to go very far from home, because he was liable to be killed as he returned. On account of these

unsettled conditions, the Batongas never kept all their cattle in their own village. A man would keep two or three cows in his village for the milk, and perhaps two pack oxen. The rest of his cattle he would scatter about the district, so that if the Barotses raided the village, and took away all the cattle, he would have a few head somewhere else. Children also were scattered in the same way, lest the entire family be killed, and so the family name lost.

PEACE AND SECURITY FOLLOW BRITISH OCCUPATION

The occupation of the country by the English stopped all these raids, and gave the subject tribes an opportunity to enjoy the fruits of their own labors. Their wives and children also lived with them in security. The result of twenty years of occupancy by the Chartered Company has been great prosperity on the part of the people; and their cattle, their chief wealth, have increased more than fourfold. They are now willing to plow and cultivate extensive fields; for they know that their food is assured to them, and they have a good market for any surplus they may produce.

At first, however, Lewanika did not take very kindly to the British occupation of the country, and soon he became restive

under the white man's rule. All that he saw as representatives of the power and authority of England were a handful of government officials located three hundred miles from his town, and exercising authority over the whole territory.

LEWANIKA VISITS ENGLAND

At the time of the coronation of the late King Edward VII, it was thought best to invite Lewanika to England, that he might be properly awed by the power of the British nation. King Edward gave him six hundred pounds to meet his traveling expenses, and Colonel Carden accompanied him as guide and interpreter.

While in England, Lewanika was taken to Aldershot, the great training camp and parade ground of the English army, and saw the troops drilling for service. He was also taken to Plymouth, and on board a gunboat, where he was shown a portion of the English navy. While on board, he saw some target practice. In describing the experience, he told me that they placed an object out on the sea so far away that he could not see it with his naked eye, and then fired at it with one of the big rifles, as he called them, which they had on board the boat. With the aid of glasses, he was able to see the target, and see the shot strike home, and he was greatly

impressed with the superior marksmanship of the naval gunners.

He was also taken to Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, and other great manufacturing centers, that he might see how things were made. The natives had very erroneous ideas as to where the white man obtained many of the articles that they saw him use. In the Zulu language, *elwandhle* means "sea"; and *elwandhleni* means "over the sea," "across the sea," "under the sea," "out of the sea," or "beyond the sea." So when the white man told the natives that the things which they saw — the railway engines, the printing presses, the blankets, and many other articles — came from beyond the sea, the natives jumped to the conclusion that they were fished out of the sea. Many of them have told me that no one but God could make a thing as complicated as a railway engine.

King Lewanika was thoroughly instructed as to how these things were made; and on his return to his native country, he called his head men together, and spent over a month telling them of the wonders he had seen while in England. I think the majority of the natives thought the white men had bewitched their king, and that somehow they had given him "medicine" that enabled him to see things which were not true.

I met Lewanika on his return to Africa, and asked him what made the greatest impression upon him during his journey. The answer from the heathen king was, "The intelligence of the English people, and what the gospel has done for them." He then urged us to send missionaries into his territory, that his subjects might have the blessing of the gospel, which had meant so much to the white man. It was in response to this invitation that I requested the South African Union Conference Committee, in April of 1903, to permit me to go over the Zambezi to look up a mission site for the opening of our work in that territory.

Just before I left the Solusi Mission, I received word from America that my father was very ill. A furlough had already been granted me by the Mission Board; and about the middle of July, 1903, Mrs. Anderson and I decided that if, on our arrival in Bulawayo, word was received that father was worse, we should accept our furlough, and return to America. If no word had come, I was to start to the north. Accordingly, receiving no cable from home, I decided that father was better, so laid plans for the journey into the interior.

The railway at that time extended but a short distance north of Bulawayo, to a place called Mbanji, meaning "stuck fast." At

this point, the railway survey entered the hills along the escarpment of the Zambezi River; and to construct a road through this barrier took a long time. •

PREPARATIONS FOR THE JOURNEY

As I was to make this journey beyond civilization, post offices, telegraph lines, or stores, it was necessary to carry my provisions with me. I contracted with a baker in Bulawayo to prepare two large tin cans filled with zwieback, which was to supply me with bread for the next four months. In addition to that, I had a little sugar and salt, some dried fruit, and a few other luxuries of that description. I also carried a rifle and ammunition, that we might be able to get a considerable portion of our supplies by the way. A number of native carriers from the farm, boys with whom I was well acquainted, and on whom I could depend, accompanied me.

THE JOURNEY BEGUN

Leaving Bulawayo by train in the evening, we arrived early the next morning at the end of the railway line. Here, in making up our loads, which consisted of the food supplies already mentioned, with ammunition, blankets, etc., I found that my boys were too heavily loaded to walk twenty-five or thirty miles a day, and continue that

pace for weeks together. I therefore hired a native boy to carry one of the loads, and instructed one of the old Matabele boys to look after him carefully.

On the second day out, however, I went ahead of the caravan to see if I could get a shot at some guinea fowl, and after killing three of the birds, sat down by the footpath to wait for my carriers to arrive. After waiting about an hour, I retraced my steps to see what the trouble was. I found all the loads deposited at the side of the path, with one of the boys standing guard over them. The rest were scouring the bush for the native I had hired, who had disappeared with his load.

We hunted until sunset, but to no avail. With him disappeared all my salt, sugar, dried fruit, and other "luxuries," leaving me to face nearly four months of "saltless," "sweetless," and "fruitless" days.

SECURING A NATIVE GUIDE

On my arrival at Victoria Falls, I met a government official who had just come down from the north; and he told me that he would give me one of his carriers to act as my guide to Kalomo, about eighty-five miles away, where the seat of government was located. I very much appreciated his kindness in giving me this native to direct me on



RIG USED BY ELDER AND MRS. W. B. WHITE FOR A 200-MILE TRIP. "FOR TWO WEEKS, WE SLEPT IN THIS WAGON."

the path, as I had never been that far north of the Zambezi before, and much of the country was new and strange to me.

Starting early in the morning, we traveled a distance of about twenty-five miles the first day, and made our camp for the night, sleeping soundly, and realizing the force of the text, "The sleep of the laboring man is sweet."

We started on our way very early the next morning, and traveled until about ten o'clock, when we stopped to rest during the heat of the day. The guide then came to me, and said that it would be impossible for us to start on in the afternoon, as the water was a long distance ahead, and we should not be able to reach it before ten o'clock the next day.

I told him that we were in a hurry to go forward, and as he had no load, I had made provision for these long stretches where there was no water. So extracting two large canvas bags from my bundle of bedding, I took them down to the river, filled them, and gave them to him to carry.

He dropped his head, but only for a moment, and then said he remembered, now, that we would find water a little farther along! I insisted, however, that we could not afford to make any mistake, and required him to carry the five gallons of water in

the canvas bags on his shoulder. We traveled for three and a half hours that afternoon, and passed water four times. We camped by the fifth running stream that we saw. The rest of the carriers made a great deal of sport of the guide for carrying water past beautiful running streams. He learned that it did not pay him to attempt any deception, so we got on very nicely thereafter.

On reaching Kalomo, I called on the administrator, who was the chief official in the country, and stated my business. He suggested that I go into the Monze District, about a hundred miles farther to the northeast, and there open our mission work. The reason he wanted us to go there was that old Monze, the chief "rain doctor" of the Batongas, had started a rebellion the year before, and they desired a missionary located in his district to keep watch over him. The late Mr. Cecil Rhodes once told me that he found missionaries to be much better for keeping the natives quiet than soldiers, and certainly a good deal cheaper. So the administrator desired us to settle near the restive chief — and report any disorders that might occur in his district.

LOCATING THE NEW STATION

In locating the new mission station, there was a combination of four things that I

especially desired. First, of course, was proximity to the natives. A person can accomplish very little in laboring for the people unless he is near them.

Secondly, we wanted a good supply of water. Most of South Africa is a dry country; nearly eight months out of every year, not a drop of rain falls. The earth is parched, the grass is burned, and the whole territory becomes a blackened waste. While the rainfall is abundant during the four months of the wet season, yet on account of the heat, it is extremely difficult to store up a sufficient supply of water to carry one through the dry season. We were five hundred miles from the nearest place where we could buy provisions; so we wanted water for irrigation, that we might raise fruit and garden produce.

Thirdly, we desired proximity to the railway line; but at this time, there was no survey of the Cape to Cairo Railway on the north side of the Zambezi River. However, I had noticed that in the south, they built the railways along the watershed of the country, to avoid extensive bridging. So I followed the watershed, in the hope that we might be near the railway line when it was built through the country. This reasoning proved correct; for when the railway was

built, it formed the western boundary line of our farm.

The fourth point we desired was to establish an industrial mission, where the natives might be taught to work, which is one of the principles of the gospel. We therefore wanted good soil.

It was rather difficult to find the combination of natives, water, railway line, and good soil.

DYING IN THE VELDT

After leaving Kalomo on our way to Monze, we lost our footpath, and failed to find water. After traveling from daybreak in the morning through heavy sand until about two o'clock in the afternoon, we came upon some stagnant pools covered with green scum; but, oh, it was water! It was wet! Without taking the usual precaution of boiling it, I lay down on the ground, and drank all I wanted. In about ten minutes, I had another drink, before the boys arrived with the kettles and built a fire, so we could boil some of it, and thus kill the germs.

That water was bad, and five or six days later, I came down with dysentery. I was alone in the veldt, nearly a hundred miles, as far as I knew, from any white man, and my life seemed to be ebbing out. The native boys were faithful in taking care of me

the best they knew how; but of course, they were not able to do much. I could not get the food I should have had to nourish me under those conditions, and it seemed as if there was little hope for my recovery.

One evening when I thought my end had come, I called the native boys about me, and told them I did not think I should live through the night. Directing them to a large thorn tree close by, I told them to dig my grave there, sew me up in my blankets, and bury me. I then gave them a message for my wife and baby, and told them, further, that they were to tell the workers on the mission not to abandon the work in that country because I had died. My grave at the side of the road would mark their way into the territory.

I then lay back on my pillow to rest. My Christian boys gathered around me, and sang the hymn, "No, Never Alone," in the Sentebele language. Soon afterward I fell asleep, and slept soundly all night. When I awoke in the morning, one of my faithful boys, Detja, was sitting on the ground at my head, where he had been watching me all night long.

About nine o'clock, a native came into our camp, and said there was a white man encamped eight miles from where we were, on

the river. The boys hastily constructed a *machila*, and carried me to this camp. Mr. Walker, the white man, was an old hunter, who had spent nearly all his life hunting big game in South and Central Africa. He very kindly took care of me, and nursed me back to health and strength. A little more than two weeks later I went on my way rejoicing, although still somewhat weakened from the disease.

LOCATING THE FARM

The country was entirely new to me, and a location was very difficult to find. However, I enlisted the assistance of all the natives in the villages through which I passed. I told them that if they would show me a strong spring, which would never fail even in the driest season, and where the water was sufficient to irrigate a large garden, I would give them one pound (\$4.87). They were eager to earn the money, and so took me up and down through the country. It seemed to me they showed me every little place where the water was trickling out of the earth.

When I came to Monze's village, I made the same proposition to him. He told me that he thought he could show me what I wanted. The next morning, he gave me a native for a guide, who took me about eight or nine miles to the southeast. We tramped

up and down the hills all day, examining a number of little springs that came out of the rocks; but there was neither sufficient water from the springs, nor sufficient lands beneath them for irrigation.

Finally, in the evening, as we were walking back toward the village, I saw a large dark object in the distance, which looked like a hill, yet it was right down in the river valley. I asked my guide what it was, and he told me it was the place he was taking me to. Just as the sun was going down, we arrived at the large cluster of meseta trees which had first attracted my attention. Here we found a beautiful spring, high up on a side-hill, with about forty acres of excellent soil lying beneath it, only waiting for the furrows to be opened to make it easy to irrigate. A stream of water flowing out from this spring would almost fill a ten-inch pipe. After all the years I had spent on the dry farm at Solusi, that spring certainly looked good to me.

PEGGING OUT A FIVE-THOUSAND-ACRE FARM

We camped about half a mile from the spring that night; and early the next morning, I made a thorough survey of it. I decided that this was just what I wanted. The soil was good, the water was abundant, native villages were plentiful; and as it was

only three miles from the watershed, there seemed to be a good chance that the railway would pass our way. I spent the next two days pegging out the mission farm of five thousand acres, which the government agreed to sell to us at sixteen cents an acre, giving us ten years to pay for it, with no interest on the money. The soil on the farm is very much like the soil of our Huntsville, Alabama, school farm, and produces crops of corn, sweet potatoes, peanuts, and cotton, very much like the farms in the South.

From here, I went away to the west about one hundred miles, where I pegged out another farm, on the chance that the railway might possibly pass that way. I then returned to Kalomo, filed my claims, and started home.

Game in this part of the country is abundant. It was not unusual to see herds of three hundred blue wildebeests. I saw a herd of sable antelope that would number seventy or eighty. Picking out an old bull, which had a fine pair of horns, I fired at him. Away he went as fast as he could go. I slung my rifle on my shoulder, and started down the path. My native carriers, who were coming down behind me, asked why I was leaving the antelope I had shot lying in the veldt. I told them I had missed, and that the antelope was gone, but they insisted



ELDERS SPICER AND ANDERSON READY FOR A TRIP BY OX WAGON

that they had seen him fall. I went with them through the tall grass, and there found a sable cow lying dead. The antelope were so plentiful that if the hunter missed the one he shot at, he was pretty sure to kill another one somewhere in the herd.

THE RETURN HOME

After leaving Kalomo, I struck out for the southeast, and crossed the Zambezi River at Walker's Drift (named for the hunter who so kindly cared for me during my convalescence), about one hundred miles east of Victoria Falls. Here I found that the Primitive Methodists had established a mission at Sinjoba's kraal, with Mr. Walter Hogg in charge. I spent Sabbath with him, and preached to his congregation on Sunday morning. Then I crossed the river in a dugout, ready to start early Monday morning on my return to the end of the railway. Poor Mr. Hogg! His station, which had just been opened, was abandoned the next year, when he died of black-water fever.

On leaving the Zambezi for Wankie's coal mine, we found the country very rough and hilly. The sun was blistering hot, and the region sparsely inhabited. Food was difficult to obtain. It took us three days to walk the eighty-five miles to the mine, and they were days of famine. For myself I

had about half a pint of corn meal, made up into mush, and two eggs, during the three days. The native boys fared no better, and we were weak and exhausted when we reached the mine.

I arrived first; and as I neared the mine, I saw on a little shanty a sign which read, "Bakery." I made a "bee line" for it. A baking of bread had just been taken out of the oven; and I purchased a small loaf for twenty-five cents, and devoured it at once. I then bought another loaf, went down the path a little way to a store, bought a tin of jam, and ate the second loaf with that. I then bought a quantity of meal and hired a native to cook an eight-gallon pot of porridge for my seven boys, who arrived about three hours later.

HIGH-PRICED TRAVELING

While I had been away to the north, the railway line had been extended from Mbanji to the mouth of the mine,—a distance of thirty-five miles. One train a week was running between Wankie's mine and Bulawayo, and it was due to leave that night. Over that section, which was still in the hands of the constructors, the fare was fifty cents a mile, or \$17.50 for the thirty-five miles. I was very anxious to get home, as I had had no word from the mission station

during the four months of my absence; still I did not have \$17.50 to pay for train fare. So I started off down the railway track as fast as I could walk, deciding to walk as far as I could before the train overtook me. I had succeeded in covering fifteen miles of the distance when the train came along, and I paid ten dollars for the privilege of riding on a water tank just back of the engine the remaining twenty miles to Mbanji.

From there the regular passenger train took me into Bulawayo, where I arrived on Friday evening, about seven p. m. I went to the house of a friend who lived near the railway station, and had supper with him. There I left my rifle, bandoleer, and blankets, and started at once, in the night, to walk the thirty-two miles out to the mission farm. I arrived there Sabbath morning at five a. m., having been gone nearly four months. Although I had walked over one thousand miles, and lived largely on what my rifle procured, I had gained eighteen pounds in weight, and was in perfect health. My first question after greeting my family was, "How is father?" I then learned that my father had died two days before I started north, in July. The news of his death did not reach me until my return home, in October.

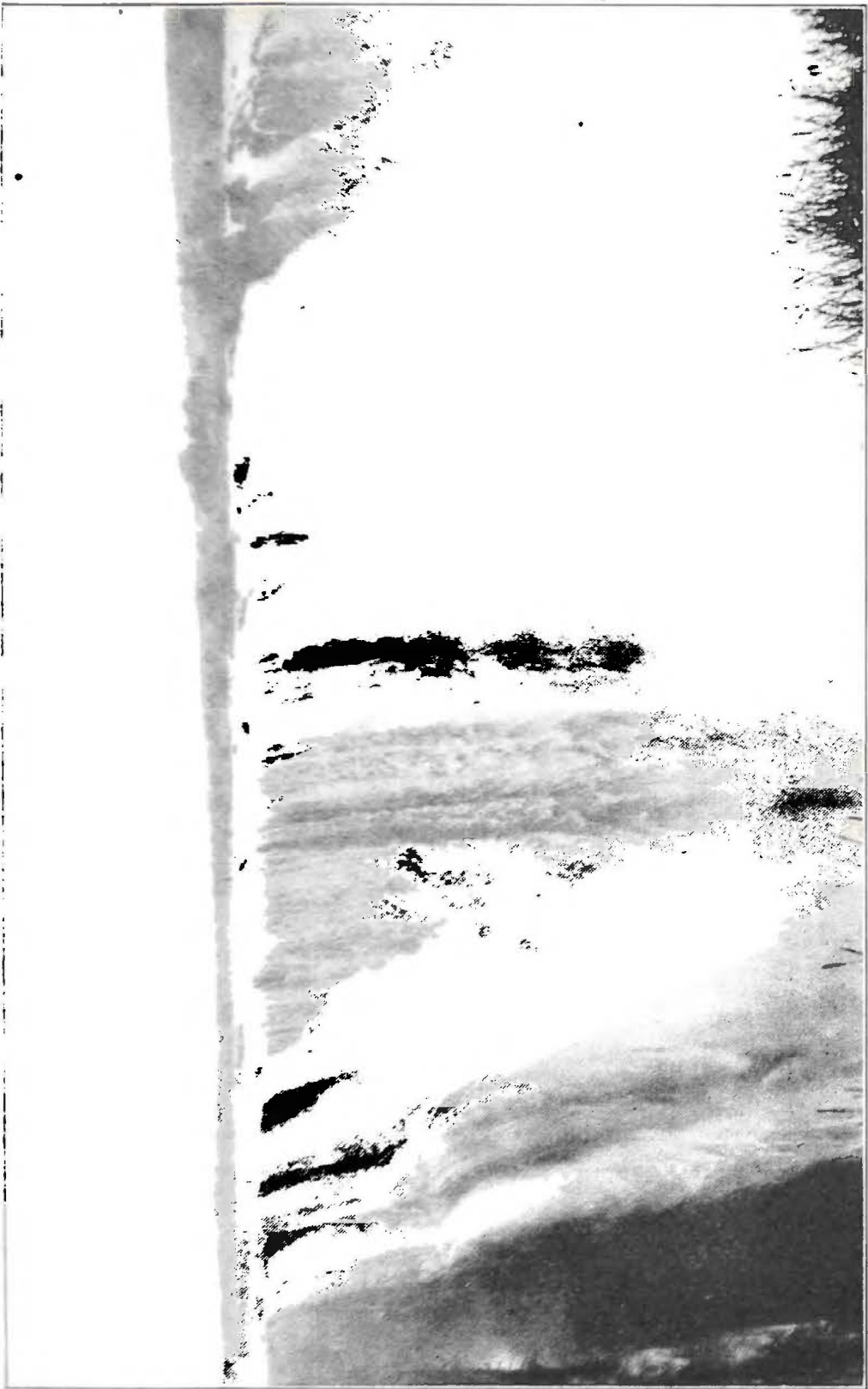
Among the Batongas

NO mission work had ever been attempted by any denomination among the Batonga people, who inhabit the plateau between the Zambezi and Kafue rivers, before our station was established. The outlook did not appear very promising; for a literal translation of their name means "the grumblers."

A little more than a year after we returned from our trip on foot through the country, looking for a mission site, we were crossing the Zambezi again, on our way to settle on our new station. During that year, the railway had been constructed forward to the Zambezi at Victoria Falls. There the construction was held up for two years for the building of a bridge over the gorge just below the falls. We took our supplies up the river about four miles, and ferried them across to the north bank.

VICTORIA FALLS

For about ten miles above the falls, the Zambezi is like a great inland lake. It is more than a mile wide, with many islands, covered with tropical vegetation,—tangled

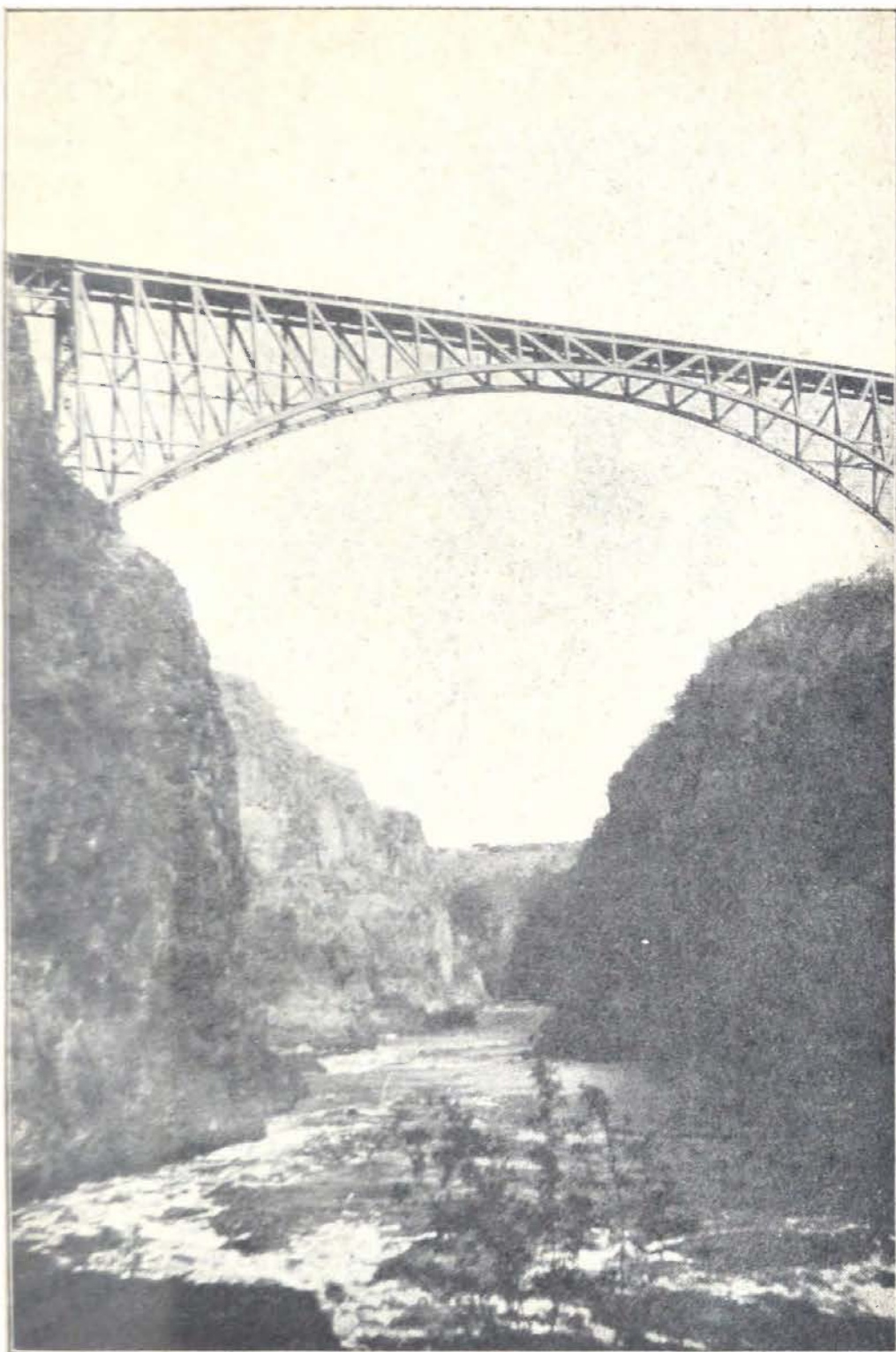


VICTORIA FALLS

jungles, the only paths through which are made by hippopotami on their nocturnal visits. The river is full of fish; and on the islands, wild ducks and geese lay their eggs, and crocodiles sun themselves on the sand bars. At the eastern extremity of this apparent lake, the river, without the least warning, takes a plunge of 416 feet over the falls.

The first white man to see these falls was Dr. David Livingstone, who named them in honor of Queen Victoria. The native name is, appropriately, *Mosaitunwa*, which means "the waters that smoke"; for the spray from the falls rises like a great column of smoke to a height of more than a thousand feet, and forms into clouds before one's eyes.

The formation of the falls is peculiar. The river flows along with scarcely any current at all; then suddenly the earth cracks open at right angles to it, and the water plunges into its depths. About the middle of this transverse crack, the narrow gorge opens, and continues in a tortuous passage for nearly eighty miles. At the beginning of this deep, narrow, winding passage, and within a stone's throw of the falls, the railway bridge is built,—perhaps the highest bridge of its size in the world, for it is 416 feet above high-water mark.



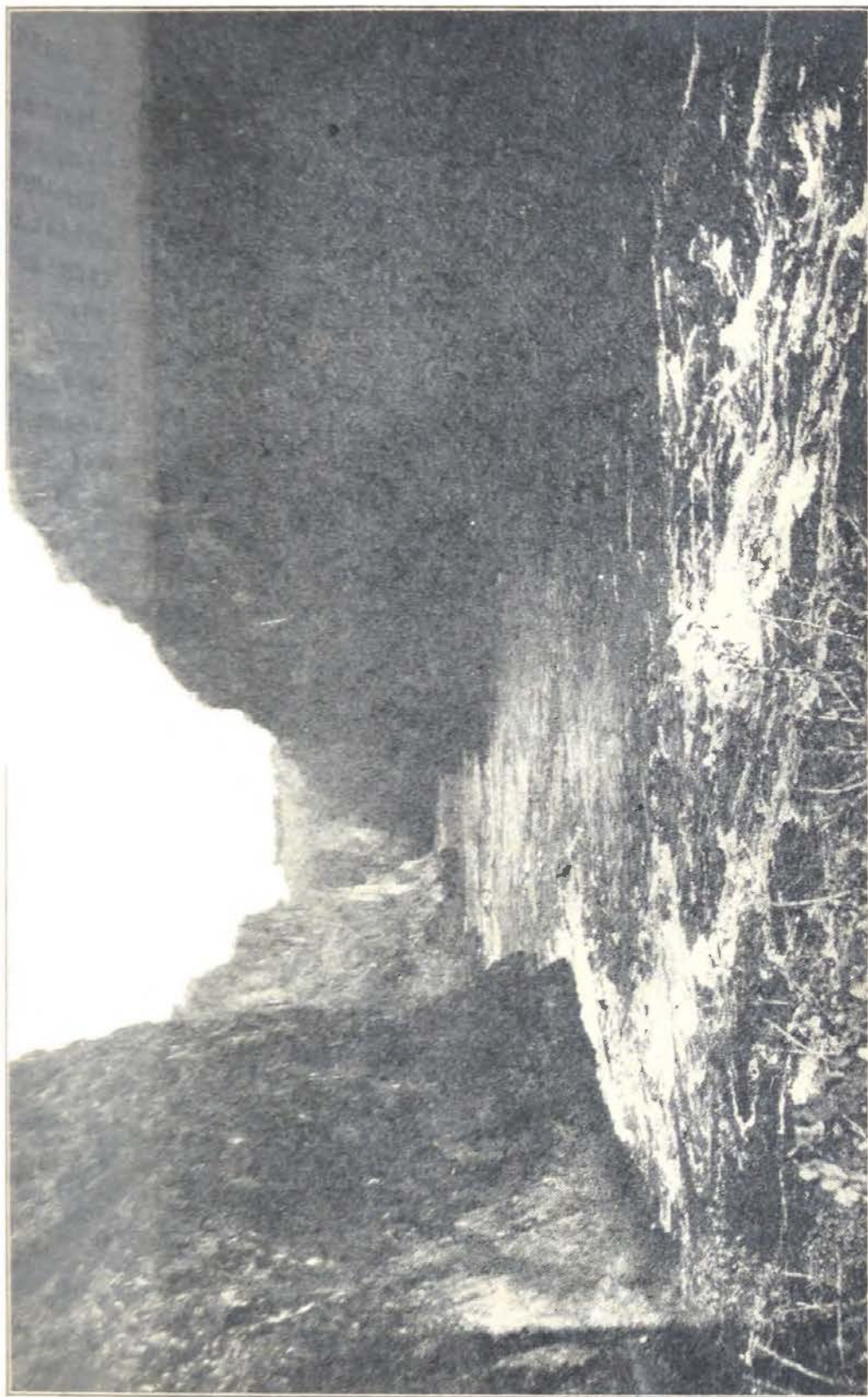
BRIDGE OVER THE ZAMBEZI RIVER

(187)

Just beneath the bridge is what is called "the boiling pot." Here the river, which is a mile and a quarter wide where it plunges over the brink of the falls, is confined to a narrow gorge, across which one can easily throw a stone. The engineers who constructed the bridge were not able to find the bottom of the river at this point; but from the volume of water that passes through the cañon, it is estimated to be nearly half a mile deep. This wonderful waterfall is perhaps one of the greatest natural resources for water power in the world; but up to the present time, it has never been harnessed for the use of man.

HELD UP BY A HIPPO

We made our passage across the river above the falls in light Canadian canoes owned by a white man who lived on the northern bank. The natives came later with our baggage, and night overtook them before they reached the landing place. On the way across, they were held up by a hippopotamus. He came to the surface directly in front of their boat, and seemed intent on smashing it just for the fun of the thing. The boys started to back the boat down the river, but the hippopotamus was too quick for them, and soon appeared in front of the boat again.



GORGE BELOW VICTORIA FALLS

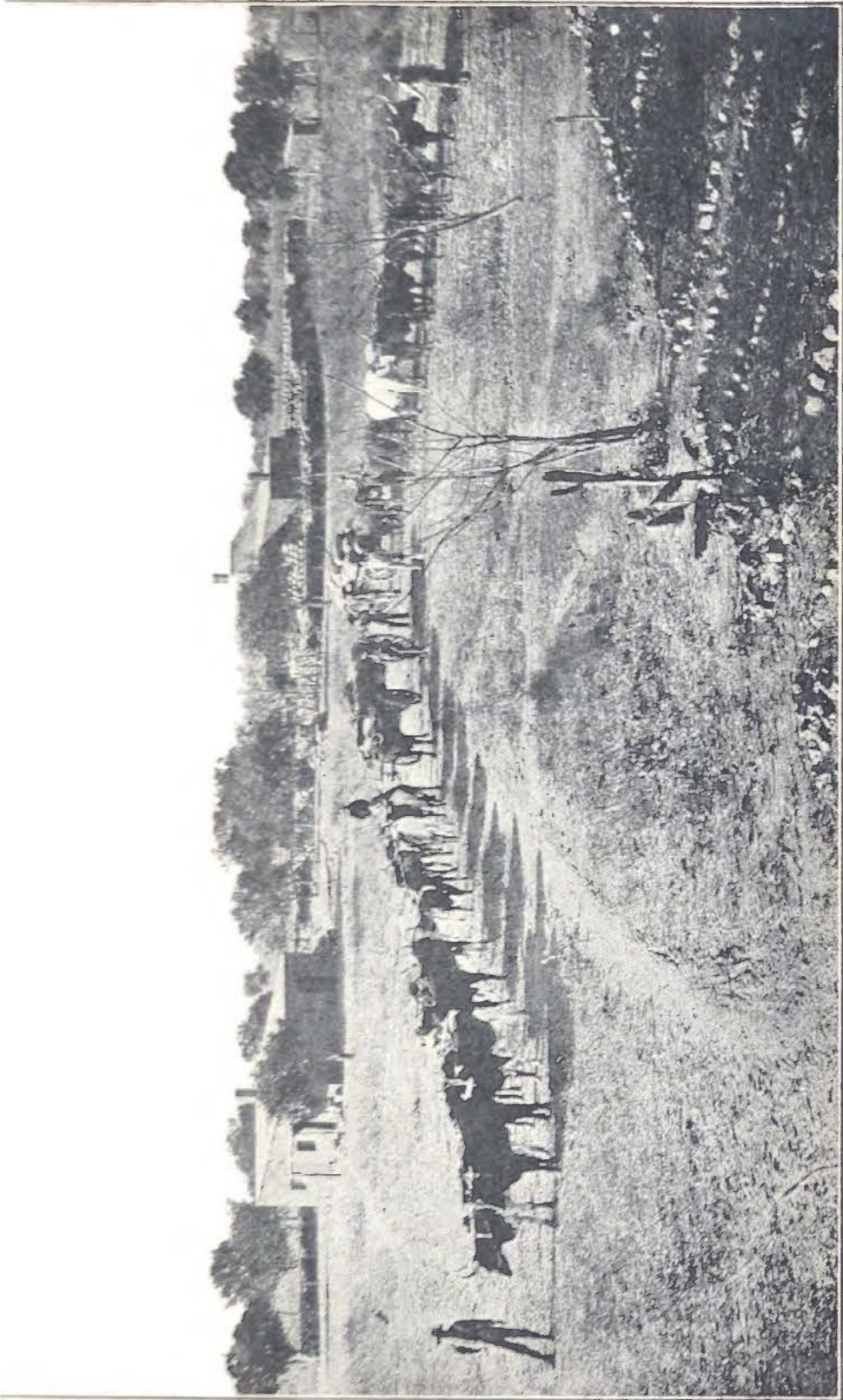
After they had played back and forth with him two or three times, he came so near that the natives became frightened, and pushed ashore on a little island close by. Here they remained until about eleven o'clock, when the hippopotamus went on his way, and the coast was clear; then they came across safely with our baggage.

A hippopotamus seems to enjoy breaking up a boat, sinking its contents, and throwing the natives into the water. As the baggage in this boat was about all we had in the world, we were glad indeed to see the boys arrive safely on our side of the river, which they did about midnight.

BREAKING IN A NEW OX SPAN

We found it impossible, on the north bank of the Zambezi, to buy trained oxen to draw our wagon the two hundred miles that we had still to travel to the mission farm. As there was a contagious cattle disease in Southern Rhodesia, we were not permitted to bring oxen across the river; but after waiting several days, I succeeded in buying a span of eighteen oxen from a white trader in the country.

Then we began to train them for the yoke. We roped them up one evening about sunset, and tied them fast to the wagon with rawhide *reims*. Two or three of them spent



STARTING FOR MARKET — SOLUSI MISSION

~~1-4040-0-100~~

the entire night goring the wagon wheels and bellowing. We did not sleep much that night.

Next morning, we picked out six of the quietest of the oxen, and by main strength, got them into the yokes attached to the wagon. We all let go at once, and away they went over the prairie as fast as they could run. We scrambled on, and kept them running until they were tired out, then used the whip upon them until they were ready to do our bidding. Then we brought them back to the starting place, and added four more oxen to the team. This gave them all new life and energy, and away we went over the prairie the second time.

Perhaps the reader will wonder why we need so many oxen for one wagon. When Elder F. L. Mead first came to Africa, he said that a man who would hitch ten oxen to a wagon was a fool; but after he had been in the country three years, he changed the statement, and said that any man who did not have at least sixteen good oxen to a wagon, if he expected to draw any load or get anywhere, was the fool.

There were no roads north of the Zambezi River at this time, only a crooked, winding, twisty native footpath through the tall grass and the woods. This we followed,

dodging the trees if we could, cutting down those that blocked our path, and getting along the best way possible. The rivers had no bridges, the banks were steep; and while it was easy enough to slide down the bank into the river, it was often difficult to pull out on the other side.

STARTING FOR THE FARM

After training the oxen for about a week, we put twelve of them into the yokes, loaded about two tons on the wagon, and started for the mission station. The first day, we covered about five hundred yards. At the end of a week, we had gone seven miles. Then we stuck fast in the sand. I walked ahead to see the extent of the sand, and found that it continued about two miles and a half. So we took the oxen out of the yokes, left a native boy to guard the wagon, and carried that load of nearly four thousand pounds on our backs through the two miles and a half of sand. It took us all day and part of the night to complete the task. While we were away from the wagon, the boy whom we left in charge was badly frightened by a sable antelope, which came crashing through the bush near where we had stalled.

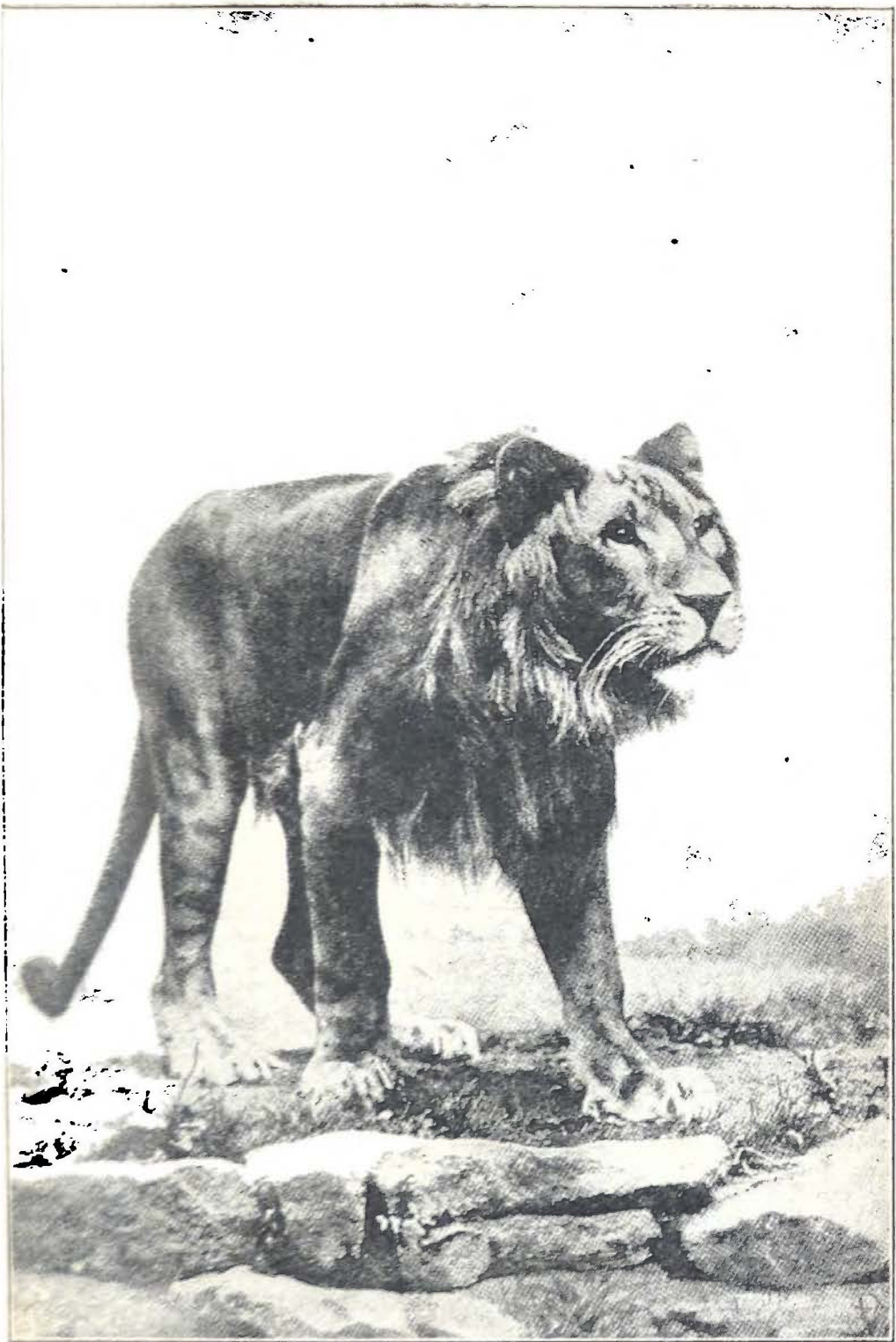
In such experiences as these, the romance of missions disappears. The person who

thinks that going into the interior of Africa in those early days had anything in common with a pleasure trip has no conception of ox-wagon travel. The halo of travel disappears about the fourth day one is stalled in the sand or stuck in a mudhole.

About the middle of the second week after leaving the Zambezi, we made our camp for the night in the thick bush, where we had plenty of wood for fires with which to protect our cattle from wild animals. All that part of the country is infested with ravenous beasts,—lions, leopards, hyenas, and wild dogs. One of our party was detailed each night to keep the fires blazing around the camp. When we were on the open prairie, where we could get no wood, it was his work to look after the circle of lanterns placed about the camp for protection.

Such experiences bring home to us with new force Peter's warning, "Your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour;" and give new meaning to the promise that the Lord will be like a wall of fire round about His people. Zechariah 2:5. The lion never comes over the fire.

One morning, as we were breaking camp,—it was before daybreak,—I was standing by the fire warming myself, and heard an animal



A HUNGRY LION

(195)

walking in the dry leaves behind the wagon. I raised a blazing firebrand, and saw, a few yards away, what I thought was a hyena, skulking through the bush. A little later, as I was helping the native boys get the oxen into the yokes, the lead oxen came rushing back to the wagon. Calling to one of the boys to stir up the fire, which we had kindled in front of the lead oxen, that we might see a little better, we attempted to straighten out the span, and get them into the yokes again. But they broke loose a second time, and all huddled around the wagon, as if for protection.

ONLY A "SPOTTED HYENA"

The native driver said he thought there was a lion in the woods just ahead; but I told him it was only a spotted hyena, and added that I had seen the animal a few minutes before, behind the wagon.

The boy looked at me with a puzzled expression, and asked if I had ever seen cattle act like that when only a hyena was around. The spotted hyena is a cowardly brute, and will attack a person only if he catches him asleep. There is very little danger from these animals if one is awake.

We were trying to get the oxen into the yokes the third time when suddenly, not a hundred yards in front of us, that "spotted

hyena" gave a terrific roar. The driver looked at me with a twinkle in his eyes, and asked if I had ever heard a hyena make a noise like that before. The boys were so frightened that we stayed where we were until broad daylight. Even then I had to take a rifle and walk ahead of the oxen through the tall grass, in order to get the lead boy to follow the path.

LIONS IN THE WAY

About eight o'clock in the morning, I saw some guinea fowl on a piece of burned-over ground in front of us. Quickly exchanging my rifle for a shotgun, I went after them, to try to get something for the boys' breakfast. I succeeded in killing one, and wounding another, which disappeared into the tall grass. Going after it, I left the boys with the wagon to go on toward the river, about a mile ahead, where we intended to camp for the day. I lost the wounded guinea fowl in the tall grass and scrub bush; and as I neared the wagon, I heard shouting from the boys, and looking ahead, saw the whole company perched on top of the wagon cover.

They had turned the lead oxen back alongside the rest of the span, and tied them fast to the wagon, then climbed to the top of the cover for protection. The driver came running along the footpath toward me with

the rifle. I hurried up, and asked what had caused the excitement. He told me they had met three lions in the road. Running to the wagon, I climbed up on the seat, and looked off to the right just in time to see the last of them disappear into the tall grass, but had no opportunity to get a shot.

When we started on that night for our evening trek, the lions followed us. First we heard them coming behind the wagon, and I fired two or three shots in that direction to frighten them off; then the boy who was leading the oxen asked me to shoot just in front of the team, and at the right, as he heard the lions in the tall grass behind an ant heap. Finally we had to set the prairie grass on fire in order to drive them away.

SHUMBWA!

One Friday evening, we made our camp by the roadside about forty miles northeast from Kalomo. Mrs. Anderson and I, with our little girl, always slept on the ground, so that my mother, who had returned to Africa with us after our furlough, and was in our party, might occupy the bed in the wagon. During the night, the oxen were very restless, and two or three times got up, and dragged the yokes, to which they were tied, back to the wagon. Next morn-

ing being Sabbath, we did not trek on. The boys were up at daybreak to turn the oxen out to graze, and we soon heard the native ejaculation, "*Ah! Ah!*"

I inquired what the trouble was, and they said, "*Shumbwa*," meaning lions. We found where three lions had passed down the foot-path near our cattle during the night. They had gone to the river, about five hundred yards behind the wagon, had a drink, and then one of them had come back up the foot-path. We found where he had stopped and looked at us, about fifteen feet (easy springing distance) from where Mrs. Anderson, Naomi, and I were asleep on the ground. Again the Lord had sent His angels to close the mouths of the lions, that we might not be injured.

A HUNGRY LION

A few nights after that, we stuck fast with the wagon in the river near Siasintundula's kraal. We gave up trying to pull out that night, and were taking the oxen out of the yoke when a lion let out a terrific roar at the top of the bank right in front of us. As there was no wood here for fires, we tied the oxen close around the wagon, and then hung out our lanterns on native spears.

That old lion was evidently very hungry. He kept going about our camp all night

long, roaring, trying to frighten one of the oxen, so it would break loose from the wagon. First the lion would roar on the bank in front of us; then he would come down through the reeds in the bed of the river, and approach the wagon until he had to show himself in the light of the lantern. When he found himself baffled on that side, he would give a roar that would fairly shake the earth. With the first faint streaks of light in the east, he left us, and we were soon on our way rejoicing.

REACHING THE MISSION FARM

We arrived on the mission station September 5, 1905. As we had sailed from New York harbor on the first of April, it had taken us a little more than five months' continuous traveling to reach the new farm.

Three days after we arrived, as I was working on a house, I saw two white men coming over the hill. In those days, it was a rare thing to see a white man in that part of the country. We prepared a hot drink for them, gave them some bread and butter, and invited them to stay with us during the night. They said, No, they must hurry on; and after about an hour, they went on their way.

Afterward we learned that they were Jesuit fathers. They had been in the country two

years before, when I had selected the mission station, and had looked over this same farm. The government official, however, told them that the railway would pass about a hundred miles to the northwest; so they abandoned this site, and picked their farm near the Kafue River. Now the railway survey had been completed, and ran right past our farm; but when they arrived to take the place, they found it already occupied. Thus we gained possession of the best farm I have ever seen in Northern Rhodesia.

Later these men settled on a farm near us, and they asked to hire our wagon to transport their goods to their station. I sent the oxen and wagon with my native driver, and he spent a week getting them settled and started in their work. Of course, we never charge anything for favors of this kind; and friendly relations were thus established with these neighbors of ours, which have continued to this day.

PLANS — AND WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM

It was my plan, when preparing to work among the Batonga people, to spend two years in studying the native language, becoming acquainted with the people, and traveling through the country. I hoped to gain thus a thorough preparation for successful work. But the very next day after

we arrived on the station, these plans were frustrated. A native from a near-by village, who had been working in the mines in Southern Rhodesia, and who had learned a little of the Sentebele language, came to me where I was cutting poles to build our temporary house, and said, "Teacher, I have come to school."

I told him we had no school. The Chitonga language had never been reduced to writing, and there was not a line of literature in it. He asked me if I was not a teacher. I told him, Yes, that was my business in life.

"Well, then," he said, "teach me. Word has gone out over all this country that you are a teacher, and have come to teach us, and here I am. I have come to school."

I tried to persuade this young man to go home, and stay a while, till we were prepared to begin work; but he would not go. "If you are a teacher," he said, "you must teach me."

When we went up to the ox wagon for dinner, he went along with us. I talked the matter over with my wife, and told her how much I longed for an opportunity to study the native language and get acquainted with the people before tying myself down to school work, yet here was a native who wanted to be taught the gospel at once. It seemed to me he must be sent home. Mrs.

Anderson asked if I ever heard of the Saviour's sending anybody away, and I could not remember a single text that said He had sent any one, unhelped, away from Him.

So we received our first pupil. These natives have no newspapers, telegraph offices, or telephones; but they know all that is going on in the country, nevertheless. The news went out through the surrounding villages, that we had a school on our mission station; and the next day, five more young men came to enter the school. Since one had been admitted, we must take these also.

All we had on the place was our ox wagon,—no buildings, no books, nothing. The only school supplies I possessed were a little blackboard about twenty-six by thirty-two inches, a box of chalk for the teacher, and a number of slates and pencils for the pupils. They spoke a language I did not understand, and I spoke a language none of them knew. Perhaps you can imagine what kind of school we had.

After working all day at our building, I used to sit down at night with the native boys around me, and try to learn a little of the Chitonga language from them, that I might tell in the school the next day a simple Bible story, such as we tell the children in the Sabbath school kindergarten. It would take me about three hours to prepare a story

that I could tell in about three minutes. After telling it, I had them write the story on their slates, thus teaching them writing and spelling. After it had been written on their slates, I had them read it, and in that way introduced reading into the school. By using figures, I was able to make arithmetic a very strong feature, and thus satisfied my pupils. How glad I was that they had never been to school before, and did not know what a good school was!

The native's standard in counting is five. He counts, "*Omwe, bobilo, otatwe, one, osanwe*;" then five and one (*osanwe a omwe*), five and two, five and three, up to ten; then ten and one (*ikumi a omwe*), ten and two, ten and three, to fifteen; then ten and five and one (*ikumi a osanwe a omwe*), ten and five and two, ten and five and three, and so on to twenty. In this way, he counts up to one hundred. Anything beyond that number is very indefinite to him, and is expressed by the word *manje*, meaning "many." If a native owns two or three hundred head of cattle, and you ask him how many there are in his herd, he will invariably answer, "*Manje*"; but he cannot count them to tell you the exact number. He knows his cattle as individuals instead of by number.

I tried to learn the language as rapidly as I could; but with no grammar or dic-

tionary, it was a difficult task. One day, pointing to a hoe, I asked a native what he called that. The answer came back, "*Tu la ku amba kuti ijamba.*" I thought that was rather a long name for a hoe, so I asked another native the same question. He wondered why I should repeat the question, and so gave me his answer, "*Tu la ku amba kuti ijamba kunyina ihina omwi.*" The first native, in reply to my question, said, "We call that thing a hoe;" and the second, wondering that I should repeat the question, said: "We call that thing a hoe. There is no other name for it." But I did not know which word was "hoe," and which words were explanation.

OUR FIRST BIBLE LESSONS IN THE CHITONGA

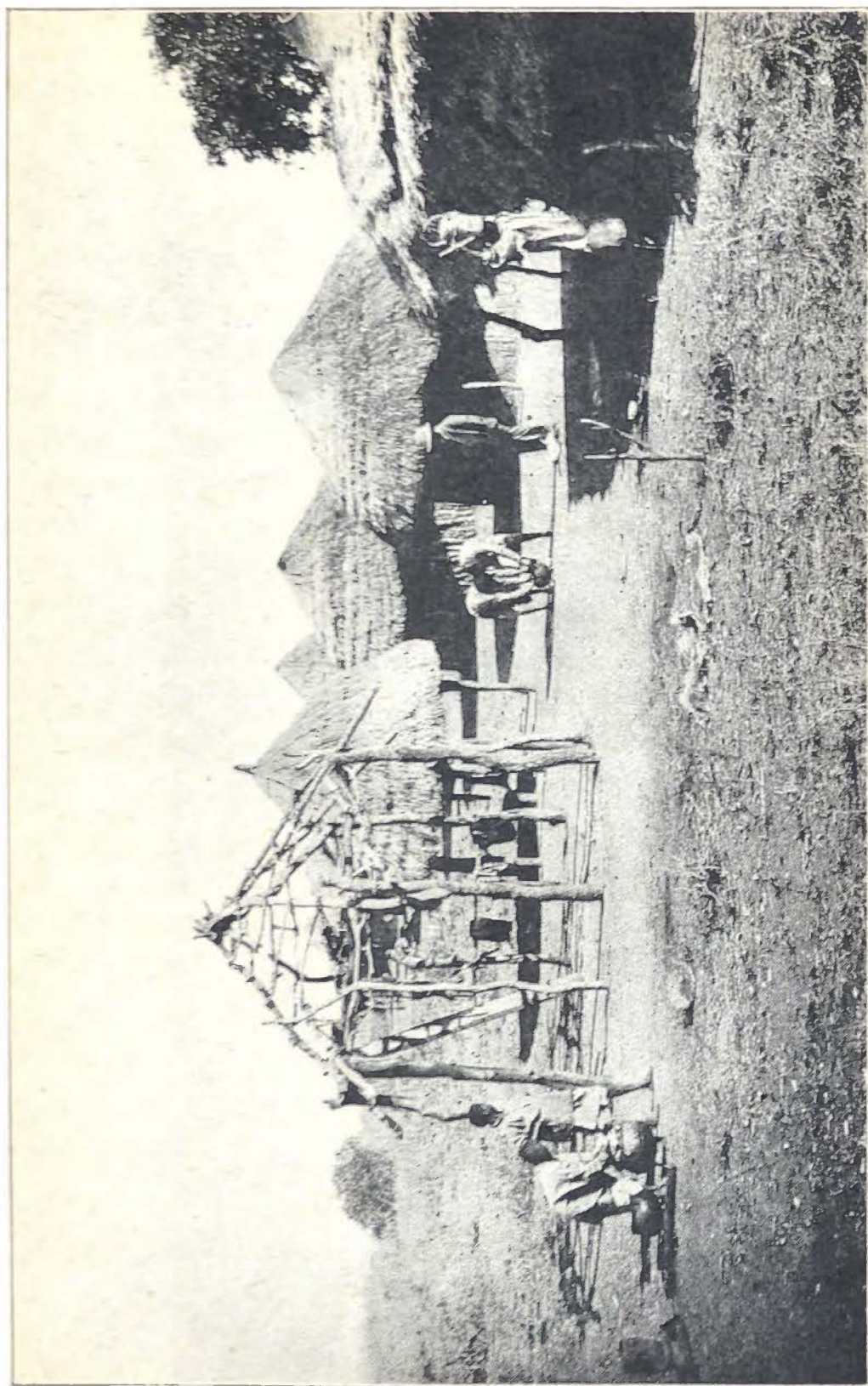
After teaching this school for a year, with no other supplies than a blackboard and slates, I prepared a series of lessons in simple story form on creation, the Garden of Eden, the fall of man, etc., following the Bible story down to the time of the Flood. These lessons, forty in number, were a great help in our school. When the native boys and girls began to study their first reader, I at once started work on a second reader. But the pupils got through first. I told them the white man was very thorough in his work, and they must go through their reader the second time, and learn to spell every word in

the book. This they did, and completed their work before I had the second reader off the press. Then I told them that they must be very thorough in their school work, and must commit the book to memory. Still four of them completed their work before I had the second reader ready to place in their hands.

BUILDINGS AND FOOD

By the time we had been on the mission station a month, we had over forty young men in the school as boarding pupils; and as the long dry season was coming to a close, we had to erect buildings in which to shelter them. We put up a building, sixteen by thirty feet, with mud walls, dirt floor, and a grass roof. There was a hole in one side for a window, and an opening at the other side for a door. This was our dormitory, school-room, church, dining room, and kitchen, all in one. The native boys rolled up in their blankets and slept on the floor at night; and when they were all in bed, the floor was about full.

From the boxes in which our goods were packed, I made a table that extended the whole length of the building. The table service consisted of a plate, a small soup bowl, and a spoon, for each pupil. Usually the boys wish to put the spoons away among their things, and preserve them to take home



IRON POT USED FOR COOKING PORRIDGE

to their mothers as souvenirs at the close of the school year. They prefer eating with their fingers rather than bothering with a spoon. Large iron pots are used for cooking the porridge, which is the chief article of diet in the school home.

SLEEPING ON THE TABLE

Our Sabbath meetings were soon so well attended that we could not get the congregation inside this small building; so we conducted the meetings outside, in the shade of a big tree. One Sabbath, when I returned to my house after the morning service, I saw five native boys sitting near the house, and was afraid that they too had come to school. I walked past them without taking any notice of them, went into the house, and ate dinner. After dinner, I looked out, and found they were still sitting there. Then I read the *Review*, studied my Sabbath school lesson for the next week, and about five o'clock in the afternoon looked out again. They were still waiting. Then I was sure they had come to school. So I called Detja, my native teacher, and we went out to have a talk with them. Yes, they had walked about a hundred and fifty miles to attend the school.

I didn't know what to do. I said to Detja: "What shall we do with these boys? The

room is full. The rainy season is coming on. The grass for thatching roofs is all burned, and it is impossible to build larger accommodations this year. The pupils we already have fill the floor full when they all get to bed at night, and it would be impossible for these lads to sleep out of doors during the rainy season."

Detja dropped his head, thought a minute, and then said, "Teacher, I know the floor is all full when we get to bed; but — there is no one sleeping on the table."

So we took these new boys in, and they made their bunks on the table for five months, until we could build a better place for them. We had no complaints from them, either.

A NEW PROBLEM

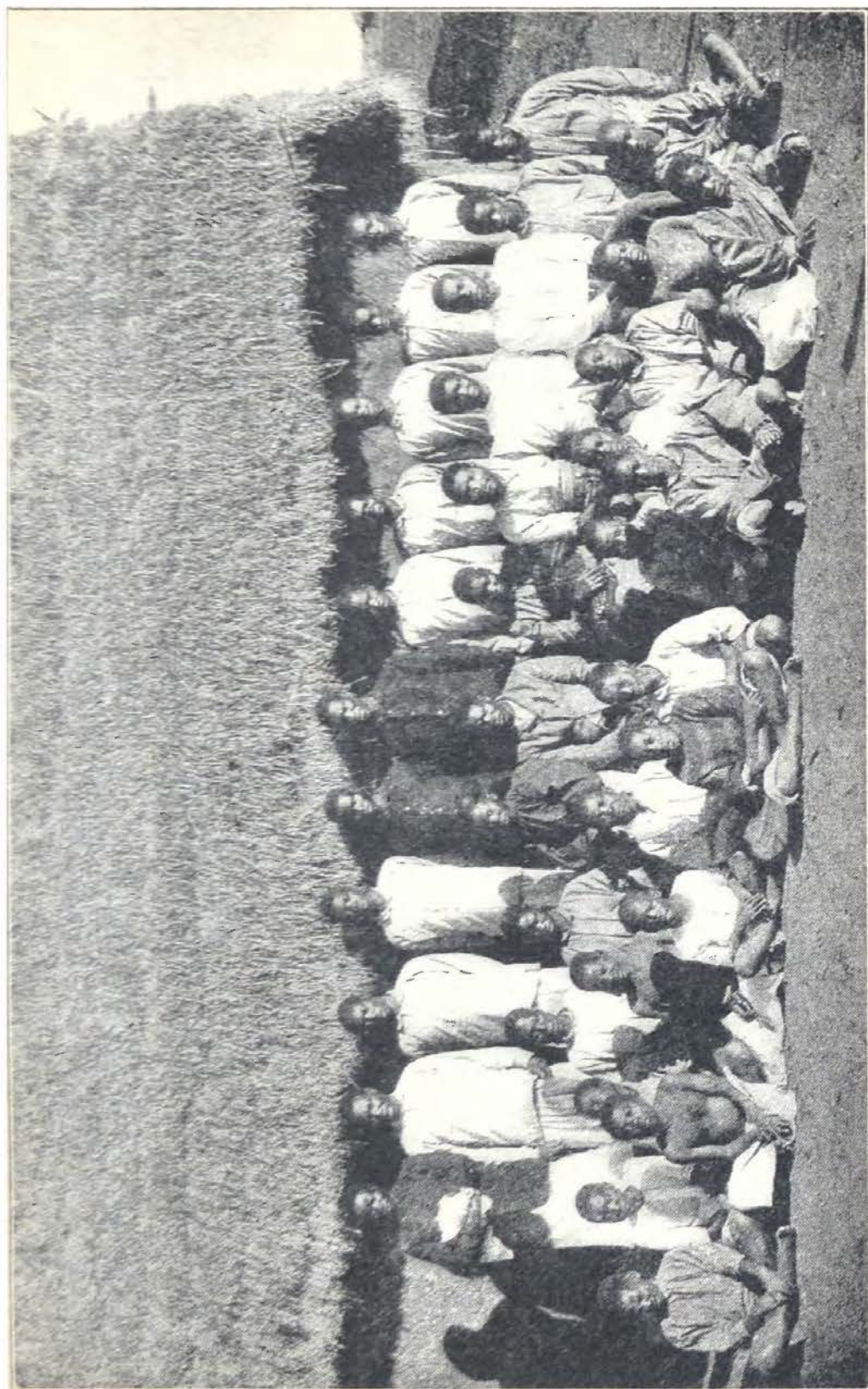
Then we had to solve the problem of feeding this large company. As I had laid no plans for a school during the first two years of our work, I had asked for no appropriation with which to buy food. At first, I shot antelope, bartered a portion of that for grain, and the boys ate the rest, and in that way we were able in a measure to solve our problems. But I found that it took too much of my time to hunt antelope to keep more than forty native boys supplied with food.

The native is not very particular about the quality of his food, but he is particular about

its quantity. It is said that "the only way a native has of telling when he has eaten sufficient is to sit down to the table, and eat until his stomach has extended to touch the table. Then he knows he is full." I have never had any reason to question this statement.

As the natives about us had never had any market for their grain, they raised only enough for their own use, and I could buy very little from them. Finally I heard that a trader who lived about forty miles to the north of us had some grain. I inspanned the oxen to the wagon and went down to his place. On the way, the lions got in among my oxen, and killed two of them in broad daylight. The others stampeded, and it took us a long time to get them together again.

On arriving at the trader's camp, I found that he had gone away hunting, and would probably be gone a month or six weeks. As I had known this man, Mr. Gruges, in Southern Rhodesia, I took the grain from his storehouse, loaded my wagon with all the oxen could pull, and left a note with the native boys, telling him I had bought his grain, and that when he wanted his money, he should come to our place and I would pay him. This would mean about forty miles' walk for him, of course; but we think very little of that in Central Africa.



FIRST SCHOOL AND SCHOOLHOUSE AMONG THE BATONGAS

I had no money with which to pay for the grain; and on my return home, I sent a native boy at once to the post office, with a letter to Elder Hyatt at Cape Town, telling him that I had bought the grain, and asking him to send the money to pay for it. We lived at that time a hundred miles from the post office, and so received our mail only once a month. The native boy used to start on a Monday morning on foot for the office, and would return a week from the next Thursday with the mail.

PRAYING FOR MONEY

After waiting a month, we received word from Elder Hyatt that they had no money to send me, with which to pay for the grain. I wrote him again immediately, and told him that we had bought the grain, had already eaten a portion of it, and must eat the balance; and if they did not have the money in the treasury, he must get it for us in some way.

Before I received a reply from Elder Hyatt to my second letter, Mr. Gruges came for his money. I told him that we did not keep much money on the mission station, but did our banking business in Bulawayo, five hundred miles away. Then I wrote him a check on the bank in Bulawayo for the amount we owed him.

Day after day we pleaded with the Lord that the hearts of our brethren might be touched by our appeal, and that the money might be in the bank in Bulawayo when the check was presented. Our prayers were answered. When I received my statement from the bank, I found that on the nineteenth of January, 1906, the money arrived in Bulawayo from our brethren at Cape Town. The next day, the check was presented, and of course cashed. Thus the Lord fulfilled in our behalf His gracious promise, "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

The Captive's Return

ABOUT 1888, the Matabele army raided north of the Zambezi. In passing through the villages of the Mashukulumbwes, on the Kafue plains, they came to Sigabasa's village. When the women of the village heard the war cry of the Matabeles, they rushed out through the stockade into the tall grass. It was not long before the entire village was in flames, and a large number of the men were killed with assagais.

One woman with her baby made good her escape into the tall grass, but soon discovered that her boy of five years had been left behind. Handing over the baby to her sister, she went back, and gave herself up to be a slave, in order that she might be with her little son.

Most of the Mashukulumbwes escaped across the Kafue River with their cattle, and soon the Matabeles started on the long return tramp to Bulawayo. The raid had not been a great success. There was, however, a long train of captive women and children to be taken back as slaves, this woman and her child, Mayinza (meaning "summer"), among the number. On arriving at Loben-

gula's town, Mayinza and his mother were handed over to a Matabele *induna* named Mazibiza.

ATTEMPTED ESCAPE

This mother and son had not been in captivity many months before they attempted to escape, and return the three hundred miles that lay between them and the Zambezi and freedom. Their only safety from recapture was to travel at night. This they did, and thus encountered another danger. All along the Gwaai River, the forests are infested with lions. I have had as many as seven of them around my camp at once when sleeping at night in that region. Yet the desire for freedom was sufficiently strong in that captive woman's breast to make her take the chances of traveling at night through those jungles. Night after night, they fled through the darkness, themselves darker shadows in a region of terrors.

Two hundred miles were covered in safety; then, when they came into the hills near Wankie's village, and thought their danger was past, they relaxed their vigilance. One morning, they started traveling along the path in daylight. About nine o'clock, they met a marauding band of Matabeles, and were recaptured, and taken back to their old master.

After this, the boy and his mother were soon separated; but before leaving her child, she taught him his father's name, told him the Matabeles were not his people, and that when he grew up, he must return to the north and find his father and his relatives.

FREED FROM SLAVERY

After the rebellion in Matabeleland in 1896, all the slaves were freed by a proclamation of the British government. Soon after this, Mayinza came to the Solusi Mission looking for work. Elder Tripp hired him to carry a load into Bulawayo; but as there was no load for the return journey, he went east of the city and obtained employment from a gold prospector.

This man spent for drink practically all he earned. Occasionally some of the natives would steal his whisky. He used to make a mark on the bottle where the whisky came, that he might know if any had been taken out during his absence.

The wily natives soon noticed the mark, drank the whisky, and then filled the bottle up to the mark with water. The prospector then resorted to another scheme. On leaving his house in the morning, he caught a blue-bottle fly, and penned it up in a hollow place under his whisky bottle. When a native came that day to get a drink, he saw the fly escape;

so after taking what he wanted, and diluting the remaining whisky with water until the bottle was just as full as he found it, he caught a common house fly, and placed it under the bottle. When the man came home that night, and picked up his whisky bottle, he saw a fly escape; but it was not the kind he had placed there in the morning, so the native was trapped and caught.

“DON'T BE THE KIND OF MAN I AM”

This man took a fancy to Mayinza, and urged upon him the necessity of an education, that he might “make a man of himself.” Often he said: “Mayinza, don't drink; don't be the kind of man I am. Go to the missionary, get an education, and be God's own boy.”

This made a deep impression upon the young man's mind; so after working out his contract, he came back to the station, and asked if he could attend our school. I remember his first appearance before me. He was about as unlikely a specimen of humanity as I had ever beheld in my life. I took him to my wife with the remark, “Here is a native who wants to go to school; and if God can make anything out of such a boy as this, I do not know what He cannot do.”

We were digging a well on the mission at that time, blasting it through the gray

granite. As I knew that the natives objected to working underground, I thought this would be a good test for our new applicant. I told him we would admit him to the school, and that his first lesson would be to go down the well and hammer the drill. He raised no objections, but went down, and began his work.

Several times during the day, I quietly approached the top of the well, to see what progress he was making. Every time, I found him cheerfully hammering away, putting down the drill holes. About four o'clock in the afternoon, he called me, and said he had finished. Alone, he had done more work that day than two men had done the day before. I could hardly believe what he said, so went down to investigate, and found the drill holes finished in good shape. I told him that was sufficient for the day's work, then put in the charges of dynamite, lighted the fuse, and fired off the blasts.

The boy was then dismissed for the day, and went quickly to his books. He was just as diligent at his study as he had been at the drill, continually hammering away at his books, and it was marvelous to see the progress he made.

After completing his first and second reader, he was ready to begin the study of the Bible. This was during the Boer War.

The railway line was torn up, and no supplies could come into the country. Unfortunately, we were out of Bibles on the mission station, and did not know where we could get any.

When the boy came to me and told me that he had finished his reader, and was now ready for a Bible, and I had to tell him we had none for him, he looked greatly disappointed. His disappointment, however, lasted only for a moment, then he inquired if there was any place in the country where a Bible could be bought.

I told him we had tried the Wesleyan Methodist Society, who were doing mission work near Bulawayo, and they had none. Also the London Missionary Society, which was operating in that territory, were out; so I did not know of any other place to look.

He asked if I thought there was a possibility of obtaining a Bible from the "Brethren in Christ," who had a mission station about forty miles southeast of Bulawayo. We were acquainted with the missionaries on this station, as I had transported all their goods from Bulawayo to their place when their mission was established.

I told him I did not know whether they had any Bibles, and he asked if he might go and see. The next morning, he left our

mission station early with a note to Miss Davidson, the teacher on this mission station, asking if he might buy a Bible from them. He gladly walked the sixty miles to that station to obtain God's Book. When he returned, the latter part of the week, having completed the hundred and twenty miles on foot, I found that he had already committed a number of texts to memory.

I asked him when he found the time to learn these texts, and he told me he stopped by the roadside, opened his Bible, and read the verse over until he had it in mind. Then he would run along the path to make up for the time lost. In that way, he had learned several texts on the way home. If our young people in America were as faithful with their Morning Watch texts as this boy was in memorizing Scripture, they would have no difficulty in learning them.

INQUIRING FOR SIGABASA

Mayinza was the first convert baptized by Elder F. L. Mead on our Matabeleland Mission station. When I went north of the Zambezi River, in 1903, he asked me to make inquiries all through the country, for his father, Sigabasa; but though I tramped a thousand miles over the Batoka Plateau, and among the Mashukulumbwe people, I could get no information in regard to Sigabasa,

and reported to Mayinza, on my return, that I could find no trace of his people.

Again, when we went north of the Zambezi to settle in 1905, the boy came to me, and asked me to make another effort to find his father. So for two years, whenever I was traveling about the country, doing itinerant work among the villages, I always made diligent inquiry. Still I could find no one named Sigabasa.

THE FATHER FOUND

Finally as we were sitting at the breakfast table at home one morning, a native from a village about two miles away came to the house, and said a man had arrived at their village the night before whose name was Sigabasa, and he wondered if this could be the man I was inquiring about.

I at once sent for this Sigabasa to come to the mission station; and about two hours later, one of our Matabele boys who knew Mayinza well came bounding into the room, exclaiming: "Mayinza's father is here! Mayinza's father is here! Come and see him quickly."

I asked how he knew it was Mayinza's father.

"Oh," he said, "come and look at his face! This man looks exactly like Mayinza!"

And sure enough, the likeness was so great there was no possibility of making a mistake.

I asked the old man if he had lost a boy about twenty years before. He said he had, and that over and over again, as captives had returned to their own country, he had watched beside the path to see if his boy was among them. Then he thought that perhaps, as the boy was only a child when he was taken away, he would not be able to recognize him, even if he should return; so finally he had given up all hope of ever seeing his son again.

I told him his boy was alive and well, that he had lived with me for a number of years, and that I would send for him at once to come up and see his father. Some people say a native knows no such thing as gratitude; but that old man went home, and sent me a fine large ox, just on my word that I had his boy, and would restore him to his father.

A TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION

A few months later, Mayinza came to our mission, and I took him on the wagon to drive about fifty miles to his father's village. That was the most triumphal ride I have taken in Africa. We had gone only about fifteen miles from home when we came to a

several of Mayinza's relatives lived. As soon as the natives found out who he was, they showed him every mark of affection, and for the first time in my life, they gave me the "royal salute."

The native woman's way of saluting the king is to lie down on the ground on her left side, with the right hand striking her side, and her left hand striking her mouth, at the same time yelling at the top of her voice. I was hardly out of the sound of these "salutes" all the rest of my journey to Sigabasa's village.

On arriving near his village, we made our camp under a large wild fig tree and sent for Sigabasa. As I witnessed the reunion of this boy and his father, I was forcibly reminded of the familiar story of the meeting of Joseph and his father, on the borders of Egypt.

THE FAITHFUL MOTHER MEETS HER SON

We learned now that Mayinza's mother had made her escape from slavery, and was in the village; so we sent for her, and the meeting of that mother and her boy was even more touching than the meeting with the father. As she approached our camp, she stopped at a distance of about a hundred yards, gazed intently at her boy, then, placing her hands on her head, began running up

and down, dancing, singing, and expressing her joy. Then she would run in twenty-five or thirty yards nearer, look intently at the boy, and run up and down five or ten minutes more, singing and dancing. After performing in this way for more than half an hour, she finally came into our camp, embraced her long lost son, and they had a very happy family reunion.

A CHRISTIAN BURIAL

A few years after the return of the exile, the mother died. The next year, the father was stricken with tuberculosis. All his family deserted him except Mayinza and one little girl of eleven years, as he had been accused of witchcraft and driven from the district. Mayinza now took care of his dying father, and nursed him all through his last illness. Finally one day he came to the mission station, and told me that his father would soon die. He said he did not want him buried as the natives bury, but wanted a coffin made for him, and to have him buried with Christian rites.

He had taken his father's measure, and had the reed in his hand, so that I might know how long to make the box.

From a pine board that we were using for a seat in our schoolroom, I made the sides of

two at the widest point, in order to bend them into proper shape. I then made a bottom to the coffin from short strips of boards from packing boxes. A lid was fashioned from the same material. We covered the coffin with dark blue calico, and lined it with bleached muslin, so it looked very well.

NATIVE SUPERSTITION

About a week after I had finished the coffin, two of Mayinza's brothers arrived at the mission, and said their father was dead, and they had come for the box. I gave it to them, and they started to carry it on their heads the fifteen miles to where their home was at the time of his death. The natives, however, are very superstitious, and look with suspicion upon anything that departs from their regular customs. These two brothers wondered what would happen to them if the spirit of their father was not satisfied with this new kind of burial. They talked it over as they went along the way, and decided they would not take the risk. Hiding the coffin in a native cornfield about two miles from my house, they went on home, and reported that it was "too heavy" for them to carry.

But Mayinza, knowing well what was the real difficulty, left his sister, who also was a Christian, in the hut with the corpse. He

then went outside and told the natives who were gathering for the funeral that they must not touch his father's body during his absence, and shaking his assagais in their faces, and swinging his war club, he told them he would fight them on his return if his instructions were not carried out. He then came to the cornfield where the boys had hidden the coffin, and carried it alone, on his head, the whole thirteen miles remaining.

The dutiful son had a grave dug, placed his father in the coffin, nailed it up, and after preaching a funeral sermon himself, buried his father with Christian rites. This was a very different burial from what the natives usually have. After they had seen Mayinza's father buried in a box, they thought that method superior to their own, and a demand was created for coffins.

Mayinza is now a preacher of righteousness, and is one of the best workers on our mission station. If God can take a poor boy like that, who has grown up in ignorance, and make of him a soul winner, what can He not do with our young people who have had all the advantages of civilization, and all the light of the gospel, from their youth up?

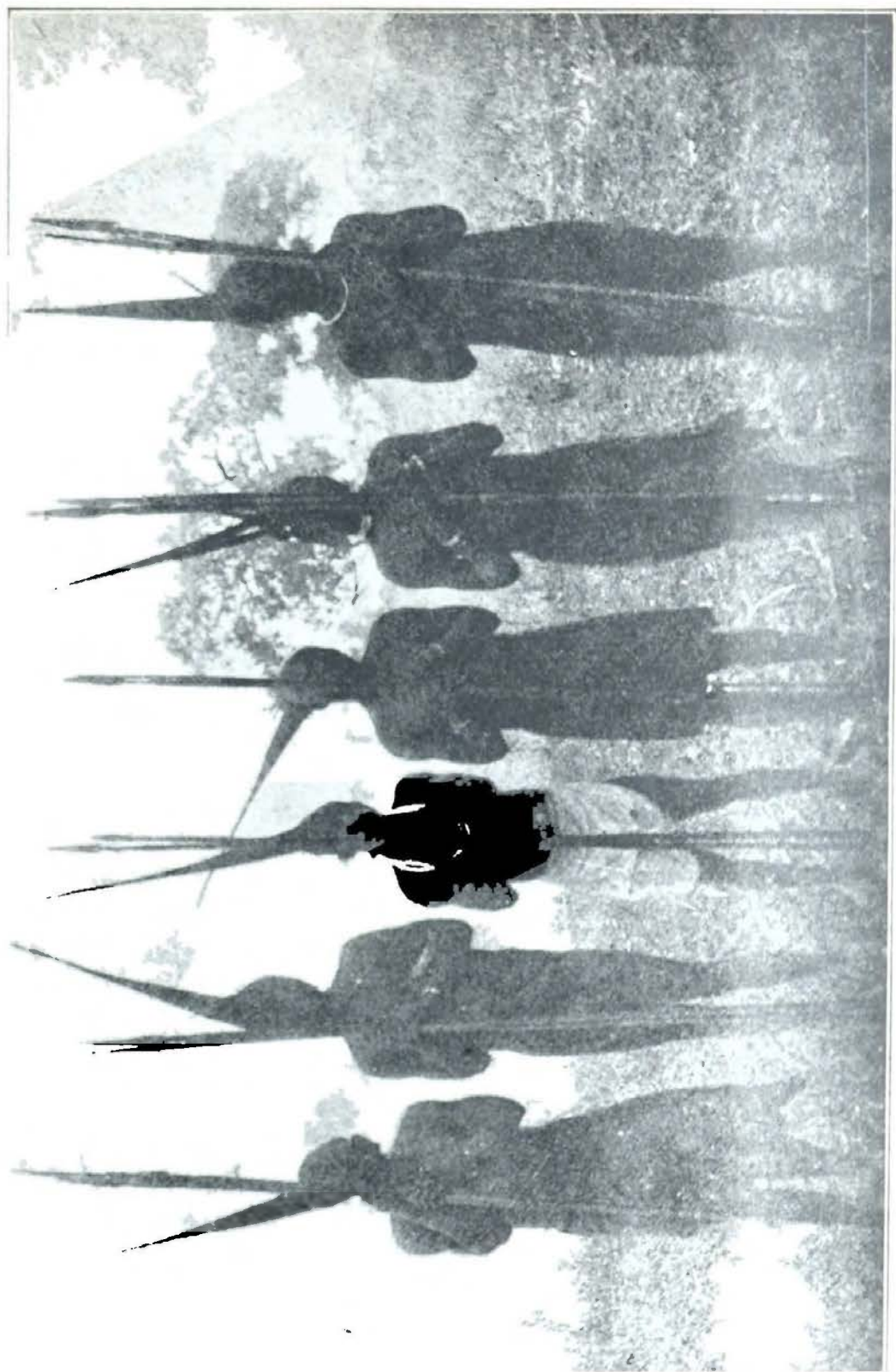
Native Customs

TRIBAL MARKS

EACH of the various tribes in South Africa has an identifying tribal mark. Before the days of Tjaka, the old king of the Zulus, circumcision was practiced by them; but this was abolished by Tjaka, who said it interfered with their service in the army.

The Zulu mark is a large slit in the lobes of the ears,—a mark borne by many women in more civilized lands. When the ears are first pierced, a peanut, shell and all, is inserted into the opening, to prevent the flesh from growing together again. This is worn until the wound has entirely healed. As Zulus wear very little clothing, and have no pockets, it is a common practice for a man of that tribe to carry his pipe by thrusting the stem of it through the lobe of his ear. Zulu boys and girls attending school carry their pencils in the lobes of their ears, instead of behind their ears, as is usual in America.

The distinguishing mark for a man of the Baila people is the wearing of the hair cone shape on the crown of the head. In



BALA WARRIORS — SHOWING STYLE OF HEADRESS

the majority of cases, this cone is not more than from three to eight inches high; but many of the younger men work their hair up into long cones, sometimes as much as thirty-six inches high. This gives them a very weird appearance.

PAINFUL DENTISTRY

Among the Batongas, the tribal mark is the knocking out of the four middle teeth in the upper jaw. These teeth are generally taken out when a boy or a girl is about twelve years old, and their removal is a part of the ceremony that marks the entrance of the youth into manhood or womanhood.

I witnessed an example of this native dentistry one time when I was traveling among the villages. Hearing a boy screaming at the top of his voice, I went through the tall grass at the side of the path to investigate. Outside the village, I saw a boy lying on his back, his arms outstretched, and a stalwart native sitting on each hand; another was holding his feet, and another had the child's head firmly between his hands and knees.

The "dentist," with an iron spike like a large spike nail, was extracting the lad's upper front teeth. Setting his spike against a tooth, he would strike it a sharp blow with a stone, and thus knock it out, root and all.

In this way, he quickly removed the four teeth, and the boy was "marked" for life.

Sometimes a tooth is broken off, instead of knocked out; then the victim comes to the mission station, and asks the missionary to extract the roots with his forceps.

One of our native Christians, who grew up on the mission station, had never had his teeth taken out. When he was ready to be married, the parents of the young woman objected to his marrying their daughter unless he first had his teeth removed. They said they did not want their daughter to marry a zebra. The young man persisted in retaining his teeth, and it took him more than two years to win the consent of all the young woman's relatives to their marriage; it also cost him about fifteen dollars in the way of "graft" to obtain their permission.

OTHER METHODS

The Barotses also mark their people on the teeth; but instead of knocking out the teeth, as the Batongas do, they file the two upper front teeth to a point. Since the white traders have gone among them, their common instrument for performing this bit of dentistry is a small three-cornered file. It almost makes one shudder to think of hav-

nerves, and will submit to the ordeal, in order to carry out their custom.

Some of the tribes along the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, who were formerly cannibals, file all their teeth except the molars until they are sharp and pointed like canine teeth. Although the teeth are treated in this way, they do not decay, and last with most natives much longer than the teeth of the average American, with all the care that he bestows upon them.

CLANS

Nearly all the native tribes have their distinctive clans, usually named after animals or birds; such as, "The Clan of the Elephant," "The Clan of the Eagle," etc. Every individual has not only the name by which he is known among his fellows, but also an additional clan name.

"The most important question that you can put to a native is, 'To what clan do you belong?' " says Dr. William Chapman. "The clan name is inherited from the mother, not through the father, and one of the first duties of a mother is to teach her child to what clan it belongs. There are certain duties and responsibilities resting upon members of the same *mukoa*, or clan. For instance, if a chief buys a slave, he is bound to inquire of the slave, 'To what clan do you belong?' If

the slave mentions the chief's own clan, he will say, 'You are my brother,' and will then take him to his own village and set him free, as a man may not enslave his own kinsman.

"Again, supposing a man goes on a journey in search of a wife and finds a suitable woman. He must first inquire to what clan she belongs. If his own clan is named, he will reply, 'She is my kinswoman;' and although there may be no blood relationship existing between them, marriage is forbidden within the clan. This kinship within a clan, inherited through the mother, appears to be more important than the blood relationship existing between the father and his son. If men should come from villages two thousand miles apart, and had never seen each other before, yet if they were of the same clan, they would be kinsmen, and all the duties of clan brotherhood would be incumbent upon them.

"A member of the same clan is often pressed to pay the fine of another as the result of a misdemeanor, and he raises no objections to doing so. Different members of a clan are perfectly free to call upon their clan kinsmen to pay their debts; and if a person dies without any cattle, the other members of his clan are required to supply the oxen for his funeral feast. Thus the rights of the individual are lost in the rights

of the clan. All the laws relating to brotherhood within the clan are applicable to the brotherhood of Christian believers, with one exception, that of marriage. So we use the native word for clan, *mukoa*, in the translation of the Bible to express the relations that exist between brethren in the church."

NATIVE NAMES

Names among the natives always mean something. For example, *Chongo* means rainbow; *Hanyabo*, beans; *Twambo*, stories; *Myanda*, roots; *Mayinza*, summer; *Lupenga*, sorrow; *Chibea*, pot; *Mukuni*, wood; etc.

The natives are very keen on having white men give them names; and the white men, knowing that all the native names mean something, try to make the names they give mean something, too. Many of these names express traits of character; and a native, when applying for work, will give the name he received from the last white man for whom he worked, such as Lazy, Lice, Crazy, Jam, Matches, etc.

The native is also very anxious, when he leaves a white employer, to receive from him a certificate of character, or recommendation. The white man, knowing that the native is unable to read, is perfectly free to express his mind as to his true qualifications. Often natives have come to me seeking employment,

and with a great flourish have produced a certificate reading something like this: "This boy will steal anything that is loose at both ends;" or, "This boy has a weakness for spoons;" or, "This boy has a great capacity for consuming sugar;" or, "Keep your jam under lock and key when this fellow is around;" etc.

FAMILY NAMES

Among the natives, the family name, as well as the clan name, is inherited from the mother, and not from the father. The mother gives the child his first name. Then the father gives him a name. He has another name, which he gives to the white man when seeking employment, and still another, which he gives to the government officials when he is registered for paying his taxes, at the age of about eighteen.

This name which the native gives to the tax collector is often forgotten, as the taxes are collected only once a year; and when the native commissioner comes through the district, hundreds of men will come to the mission station, and ask to have the name on their old tax receipt read, that they may be able to identify themselves when they pay their taxes.

This name which is given to the government officials and easily forgotten, sometimes

leads to amusing experiences by the tax collector. I once visited a native commissioner of our district when he was taking the census. He asked an old man in the company if any of his wives had died since the previous census, three years before.

The old man said, "Yes, two of them;" and their names were stricken from the list. The collector then inquired if the native had taken any new wives since the last census; and he answered that he had taken one.

"What is her name?" asked the tax collector.

The old man dropped his head, thought a minute, then turned to a native sitting beside him, and said, "Say, Hanyabo, what is the name of that woman of mine — you remember, that last wife, whom I married last summer?"

Hanyabo suggested a name, which perhaps neither the husband nor the wife had ever heard; and it went down on the books as the name of the new wife.

The native is very superstitious, and very suspicious of the white man; and lest he might be traced for witchcraft or in case of crime, he is extremely secretive about his real name.

The husband gives a new name to his wife at marriage. When the first child is born, the mother lays aside her own name, and

takes the name of "mother of" this child; as, *Na ka Chongo*, meaning, mother of the rainbow.

The natives are very anxious to perpetuate the family name, and this leads to a great deal of difficulty in connection with family inheritances. If a man dies and leaves a number of wives (for polygamy is almost universal among them), his oldest son would naturally inherit his property, together with his wives and children. But these children would not be the children of the son, nor in any way perpetuate his own name; therefore many times a young man refuses to inherit the property of his father, because of the encumbrance of wives and children, and so allows it to pass out of his family.

COURTSHIP AND BETROTHAL

The method of courtship and engagement is different from what it is in the United States, and the native plan has some things to recommend it. When a young man begins to think seriously of a young woman, he stops talking with her. If his affections are reciprocated, she also ceases to talk to him. Not only do they not speak with each other, but they must not speak to each other's relatives. All the courtship is then carried on through a "John Alden." In my own mission school, I have always encouraged the young

men and the young women to permit me to be their "John Alden," and in that way I have been able to give them helpful counsel.

An engagement is a more serious affair among the natives than it is with us; for the young man must not only obtain the consent of the young woman, but also the consent of all her relatives, as well as of all his own. I have often known a marriage to be delayed for two or three years because an aunt or an uncle of the contracting parties refused to give consent.

THE MARRIAGE DOWRY

When all the relatives concerned have finally agreed to the engagement, the marriage dowry must be paid. The native fathers, like Laban, always retain the marriage dowry for themselves, and thus consume the substance of their daughters. This law of the marriage dowry is almost universal among the natives in South Africa, and is productive of a great deal of dissatisfaction.

In 1898, the government in Southern Rhodesia passed a law providing that the debt of a marriage dowry was outlawed one year after the marriage. Before that law was passed, often, after a young man had paid all the marriage dowry agreed upon, the father-in-law would demand more. This, naturally, the young man would refuse to

give, and the question would be left until the children were grown up. Then if the father should die, the father-in-law would at once take possession of the oldest girls, and claim their marriage dowry to settle the account for their mother.

Among some of the tribes where the government has not yet regulated the marriage dowry, a part of the requirement is that a young man must labor a portion of every year for his mother-in-law. As there is no statute to define the number of days he shall work, many a young man becomes practically the slave of his avaricious mother-in-law, and spends years in her service, from which he obtains no release until her death.

This is one of the difficult problems we have to meet in missionary work. The Christian boy desires to spend his time in the service of God, teaching and preaching the gospel to his own people; yet many times a great deal of dissatisfaction is engendered when he refuses to render weeks of service in the fields of his mother-in-law.

THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY

The marriage ceremony, when it is finally performed, is very simple. The bride cooks some porridge for her intended husband, and they eat together out of the same pot. This is followed by dancing, feasting, and



A ZULU GIRL

(239)

singing. There is always a big crowd on such occasions.

Sometimes the native Christians wish to be married by Christian rites, and copy the customs of the white people. I once witnessed a wedding on a mission station, where the bride had evidently seen a white woman married, and desired for herself a wedding gown something like that worn by her white sister. Not having the money with which to purchase the kind of dress the white bride had worn, she did the best she could to procure a substitute.

Of course, the gown must be white; so she bought some unbleached muslin about thirty-two inches wide, and used the width of the muslin for the length of her skirt. She put a hem in the top of the skirt, and inserted a piece of tape to gather it around her waist. The waist was made of the same material, dressing-sack style. She wore white stockings, and a pair of bright scarlet shoes, which were about three sizes too small for her, making it impossible for her to get her heels down into the bottom of the shoes. This compelled her to go mincing along on her toes.

She must have had a struggle to think out a substitute for the bridal veil; but finally she decided that about three yards of common mosquito bar would look very much

like what she had seen worn by her ideal, so she pinned one end of the netting into her kinky hair, and left the rest of it to fall to the ground and trail along behind.

FUNERAL CUSTOMS

When a Tonga native dies, he is buried almost immediately. The body is prepared for burial by oiling all over with rancid butter. Then it is wrapped in skins or blankets, and all the ornaments belonging to the deceased are inclosed in the skins. The knees are flexed, and the body is tied up with ropes, as one would rope up a trunk. Then a member of the family comes near the corpse and calls, usually three times, for the departed spirit. When no answer is given, the caller says, "He is gone; his spirit has departed."

When visiting the Somabula Mission station, Elder W. S. Hyatt was one time called to a native village by one of the Christian boys to conduct a funeral service. Although Elder Hyatt was very busy, he went to the village with the young man for the funeral. After waiting about an hour, he asked how soon they would be ready. The young man, in an apologetic way, said that he was sorry, but his mother was not dead yet. He then went into the hut, and told his mother that the missionary was there for the funeral, and

suggested that she had better hurry up matters.

Among the Batonga natives, a man is usually buried across the threshold of his hut. The hut is then pulled down. Children are usually buried under the eaves of the hut, and the women's graves are dug in the cattle kraal.

After the body is prepared for burial, generally a woman sits beside it, wailing and tapping the body with a seed pod, which rattles something like a baby's rattle. After the grave is dug, one of the men marches all around it, tapping the edges with a similar seed pod. I have never been able to learn the true significance of this ceremony, as the natives are very secretive concerning all their funeral rites.

Before the body is lowered into the grave, a hole is cut in the covering wrapped about it, so as to expose one ear, and through this a hollow reed is inserted in the ear. This reed extends up through the earth, and about six inches above the top of the ground, that the spirit of the man may hear what is going on in the outside world. This custom is not followed for women and children.

After the body is lowered into the grave, by the ropes that are used in binding the skin about it, a little earth is thrown in, and

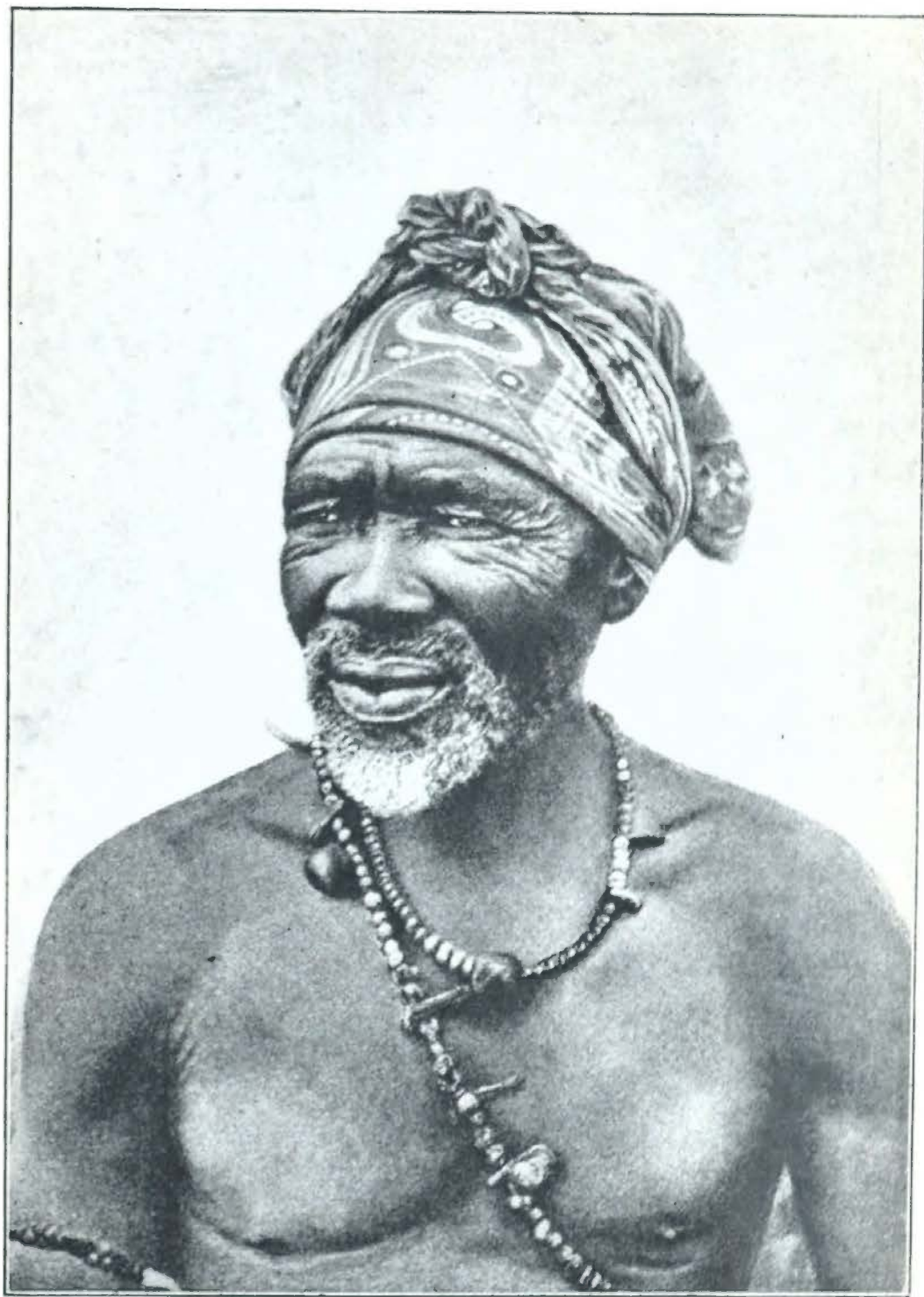
a pot of dry earth is broken over the head. The cooking utensils of the deceased are next broken, and thrown into the grave. Then more earth is thrown in, until the body is entirely covered; and a man gets down into the grave, and stamps this earth tightly around the corpse. Some of the dirt that formed the walls of his house is now thrown into the grave, other earth is filled in on the top, and with a pole it is all tamped down solid.

Any earth which may remain after the grave is filled is carried outside the village; and within an hour, there is no trace of the grave to be seen. Of course, the little reed, if it has been used, is broken off, and what remains in the earth is soon eaten by white ants.

NATIVE SUPERSTITIONS

Sometimes when a village has just been built, and all the houses are new, the natives will carry a sick person outside the village, and let him die in the veldt, rather than in a house, because, according to their custom, the house in which any one dies must be destroyed.

When I built my brick house on the Barotse Mission station, I called in a number of the native *indunas* of the district, showed them our new house, and asked why they did not build better houses. One old chief said:



A SOUTH AFRICAN MEDICINE MAN
(244)

“Yes, your new house will be very comfortable; but think of the loss of time and labor if some one should die in it, and it would have to be pulled down and destroyed.”

This superstition makes it very difficult to do medical missionary work among the natives. Their word for hospital is “the house of death”; and while on many of the mines in Rhodesia the mine owners have built good hospitals, and have qualified trained nurses to care for the sick or injured, one of the first things the native wants inserted in his contract is that when he is sick, he must not be taken to the hospital.

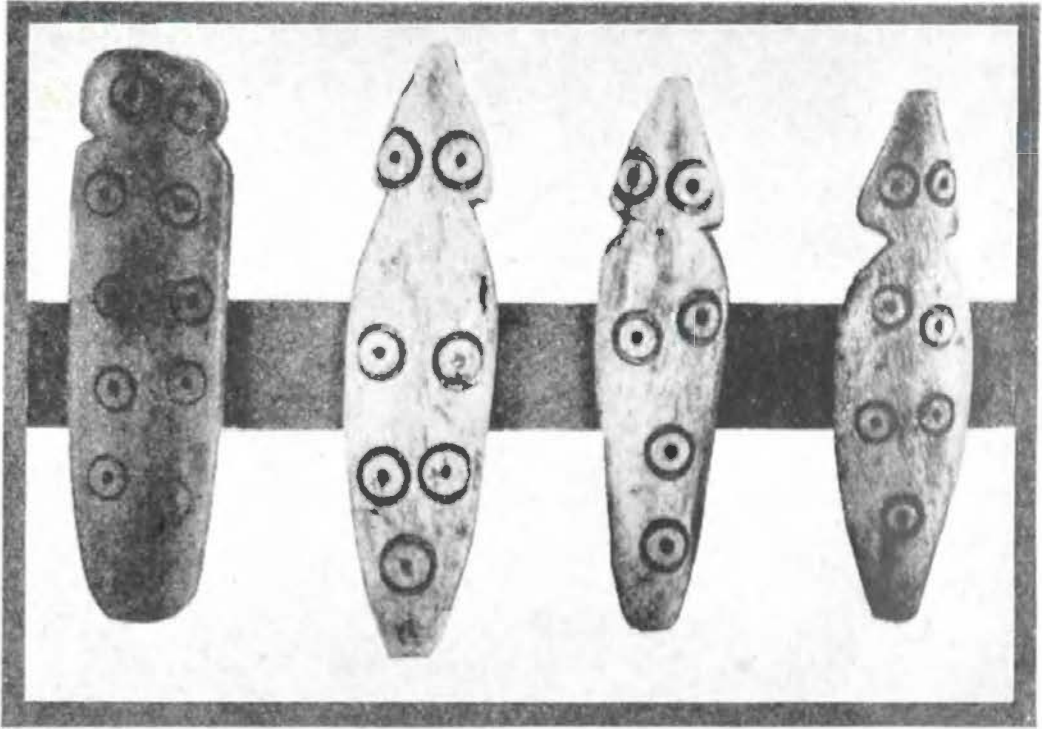
CAUSES OF SICKNESS

When a native is taken ill, the disease is thought to be caused by some one’s “bewitching” him. So the witch doctor is consulted, and asked to throw the bones to smell out the witch. These bones are made from the vertebræ of a wild animal, usually an elephant or a hippopotamus. They are four in number. One of them represents a man, another a woman, another a boy, another a girl.

The witch doctor throws the bones on the ground, then picks them up and smells of them. After throwing them three or four times, he decides whether the culprit is a man, a woman, a boy, or a girl. Then he throws the one bone only, and so “smells

out" what boy or girl or man or woman is the offender. The witch is punished, and the doctor collects his fee; but nothing is done for the sick person.

A man who was driving the ox wagon for Elder Mead was afflicted with rheuma-



BONES USED BY BATONGA WITCH DOCTOR

tism, and went to see the witch doctor to find out who was the cause of his affliction. In this case, the doctor told him that the spirit of his father-in-law was the offender.

Some years before, there had been a famine in the country, and this man had permitted his father-in-law to starve to death, although he had cattle and sheep in abundance to re-

lieve his needs. Now the spirit of the dead man had returned, and had afflicted his son-in-law with rheumatism. As they could not very well punish a dead man, the doctor offered to give the patient relief.

He had the man get down on his hands and knees; then he climbed on his back, and with a hot iron and a sharp knife, burned and cut along the side of the spine between the shoulders. Then he pulled and tugged and twisted for some minutes, and finally showed some sheep's hair and hair from a cow's tail, which he claimed to have taken from his patient's back.

The doctor then told the man that if the hair was all out, he would recover, but if there was any of it left in, there would be a recurrence of the disease. The fee for that operation was twenty-five dollars.

THE FUNERAL FEAST

Immediately after a burial, word is sent out to the surrounding villages, and the mourners begin to gather. The women are met outside the village by residents of the kraal, baskets are taken from their heads, their babies are removed from their backs, and they enter the village by the gate of the cattle kraal. They then begin dancing and screaming, run forward to where the grave is pointed out to them by an old woman, and throw



DRIVING EVIL SPIRITS AWAY FROM GRAVE

themselves prostrate upon it. The men also run up and down through the cattle kraal, firing off guns, beating drums, and brandishing spears. A group of men line up near the grave, their spears in their hands, as if they were going to murder some one. Suddenly they start off on a hard run, stabbing in the air; and finally, after running about one hundred and fifty yards, they thrust the spears into the ground. This is done to drive the evil spirits away from the grave.

Large quantities of native beer are brewed — and the natives can make as vile beer as any brewery. They sprout the grain, then let it ferment, and make beer in the same way that breweries do in America. When it is from three to five days old, it contains about the same per cent of alcohol as lager beer; but after it is two weeks old, it contains about thirty to forty per cent alcohol, and the people get very drunk on it.

In addition to the barrels of beer that are consumed at a funeral, nearly all the dead man's cattle are slain for the funeral feast. The poor creatures are inhumanly thrust through with spears, and then left to die of their wounds. When they are dead, the carcasses are cut up and cooked for consumption. The native idea is that the spirits of the cattle go with the spirit of the man to the next world; and as he will want some



OX SLAIN FOR A FUNERAL FEAST

milk. they always kill a few milch cows. He will also want oxen and some young cattle, so some of each are slain. And lest the ox might appear in the next world without his skin, the carcass is never skinned, but cut up and cooked, hide, hair, and hoofs.

The stomach and intestines of the ox are regarded as choice portions. I have seen natives cut open the stomach of an animal, turn it inside out, shake it a little, then cut it into strips, throw it on the fire, let it sizzle a few minutes, and eat it. One day, I asked a native why they did not wash their tripe before they cooked it. He said that would "take all the flavor out." They liked their own way best.

The time of mourning often continues for an entire month; it always lasts as long as the beer and the beef hold out. The people come in from long distances in case there is plenty of beef and beer. After the death of a wealthy chief, it is not unusual for the "mourners" to kill and eat five or six hundred head of cattle. I attended a native funeral one day where forty-two head were killed before eleven o'clock in the morning. In such cases, there may be periodical mourning twice each year, once at seedtime, and again after harvest; and this may be kept up for years.



THE FUNERAL OF MONZE, RAIN MAKER FOR THE BATONGAS

The natives are great believers in charms, and they wear many. These charms are supposed to keep away accidents, witchcraft, and sickness. One charm is a small goat's horn filled with medicine, thought to ward off the evil influence of witches. This is worn about the neck. Another is a bag made of snake skins. The heart of the snake is put into this bag, and is believed to be an antidote for snake bite. Still another is a small button carried in the hair. One rather curious charm is a bracelet made of snake skin, worn to bring good fortune in hunting. Another is supposed to make people love the wearer. A young man buys "medicine" to make a certain young woman love him; and if she will not, she is told that the medicine will make her sick. Medicine made of the "skaters" that are found on the surface of rivers is supposed to insure a spy against being seen in war.

The natives have an ordeal by water. When a person is thought to have committed a crime, and will not confess it, he is tried by being forced to put his arm into a pot of boiling water. If it blisters, he is condemned as guilty; but if the skin remains as before, he is free. This is a common practice; and little children often say, "I will put my hand into the pot," when they are accused of a fault.

There is also an ordeal by poison. If the one accused dies, he is guilty; but if he lives, he is innocent, and is free. Needless to say, many innocent persons have been killed in that way.

The natives believe that human spirits go into animals at death; and those who can afford it, get "medicine" from the witch doctor which will insure their turning into whatever animal they may choose. Often a lion is allowed to escape death, because he is believed to be a certain man.

These people have queer ideas about idiots. They believe that the poor creatures have insects inside their heads, which prevent them from thinking like other people. They also believe that earwax is produced by worms.

They have great faith in medicine, and are always anxious to try the medicine of the white man to see whether it is strong. One time Mr. C. Robinson was starting work in a new district. The native teacher had raised a large crop of sweet potatoes. Mr. Robinson thought to interest the natives by telling them that the teacher had been with the missionary, and had learned how to do things. When he had finished his strong plea for pupils to enter the school, an old man said, "Do you think we do not know that the white man has put medicine on his garden.

to make it produce like that?" All that Mr. Robinson could say did not convince these natives to the contrary. They begged him to let them have some of his medicine to put on their gardens, and were quite offended when he gave them none.

It is a common thing to hear of a native selling "medicine" to other natives to put on their lands, that they may have big yields. One time, when a native was visiting a mission station and looking through a good field of corn, he asked the missionary what medicine he had used to produce this crop. The missionary was perspiring; and pushing back his hat, he wiped the sweat from his brow, and told the native that there was the medicine that would give the best results.

Animal Stories

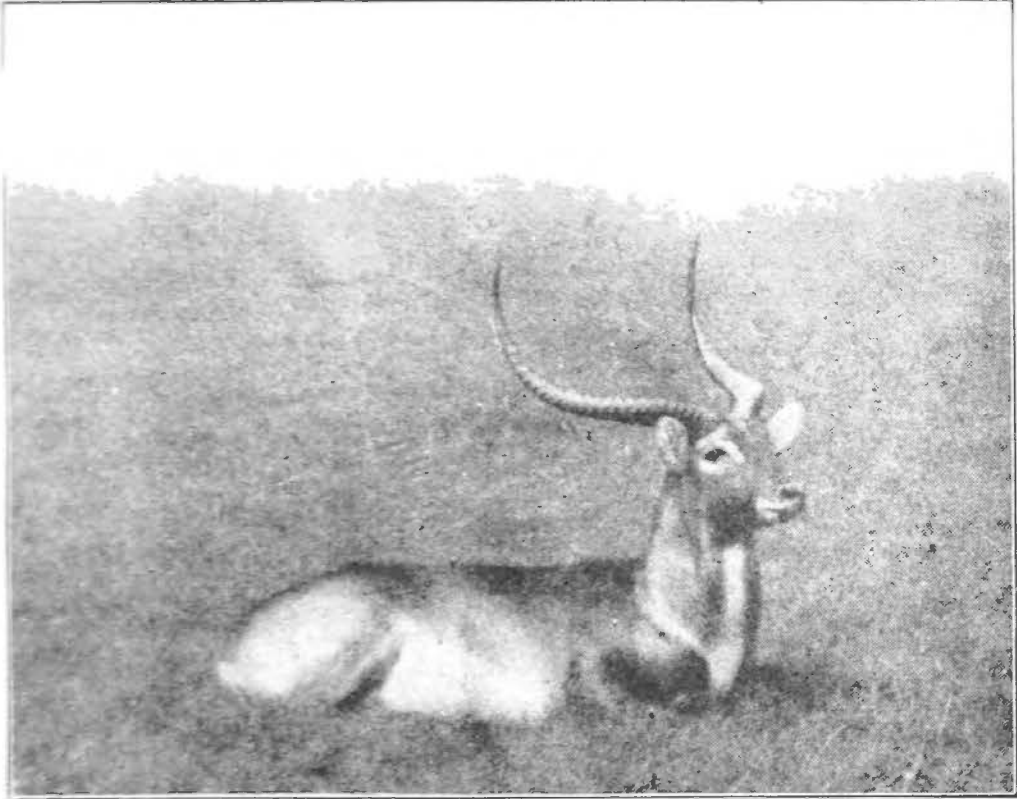
HOW "BETSY AND I" KILLED THE LION

YOU are all familiar with the story of "How Betsy and I Killed the Bear." I saw its exact counterpart one time in Central Africa, only that a lion was killed, instead of a bear.

One often hears it said that wild animals which have once tasted human flesh will not eat anything else. That is hardly true. Most wild animals have a natural fear of man, in harmony with the promise made to Noah after the Flood. However, when a lion or a leopard becomes old and feeble, so that he cannot catch wild game any longer, he will visit the villages, and catch the easier prey,—sheep, goats, or man. And his hunger, which drives him to the habitations of man in the first place, compels him to return again and again.

The native huts are round, the poles that form the cone-shaped roof being brought together and bound tightly near the top. In the apex of the roof, in a Batonga village, there is always a little platform about three feet square, suspended from the rafters, to

which the people resort for safety. One night, an old lion came into a village, and rearing up on his hind feet, began to claw away the grass roof from one of the houses, grunting and purring loudly all the while.



LECHEE ANTELOPE

A man and his wife were in the hut, and the man promptly climbed to the little platform for safety, leaving his wife to deal with the lion.

THE "MOTHER OF INVENTION"

The woman at once saw that there was not room for two on the platform, and that she

must plan for her own safety. She picked up her husband's old muzzle-loading rifle, and found his powder horn. The Batonga natives are ingenious enough to make their own gunpowder. It does very well in the dry season; but in the wet season, it gathers dampness and cannot be relied upon to explode.

There are no lead mines in the country, however, and the natives are often perplexed to know what to use for bullets. Sometimes they load their rifles with pebbles. When the government was building the transcontinental telegraph line through the country, the bolts used for fastening the insulators on the iron poles were of a size to be easily fitted to the old rifles owned by the natives.

Sacks of bolts were left at regular intervals along the proposed line, to be used later by the men who should put up the wires. The natives found these sacks, discovered that the bolts would make good bullets, and stole several bags of them, thus delaying the construction of the telegraph line for four months, until new bolts could be brought out from England.

KILLED WITH A "SNUFFBOX"

This woman had neither pebbles nor bolts for bullets; so she took the brass cartridge that she wore at her waist for a snuffbox, and rammed that down the barrel of the rifle just

as the lion put his head through the grass of the roof. Placing the rifle under his throat, and blazing away, she killed the beast stone-dead.

Next morning, as I passed the village, I heard the natives dancing and shouting. Inquiring the cause, I found the man who had occupied the little platform in the apex of the roof, marching around the village, with the lion's head in his hand, and telling everybody how he and his wife had killed the lion.

SCARED BY A BABOON

Baboons are very plentiful in Northern Rhodesia. The first time I ever met one in the woods was when I was traveling along the lower course of the Gwaai River, near Liwhati's kraal. Hearing some guinea fowls in the woods, I went out to see if I could get one for breakfast. As I came along the top of the ridge, I saw the guineas running along the footpath, and sat down to wait until I could see two of them near enough together so I could get both with one shot.

While I was waiting, I heard two animals fighting just over the ravine beyond me. I had not the least idea what they were, and I think the hairs of my head raised right up on end. Hastily extracting the cartridges of bird shot from my shotgun, and putting two cartridges of buckshot in their places,

I sat down quietly to await developments. Soon the fight was over, and I heard one of the animals come running up the hill in my direction. The bush was thick, and I could not see more than twenty-five yards ahead of me. The creature soon came out into an open space, and I saw that he was a very large baboon. He saw me, stopped, stood up beside a tree, and ground his teeth at me. I leveled my shotgun at him, and made up my mind that if he would go on his way, I should let him go, but that if he came another step in my direction, I should empty the two barrels of buckshot into him.

He stood there and ground his teeth at me about five minutes, then came down on all fours, and went off through the bush.

LIONS IN CAMP

Next morning, just as we were breaking camp, a native woman came running down the footpath, screaming at the top of her voice. I went out to meet her, and asked what the trouble was. She said that she and her husband and a grown son were traveling up from Bulawayo, and had slept on the veldt about half a mile from our camp. They had watched their fires carefully until almost daybreak; then, thinking that all danger was past, they had slept soundly, and permitted the fires to die down.

Just as the first faint streaks of light were seen in the east, the woman was awakened by a noise, and pulled the blankets off her head just in time to see a lion take her husband, and a lioness their only son, and disappear into the tall grass.

I turned out about one hundred and fifty natives from the surrounding villages, and we scoured the entire country that day, looking for the lions. The tall grass was not dry enough to burn very much; and although we searched diligently all day long, we never found any trace of either of the lost men.

A LION IN THE PATH

One day, when traveling along by wagon in the Bwengwa District, I saw a white trader's camp near the road, and got off the wagon to visit with him. Telling the native boys to make their camp where the river crossed the road about five hundred yards ahead, and gather a quantity of wood for the fires at night, I visited with the trader until sundown, then went ahead to my wagon to spend the night.

When I arrived at the place where the river crossed the wagon road, the wagon was not there; the boys had gone ahead about a mile to where the stream crossed the road again, as wood was more plentiful at that point, and thus they would save themselves a little

extra work in gathering enough for the camp fire.

In the tropics, there is no twilight, and within twenty minutes after the sun goes down, the stars begin to appear. I hurried along after the wagon, to see that everything was ready for the night; for I knew that lions were plentiful in that part of the country. I had two large dogs with me, and pressed on as rapidly as I could go.

When I came to within about a hundred yards of the wagon, I was greeted with a growl from the tall grass, and looking to the side of the path, saw a lion no more than ten or twelve feet from me. I certainly had the scare of my life, and that may be why my hair has turned gray before its time.

A RECORD RUN

Placing my hand on the neck of my big dog, Whisk, I said, "Sic 'em!" The one dog went for the lion, but the other dog and I went for the wagon, and I think I made a record in that hundred-yard dash. The dog that had worried the lion came in about half an hour later, tired out, but without a scratch.

Soon the lion came back, and started roaring about the camp. About eleven o'clock that night, one of the lead oxen became frightened by a roar just beyond the fire, broke his strap, and away he went through

the tall grass. That was just what the lion wanted. He soon sprang on the ox's back, bit him through the back of the neck, and killed him.

HE COMMITTED SUICIDE

Next morning, we found the partly devoured carcass. We cut a large quantity of thorn bush, and built a high bush fence around the body of the dead ox, leaving a small opening on one side for the lion to enter. Here I placed my rifle, fastened a string to the trigger, drew it across the open space, and tied it to a limb on the opposite side. The next evening, it was hardly dark before the lion came back for another feed. After walking around our bush fence twice, he discovered the opening we had left for him, and in attempting to pass through it, committed suicide by shooting himself.

AFTER MANY DAYS

It may be pertinent at this point to tell how I came into possession of the big dog that held the attention of the lion by the footpath, and gave me time to get to the wagon and safety.

In 1906, while at the Barotseland Mission, in Northern Rhodesia, we had a visit from C. H. Hayton, now practicing medicine in London. As we were going toward the mission, after leaving the railway station, we

saw a number of native carriers traveling along a parallel path, with goods belonging to a white man. They stopped under the shade of a big tree, and I got off the wagon, and went across to see who the man was; for there were very few white people in the country at that time.

I found a man lying under the shade of the tree, delirious with black-water fever. He was a Russian, a trader whom I had known in Southern Rhodesia; so I asked the native boys where they were taking him. They said their master had given them instructions to take him to his trading camp, about forty miles farther north. I told them that if they took him there, he would die, and they might be held responsible. It would be better to bring him to the mission station, six miles away, and we would see what we could do for him.

Late that afternoon, they arrived on the mission station; and we cared for the man for three weeks, nursing him through a hard siege of black-water fever. At the end of that time, he was ready to leave us, almost his usual self again.

When I shook hands with him to say good-by, tears came into his eyes, and he said, "Mr. Anderson, you have saved my life, and I am a poor man, and cannot pay you for what you have done."



MR. AND MRS. S. M. KONIGSMACHER WITH TRAVELING OUTFIT AND ATTENDANTS

He was living alone in Africa, working very hard to get money to send for his wife and children; so I told him that the fact that he was well again was sufficient reward to me for the little effort I had put forth.

Still he felt that he must do something in return for the care he had received, and finally he asked if we would not like a good dog.

I said we should be grateful indeed to have a good dog on the farm, as the only one we possessed was practically worthless to us.

Not long after he returned to his camp, he sent us a crossbred greyhound and boar hound, which he had named "Whisky." We dropped the y from the name, and called the dog "Whisk." Now it came about that this dog, given me by the man whose life I had saved, preserved my life when the lion was just ready to spring upon me.

LION HUNTING

When Elder R. C. Porter visited our Barotseland Mission the second time, he was very anxious to see our outstation work, and also to see some of the large herds of game along the Kafue River. We left our mission station in our "car"—not a Cadillac, but a "Cattleact"—for the Fufwa and Bwengwa stations. Mrs. Anderson accompanied us to

look after our culinary department on the journey.

The first night out from home, our cattle were very restless all night. Elder Porter walked away from the camp fire a few rods in the darkness, but soon came back, saying he had heard some animal in the bush. Our old dog kept up an almost incessant barking all night long. The next morning, we found leopard tracks about our camp.

The following evening, we lost our road in passing near a native garden, and took the wrong footpath. Soon we were entangled in the bush, and were hopelessly lost. Elder Porter looked up into the clear sky, and there was the Big Dipper in front of us, and the Southern Cross shining brightly to the south of us; so he said he was sure we were somewhere between the north and the south pole, but he did not know just where.

We made our camp for the night in the thick bush; and the next morning at day-break, I saw, from the lay of the country, that we were following a footpath which ran parallel to the one we had planned to take, but about two miles farther to the north. We soon found an open space through which we could pass from the one footpath to the other, and went on our way rejoicing.

About eight o'clock in the morning, we found the body of an eland cow lying by the side of the path. The eland is a large antelope, a little larger than a moose or an elk. I have seen them in herds of one hundred and fifty to two hundred. This one had just been killed by a lion. The body was still warm, and the lion had evidently slunk away into the tall grass when he heard our cart approaching.

THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME

I told Elder Porter here was the chance of a lifetime for him to have a shot at a lion. We took the cart on about a mile and a half farther, to the river, and made our camp for the day. The native boys gathered large quantities of wood for camp fires at night; and I asked Mrs. Anderson if she would be afraid to stay alone at the cart that night, while we went back to have a shot at the lion. She said she would not mind. Stout hearts these missionary women have, to remain alone in the jungle like that.

UP A TREE, WITH A LION BENEATH

When Elder Porter and I returned to the body of the eland late in the afternoon, we found that the lion had been there, and had dragged the carcass under a tree. This will give some idea of the strength of a lion. He had dragged the body of this

antelope, which would weigh at least a thousand pounds, a distance of thirty yards, over a large ant hill, into a secluded place beneath a tree.

There were no limbs on the tree for the first fifteen feet, and to boost Elder Porter up to the first limbs was somewhat of a task. He evidently had not done any tree climbing since he was a boy, and so was considerably out of practice. Finally he succeeded in locating himself comfortably in a fork of the tree, about twenty feet above the ground, and I passed his rifle up to him.

I then slung my own rifle over my back and climbed to a perch on another branch of the same tree, where I could get a good view of the carcass beneath me. We sat there visiting together until sunset.

About an hour after darkness set in, we heard the lion approaching, purring and grunting by the way. He soon came directly under us, and began to eat. We could just make out the dark outline of his body as he crunched the bones and tore the flesh directly beneath us.

I urged Elder Porter to shoot, but he said he could not see well enough. I told him to shoot at the noise, if there was nothing else to aim at, but could not persuade him to pull the trigger. The lion fed away contentedly for about twenty minutes, then dis-

appeared into the tall grass. At this point, I gave Elder Porter my opinion of him as a hunter.

WAITING FOR MOONLIGHT

We visited together pleasantly for about two hours more, when we heard the lion coming back. I told Elder Porter that if he did not shoot this time, I should be tempted to push him off the limb with the barrel of my rifle. The lion came back and fed contentedly for another twenty minutes; and during all this time, I was urging, scolding, and complaining to Elder Porter because he would not try to kill the brute. Finally the lion disappeared the second time into the tall grass, and Elder Porter said that as the moon would be coming up about two o'clock in the morning, he thought he would wait for a better light. He also said he would like to study the habits of the lion. Personally I had little interest in this study under such conditions.

Within five minutes of two hours, the lion came back for another feed. It seemed to take him about twenty minutes to satisfy his hunger each time; then he would go away quietly into the tall grass. The lion certainly believes in deep breathing exercises; we could hear every breath distinctly, as well as his purr of satisfaction as he ate.

By two o'clock in the morning, the moon was up, and gave us a good deal of light. I struck a match, looked at my watch, and remarked that it was just about time for us to receive the next regular visit from the lion. On all the previous occasions, we could hear him grunting and purring some distance away; but now it was light, and we were dealing with an animal that loved darkness rather than light. This time, we heard no purring sound, not even a rustle in the tall grass beneath us.

Just then Elder Porter had a tickling in his throat, and coughed to clear it. On the former visits of the lion, when it was dark, he fed away contentedly, and paid no attention to us, although we carried on conversation just above him; but this time, he was so frightened by that cough that he turned and ran away. We could hear him running over the hard ground for at least half a mile.

Thus ended our lion hunt. We were afraid to climb down out of the tree, so remained there until morning, when we returned to the cart shamefaced and empty-handed.

CROCODILES

The rivers in Central Africa are filled with crocodiles. All along the Zambezi and

Kafue rivers, one may see the animals basking in the sun on every sand bar. The smaller rivers, which flow into these larger ones, are raging torrents during the wet



WATER CARRIERS — POLES ARE SET IN THE RIVER TO PROTECT THE WOMEN FROM CROCODILES

season, but only beds of dry sand during the dry season.

The crocodiles come up these rivers at the beginning of the wet season, as fish run up the rivers of America in the spring. Then as the rivers begin to dry up, the crocodiles make their way back into the larger streams. Sometimes they will even make a portage overland. I knew of one crocodile that was killed on a high, rocky ridge about a mile and a half from the nearest river.

One season, I paid a visit to our Bwengwa out-school about a week after the rains had begun to fall. It had been raining almost constantly for three days, and everything was wet, although my oilskin suit kept me dry. When about two miles from the outstation, we came to the river, which was flooded. I asked the native boy who was with me to swim through with the lunch basket, and said I would follow him. He refused to do this, as he said there were crocodiles in the river.

I insisted that the crocodiles had not yet had time to come up from the Kafue, as we were about twenty-five miles from its banks. If he was afraid to swim through first, I said, I would swim through and show him the path.

He grabbed hold of me, and begged that I would not go in. I was very anxious to

reach my outstation that night, so commanded him to let go his hold, that I might swim through.

He then asked me to wait a few minutes before going in, as he wanted to show me something. I began to undress; and while I was doing so, he ran along the bank until he found a stone about as large as my head. This he tossed into the middle of the stream, which I was now ready to enter. When the stone struck the water, three crocodiles put up their noses.

"There!" said the native; "you see what would have happened to you, had you gone in instead of the stone."

Again I learned that although I had gone to Africa to teach the natives, there were many things they could teach me. We camped on the bank of the river for the night; and the next morning, we went up the stream about two miles, where we found a shallow place that we could wade through.

AN EXPERIENCE WITH A RHINOCEROS

On another occasion, when looking for a location for the Barotse Mission, I camped near a large hot spring. The next day, the natives told me I had better move to another location, as a pair of rhinoceroses came to this spring every night to wallow in the mud, and they might attack my camp.

The rhinoceros is a very erratic animal, and one never knows just what he is going to do next. I felt somewhat venturesome, and thought I should not mind having a little experience with one of these animals, so I left my camp where it was.

The following night, the rhinoceroses came into the spring for their usual wallow in the mud. They passed out, however, on the side opposite where I had my camp, and came upon the camp and fires of some natives.

The rhinoceros is different from most animals, in that he is attracted by the light of a fire, instead of frightened by it. When one of the animals saw these fires, he immediately plunged into it, and the natives who were sleeping near went up the surrounding trees with the agility of baboons.

The great beast crashed through the fire, smashed the large pot in which the natives had cooked their evening meal of porridge, ran into a tree on the opposite side, turned, charged back through the fire, and disappeared in the darkness, doing no damage except the breaking of the earthen pot. But those natives made as much noise as if half a dozen persons had been killed.

A LEOPARD VISITS OUR HOME

As I am away from home a great deal, Mrs. Anderson thought it would be company

for her during the weeks of my absence to have a dog. She obtained a well-bred bull terrier puppy in Kimberley, and took it home with her on her return from the union conference meeting in 1915. One night during the rainy season, when it was so dark I could not see my hand before my face, a leopard came prowling around the house. I had made a little kennel for the dog, with a square opening at one side for him to crawl through, and he was chained there for the night.

In the middle of the night, the dog began to howl, and awakened me from a sound sleep. Giving a wild "Kafir yell," I told Mrs. Anderson that a leopard was trying to kill her dog. I was so bewildered, in springing out of bed in the darkness, that I could not find the door of the bedroom. After I had felt around the wall for some time, and tried to go through the looking-glass, thinking it was the door, Mrs. Anderson asked me if I was not going out to try to save that dog.

I said I would if I could ever find the door of the bedroom.

She then sprang out of bed, grabbed a candle, ran outside, picked the dog up in her arms, and was coming into the dining room by the time I got my shotgun and a light ready to go out and see where the leopard was.



BULL TERRIER THAT THE LEOPARD TRIED TO STEAL
(277)

The puppy had not been injured; but there were marks of the leopard's claws on the kennel, he evidently having tried to reach in and pull the puppy out. Doubtless he had been frightened away by that first yell of mine.

LIONS ON THE GWAAI RIVER

In 1899, I made my first visit to Victoria Falls, on the Zambezi. As we were coming up the Gwaai River, on our return to the mission station, we passed through a section of country where lions were more plentiful than I have ever seen them anywhere else in Africa. It was near the end of a very dry season, and all the watering places on the upland had dried up, so the game had all come down to the river for water. The lions, of course, followed.

One morning, as we were walking along a footpath, we met an ox coming toward us on a run. We thought perhaps he had been lost from some wagon, so we tried to turn him back; but he seemed wild with fright, and passed us, still running, to the north. Later that day, we learned that he had broken away from a span of oxen owned by two Dutchmen, who were taking a load of goods to Wankie's coal mine.

That is the only time in all my experience that I have ever known lions to attack oxen

in a team as they were traveling. In this case, the lion had sprung upon an ox while he was in the yoke drawing the wagon, and killed him. The ox that we met in the foot-path the next day was the companion ox, in the other end of the yoke. How far that ox ran I never knew; but two years later I learned that he was shot many miles to the north by a government official, and his carcass devoured by a lot of hungry native carriers.

A LION PIT

When we came down to where the Dutchmen had made their camp, we found them digging a pit from which they expected to shoot the lions the next night. They dug a hole about six feet deep, covered it with heavy poles, and from this place of safety they could look out down the hill and see the carcass of the dead ox about fifty feet away. We made our camp in the bush on the edge of the veldt, half a mile farther up the river.

It was only nicely dark that night when we heard the Dutchmen fire both their rifles, then yell like wild Indians. We learned next morning that the lions returned to devour the carcass of the dead ox, and were fired upon by the Dutchmen, who missed in the darkness, and then ran for their wagons, badly scared. At our own camp, we took the

precaution of building a high bush fence of thorns, and gathering a large quantity of wood, so we could have good fires all night.

Just before sunset, an old native whom we had with us for a guide, loosened a goat's horn that he had tied with a string to his neck. Taking out some "medicine," he walked around our camp, and shouted, "Lion! when you come here to-night, you will see my medicine, and then you must go away." With that he would sprinkle a little of the "medicine" on the leaves of the bushes outside our camp fires. He went clear around our camp, repeating this call to the lions three times, then came back, and sat down inside our defense.

I asked him if he thought his "medicine" would be any protection to us. He did not answer my question, but asked me if white men had any "medicine" to protect them from lions. I pointed to my rifle and shotgun, and told him those were the white man's "medicine" for lions.

AN UNPLEASANT SERENADE

That night, the sun was hardly down before the lions began to roar about our camp. First, two west of the camp started, and were answered by two to the southeast. Then some joined in from the north; and before these were finished, there were seven giving

us a regular serenade. It is really quite exciting to look out over your camp fires in the night, and see a lion's eyes gleaming like a large cat's eyes, in the darkness, and then to hear him roar until the very earth vibrates beneath you. When as many as seven are roaring at once, it is almost hair-raising. However, keeping up good fires, one is comparatively safe. I have never known a lion to come over a fire.

WILD ANIMALS AT PLAY

The next morning, as we traveled along the footpath toward home, I witnessed a very amusing incident, which convinced me that wild animals enjoy play as much as some of our domesticated species. We came out of the woods to a large open place, where all the tall grass had been burned, and we could see everything distinctly.

A little distance from us were two wild pigs rooting away in the ground; and there, too, was a jackal teasing them. The jackal would sneak up behind one of the pigs, and snap him in the hind leg. The pig would then turn and chase him, the jackal keeping just a safe distance between them. When the pig was tired of the chase, he would turn around, and start rooting and feeding again. Then the jackal would sneak along and give him another nip. I sat on an ant

heap, and watched this play going on for over an hour, and then left them at it, so do not know how long it continued.

ELEPHANTS AND TELEGRAPHS

One night, I stayed at a hotel in Broken Hill, which was then the northern terminus of the railway line. A hotel on the frontier in Africa is not much like the Auditorium, for example, in Chicago. This hostelry was a little corrugated iron building, one end of which was used for a bar, and the other for a dining room. The bedrooms were small mud huts, built native style, except that the walls were a little higher, and the doors high enough so one could walk through without stooping. The floors were dirt, and the furniture consisted of an iron bedstead, with mattress, sheets, and one blanket; a little mirror about six by eight inches in size hung on the wall; and an enameled washbowl and pitcher in an iron frame stood beneath it. That was the entire furnishing, and the charges were a dollar a night.

Next morning, I went to the telegraph office to send a telegram to our union conference office at Cape Town. The operator told me the wires were down, and he could not say when he would be able to forward the message. I asked him what the difficulty was, and he answered, "Elephants."

It seems that the night before, a troop of elephants had crossed the telegraph line north of the town, and their curiosity was aroused by the iron telegraph poles. Wooden telegraph poles are never used in that part of Africa, because the white ants would eat them off within six months of the time they were set. These iron poles were something new to the elephants, so they examined them very carefully, then, wrapping their trunks around them, pulled them up and threw them to one side. Making a detour of the town, the elephants then crossed the telegraph line again, this time to the south, and finding these same curious iron standards there, pulled up five more poles. Thus the place was entirely cut off from telegraphic communication the next morning, and remained so until repairs were made.

The morning I arrived in Broken Hill, a lion disappeared off the station platform into the darkness as our train pulled up. This reminded me of the telegram once sent in to division headquarters by the operator of an interior African station. The telegram read thus: "Lion in possession of the platform. Train due in three minutes. Kindly wire instructions."

About a year before leaving Africa in 1916 on furlough, Mrs. Anderson and I visited our Moya outstation, nearly forty miles

south of the main Barotseland Mission. This school is located among hills and *kopjes* that are inhabited by hundreds of baboons. The next morning after our arrival, the natives came in from a near-by village, and said that lions had visited them the night before, and killed four sheep and a goat.

I was very anxious to get some lion skins; so I bought a goat the next day, killed it, and scattered the meat, which I had poisoned, all through the grass where the lions had been the night before.

However, lions prefer to kill their own meat; so, passing by the poisoned bait I had prepared for them, they came around our cattle kraal that night, and I had to fire several shots to frighten them away.

They then went into the village on the opposite side from our school, broke through the stockade of the cattle pens, and killed a cow, a calf, a dog, and a goat. The natives prepared firebrands, and drove the beasts away from the carcass of the cow that night; so next morning, we had plenty of meat that the lions themselves had killed, in which to place poison.

KILLED BY POISON

The following night, the lions came again; and one of them, a splendid male lion about two thirds grown, took my bait, swallowed

the poison, and died. When we found him, next morning, his body was still warm, and it almost made me shudder as I placed my hands upon him. We quickly skinned him; for the skin of a wild animal that has been poisoned is spoiled if it remains on the body very long after the animal is dead. But this was well preserved, for we had it off before the body even had time to get stiff.

A BABY BABOON'S LIFE AVENGED

Next night, the lions came again, and I fired several shots to frighten them away from our cattle. They then crossed a little valley to the west of our school, went up into the *kopjes* where a colony of baboons lived, and caught a baby baboon. The cries of the baboon were pitiful, and almost human.

I told Mrs. Anderson, when I heard the commotion, that we must rise early the next morning, and be on hand to witness one of the most wonderful sights ever seen in the South African veldt.

With the first faint streaks of red that betokened the coming of day, those old baboons began to shout, "Wa-hoo! Wa-hoo! Wa-hoo!" the sound reverberating among the hills. Soon the answer came back from other colonies of baboons in the surrounding *kopjes*, "Wa-hoo! Wa-hoo! Wa-hoo!"

About sunrise, the baboons came tramping in to see the afflicted colony. Soon the whole *kopje* was black with them; for they came by tens, by twenties, and by fifties. After jabbering away about twenty minutes, they lined up, and started on the trail of the lions. The noise they made sounded like bedlam broken loose. Throwing stones and sticks into the tall grass, they drove those lions clear out of the country.

The natives came to me that afternoon, and told me it would be useless for me to remain there longer to try to get any lion skins; for the baboons had driven the lions all away, and they would not come back for a long time. About three o'clock in the afternoon of the next day, I saw the baboons returning to their homes among the hills; and the natives afterward told me it was nearly two months before any of their villages were again visited by lions.

The Native

DR. FAIRBAIRN says: "There is no people so difficult to understand and to interpret as the savage people. There is no field where competent interpreters are so few and so rare; where unlearned authorities are so many and so rash."

Mr. Selous, the old hunter who acted as Roosevelt's guide in Africa, says, "No white man can understand the working of the native mind."

Mr. Cullen Reed, of the London Missionary Society, when he began his work among the Makalangas, at Tekwani, decided that he would see if he could really enter into the native life, and view things from the native viewpoint. He built his house in a native village, and lived on the same level with them. He ate porridge from their earthen pots with his fingers, and so far as it was possible for him to do so, entered into their daily life.

After he had been living in this village for nearly three years, the head man of the village died, and Mr. Reed was elected by the natives as their *induna*. He continued his experiment for five years, and then built



RAW NATIVES IN A BATONGA VILLAGE



NATIVE BATONGA EVANGELISTS, SHOWING THE CHANGE
MADE BY THE GOSPEL

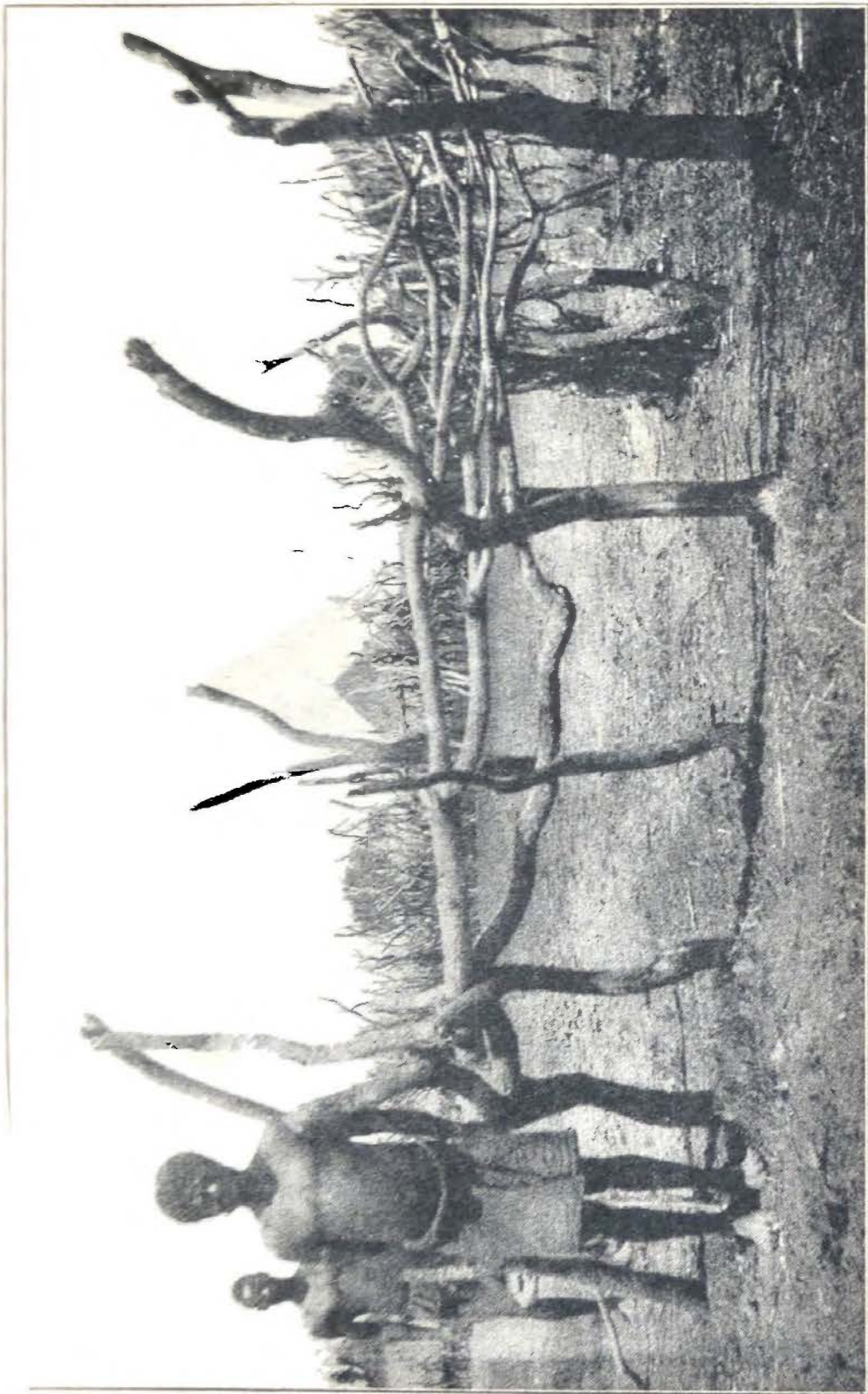
(289)

him a substantial modern mission home, about a mile from the village, and began to live again as a European. I know of no other man who knew the customs and manners of the Makalangas so well as Mr. Reed.

I met Mr. Reed in Bulawayo when he had left the natives, and told him I admired his courage if I could not agree with his judgment. I asked also what had been the result of his experiment.

"Perhaps I have a better insight into native customs, a more thorough knowledge of their language, a greater familiarity with their religious belief, than any other missionary who has ever labored for them," he replied; "yet I find that my experiment has been a failure. Daily I am confronted with the fact that between me and the native there is an impenetrable wall, which I shall never be able to dig through, and behind which I have never caught a single glimpse. There are secrets which are known even by the little children of the village, that I am never permitted to know; and between me and the native there is an impassable barrier, which not even the gospel will ever be able to break down."

In this chapter, I shall not attempt to give any explanation of the native, or his reasons for doing things, but a simple description of his village and home life.



A BATONGA NATIVE VILLAGE

Among the Batongas, the villages are either circular or elliptical in form. All the huts comprising a village are arranged around the outside of the circle, with the doors opening into the inner courtyard; there are no outside doors. For protection from the wild animals, which are common in the country, each village is surrounded by a high stockade of poles.

On the opposite side of the village from the main entrance, and facing this entrance, is the house of the chief, or head man. On either side of his house are the huts occupied by his wives.

The whole inner courtyard forms the cattle corral. Sometimes it is separated from the huts by a fence, but often there is no barrier between the cattle and the dwellings of the people. The size of this inner courtyard varies with the size of the village. Sometimes there is room for only forty or fifty head of cattle; and sometimes the court is large enough to accommodate two thousand.

Perhaps the reader can imagine the unsanitary condition of a village after a thousand head of cattle have slept in the front dooryard every night for two or three years. When Elder G. A. Irwin visited our mission station in 1907, I took him to a near-by village; and the mud was so deep at the entrance of the cattle corral, that the natives

brought out poles from the fence, and laid them down for us to walk on, that he might see the inside of a native hut.

On more than one occasion, when I have been called to visit patients in these villages during the wet season, a stalwart native has met me entirely outside of the village, taken me on his back, and carried me through the mire and the filth, many times almost knee-deep, and then placed me on poles outside the door of the hut where my patient lived. After ministering to the sick person, I would again be carried outside. Do you wonder that I have held my breath sometimes, if the native staggered a little beneath his load, lest he should let me fall?

When Elder and Mrs. R. C. Porter visited our mission station in 1911, Mrs. Porter gathered her skirts about her as we passed through a native village, and remarked that if people's hogs in the United States lived in such conditions as the natives of these villages live in, they would all have cholera and die. Yet somehow the natives — that is, those who survive the very real perils of infancy and early childhood — live about as long as the average white person.

THE NATIVE HOUSE

The native huts are round, with mud walls about four feet high, covered with a thatch

roof. Each hut has a door about thirty inches by thirty-six inches, which is always blocked up with logs at night, so that if any prowling wild animals get into the village, they will not be able to enter the house.

The roof is supported by six principal poles, spread out at the base to form a circle, and bound tightly together with strips of bark about eighteen inches from the top. The poles extend over the eaves about three feet, where a second, outer wall of poles, not usually plastered with mud, is built. This forms a narrow, inclosed veranda all the way around the hut, which is used for the accommodation of some of the sheep and goats belonging to the inmates.

The poles of the roof are bound together with green withes or vines at regular intervals, and the intervening space is filled with Kafir corn stalks or small poles; and then the whole roof is covered with a thatch of grass, sewed in place with bark.

The native does everything just the opposite way from that in which the white man does. When a white man is putting on a roof, he begins at the eaves, and roofs up. A native begins at the apex of his hut, and roofs down. Again, the white man puts the thick part of his shingles down, and the thin part up. The native turns the butts of the



REAPING RICE IN THE HINTERLAND

grass up, and the tops down. In constructing a new village, the natives will never put on the roof until a rain has fallen. They build up the walls, cut the grass, and then wait perhaps two or three months for the rain to come. After the first rain, when they ought to be busy putting in their crops, they frame the roofs and cover the houses.

The furniture in a native house is very primitive indeed, consisting of a cooking pot, a large calabash, which is used as a churn, a clay waterpot, a spear, a pick, an ax, a stamping block for grinding corn, a *knob-kerric* (a heavy stick, with a large knot at the end, used in fighting), a low stool, and some grass baskets for carrying grain.

A man usually occupies his hut alone, and his wives, with their children, each have their own house. In addition to the women and the children, the dogs, the chickens, the sheep, the goats, and the calves sleep in the house at night. There is no window, and the one door is closed, so there is very little ventilation; but it seems immaterial to a native whether he has fresh air to breathe at night or not.

An inverted pot placed on the poles protruding from the roof of a hut indicates a man's standing in the village. If a man has killed an enemy in battle, or a lion single-

handed, he is permitted to place one of these medals on the top of his hut.

THE NATIVE'S FOOD

The South African native is not very particular about the quality of his food, but



NATIVE GIRLS AND WOMEN STAMPING GRAIN

he is insistent that there shall be a good quantity of it. His chief article of diet is corn meal, or Kafir corn meal, cooked into mush. The grain is first threshed, then ground to a very fine flour. Beside the door of every native hut is a millstone imbedded in the clay. The native women and

girls place the Kafir corn on the nether millstone, and by rubbing another stone back and forth over it, they make a very fine meal. This is then winnowed, to remove the hulls, and with a grass whisk broom is brushed off into an earthen pot.

Some of the clay in which the stone is imbedded is brushed off with the meal, so the native porridge is always gritty. As the clay wears away from around the millstone, the depressions are repaired with cow dung; and of course, the next time meal is ground, some of this repairing material is swept in with it, and cooked with the porridge. When a traveler tastes the grit in his porridge, he is not quite sure of its composition; so most of the white people who travel through the country prefer to carry their own rations with them.

The corn "mealies" is not ground on the stones in this way, but is first moistened, and then placed in the "stamping block," made by hollowing out the end of a log and standing it up, very much like an egg cup. The moistened grain is then crushed with poles about three inches in diameter and six feet long, the hollowed block and the poles being used like a mortar and pestle.

In cooking their porridge, the natives permit the water to come to a boil, then with

both hands throw in sufficient meal to make the porridge thick enough that the stick with which it is stirred will stand upright. When this consistency is reached, the porridge is ready to serve. Some of the meal may not be even wet, but no matter; that is the native custom. Usually it takes the natives about three minutes, after the water has boiled, to cook their porridge.

Soon after her arrival in South Africa, Mrs. Anderson thought it would be a good idea to teach the natives how to cook their porridge hygienically. So one morning she arose about five o'clock, and called out the cook boys. Soon the water was boiling, and she stirred in the meal very carefully, so the porridge would not be lumpy. After cooking it about two and one half hours, she served it on the table for breakfast. Most of the pupils in the school refused to eat their porridge that morning; and that was the last lesson they had in hygienic cooking.

“FULL OF MEAT”

The native raises chickens, but he cannot understand why the white man wants to eat eggs the same day they are laid. He says there is no meat in the egg at that time; and if he ever eats an egg at all, he wants it the day before it is hatched, for then it is full of meat.

Meat forms a portion of the diet of the natives, but they get very small quantities of it. They do not care what condition the meat is in. Many times, as I have traveled among the villages, my carriers have noticed a vulture sitting on a tree near our path. Immediately they would put down their loads, and run to see if any of the carcass on which the vulture had been feeding was left; if there was, the vulture got no more, no matter how putrid the carcass might be.

HUNTING

There are immense herds of game in the country, and the natives are adept at trapping them. After the grass is burned, toward the end of the dry season, they organize large hunts. Three or four thousand natives will surround a large tract of country, and gradually close in, thus entrapping all the game they have surrounded.

I went with the natives on one of these hunts; and as the lines converged, we began to see something of what had been caught. For one thing, there were three lions inside the circle. It was not long, however, before they broke through the lines; and all the men on that side gave them "the right of way." The capture that day was a large eland, some water buck, sable antelope, reedbuck, roan antelope, and a few hartebeest.



CRESTED CRANE

(301)

After these animals had been killed and divided up among the large party of hunters, there was very little meat for each of the participants.

CROPS GROWN IN THE COUNTRY

The chief occupation of the natives in the interior of Africa is agriculture. The crops grown are corn, Kafir corn, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, and peanuts. These, with milk, form the food of the natives. Although they make large quantities of butter, they never eat it. They grease the outside of their bodies with butter, instead of the inside, as we do.

The rainfall in most of Rhodesia is irregular, and many times the territory is visited by drought. Because of their primitive methods of plowing and cultivating, their crops quickly dry up. Their usual method of putting in a crop is to scratch the ground about an inch and a half deep with their hoes, and plant the grain very thickly. After it is all up nicely, they go through the field and "chop" it out, as the people of the South sometimes "chop" their cotton. Later in the season, they may go through the field the second time, and cultivate; but usually the one "chopping" out of the weeds and thinning out of the grain is the only attention the crops get.



NATIVES CRYING FOR RAIN

When their fields begin to dry out under the blistering sun and a withering drought, the natives resort to the graves of some of their ancestors, and begin to cry for rain. They are all believers in that lie of the devil, "Thou shalt not surely die," and they think a man is much more alive after he is buried than he was before.

PRAYING FOR RAIN

One time when I was away from the mission station, attending a conference, the natives were crossing our farm to cry for rain. Our native teacher, who had charge of the place in my absence, asked why they did not pray to God if they wanted rain. He told them their chief was a dead man, and could not hear them, so it was useless to call upon him by singing, dancing, or crying, to send the rain.

The natives said, "We will go to the grave of our chief to-day and ask for rain, and you go to your God; and we will see who gets the rain."

After breakfast that morning, our native boy called into the church all those who were attending the school, and they had a prayer meeting. He read to them the experience of Elijah at Mount Carmel, and then they spent the forenoon pleading with God to hear their

prayers, and demonstrate to the heathen that He was indeed the true God.

That afternoon, a cloud came up from the east, passed over our cornfield, and gave us a good shower. It went on to the west about two miles, but stopped before reaching the native gardens on that side of the farm, turned back, and a second shower fell upon our fields.

That evening, when the natives returned from their chief's grave, our cornfield was too wet to cultivate, while their own, which lay just across the river, had received scarcely a drop. Again the Lord heard the cry of His people, and vindicated Himself before the heathen, and gave them tangible evidence that He is the true God.

GOD HEARS PRAYER

In 1916, all our district was again visited by a disastrous drought. Two of our native evangelists were preaching in a village about twenty-eight miles to the northwest of our mission station. One night, the old chief came to them, and requested that if they were worshipers of the true God, they ask their God to send rain, that his people might not die of starvation.

The native boys, Mulomba and Mwanachelenga, went out that night on the open prairie, and asked God to hear their prayers and

send rain. Early in the evening, there was a light shower. The boys continued their supplication; and toward morning, there was a heavy downpour, nearly two inches of rain falling. The next day, the natives came to them with offerings of grain and money; but the boys refused these, saying that God had sent the rain, and the offerings should be made to Him.

SMELTING IRON

The natives are very ingenious in mining iron, which is common throughout their country, and in smelting it, and manufacturing their own hoes and spears. They build a small clay urn, and place in it first a layer of charcoal, then a layer of the ore, then another layer of charcoal, then ore again, until the urn is filled.

At one side of the urn, a small opening is left for the molten iron to run out into a mold just the shape of a hoe. On the other side, there are two clay tubes, extending about ten inches from the urn; and into each of these is inserted the leg of a goatskin. These goatskins are the bellows used in fanning the fire for smelting the iron.

A native sits between the two skins, grasps one of them where the neck of the goat has been taken out, presses it down, and thus forces the air through the tube into the

smelter. At the same time, he raises his other hand, inflating the skin on that side. By reversing the action, he is able to keep a constant current of air blowing into the smelter; and in that way, the iron is melted.

After the molten metal is cooled in the mold, it is taken out, heated in a charcoal fire, and tempered. The tools for the tempering are two stones,—one for an anvil, and the other for a hammer. The pincers are made from the green bark of the *gazi* tree, which is very full of sap, and does not burn easily.

The natives consider their own hoes and spears far superior to those made by the white man. The white man's tools are tempered only a little, on the edges, they say, while theirs are tempered throughout.

THEY DREW THE LINE ON CLOTHES

The native women are very ingenious in making baskets in which to carry grain, and earthen waterpots for carrying water. Villages are often built a mile from the river, and all the water for cooking purposes must be carried that distance. It is a rare thing for a native to indulge in a bath, and if he does, it is always taken at the river; so no water is taken to the village for that purpose.

The dress of the native in his primitive state is very simple. Many of the men

among the Mashukulumbwes dispense with clothing altogether. On my first itinerating trip among their villages, I told them we wanted to teach them how to read and write, how to cultivate their land so that they would always have food, and above all, to teach them about God, their Creator. My native interpreter added that we wanted to teach them to wear clothes.

The old men replied that they were willing their children should learn to read and write, and learn about God, if they wanted to do so; but when it came to wearing clothes, they drew the line. At the present time, however, most of the men wear a piece of calico about as large as a pocket handkerchief on their loins.

A married woman wears a skirt made from the skins of antelopes. It reaches about halfway between the knees and the ankles, and has a slit on both sides, up to the waist line. Possibly there is where white women got the idea of the slit skirt, which was in fashion a few years ago. The native girls wear a short dress made of bark. It is a little shorter than the fashionable dress for girls in America at the present time; for it comes just above the knee, instead of just below it.

It is interesting to note the evolution of dress among the natives. They have very

little idea of the fitness of things, and some of the garments they don when they first begin to "dress" are very amusing.

The first garment a young man buys is a shirt. Next he will buy a coat, then a vest, after that a hat, then a collar and a necktie, a pair of shoes and socks. The last addition to his attire is his trousers.

One Sabbath, as I was preaching in our church on the Solusi Mission, a group of five native boys who lived in a village on the farm, and who had been working in Bulawayo, came to church. They had seen the clothing worn by the white inhabitants of Bulawayo; and when they received the money for their labor, they bought a few clothes of their own.

This was the first Sabbath after their return to their own village. Like some vain persons of lighter hue, they had waited until all the congregation was seated, and the service had begun, before coming into church. They wanted every one present to see their new clothes. The first one to enter was a boy about sixteen years of age. He had on a woman's chemise, reaching down to just below his knees, and trimmed at bottom, neck, and sleeves with torchon lace. Another one had purchased a man's shirt, but decided to wear it in a style a little different from the

customary way. He had turned it upside down, thrust his legs through the arms, tied the tail of it up around his waist, and was wearing it for a pair of trousers.

Another one had purchased a large, heavy pair of hobnailed shoes, and some stockings of the kind that men wear when playing golf, reaching above his knees. Around his loins he had the usual jackal skin, and above that a woman's corset, upside down. We had a climax in the sermon at that point.

WORK

Before we went among them, the natives in the country had seen very few white men, and knew nothing about work as the white people understand it.

One day when we were making bricks for the house, a boy came along and asked to enter the school. I told him we could take him in, and his first lesson would be to wheel the sun-dried bricks to the kiln, where I was stacking them for burning. Pointing to one of the iron tubular wheelbarrows, I told him to bring the bricks in that.

He began all right, putting bricks into the wheelbarrow; but presently I heard them all slide out on the ground, and looking up, saw that the wheelbarrow had capsized.

He straightened it up, and put the bricks back into it; but soon I heard them all slide

out again, and saw the wheelbarrow upset on the other side.

He put the bricks into the wheelbarrow a third time, and then came over to me, saying, "You will have to send some one to help me with that wagon of yours, because I cannot manage it alone."

I asked him what the difficulty was, and he said he got the bricks into the wagon all right, but that just as soon as he tried to get the wagon on his head, they all spilled out.

One day, a native boy was given a glass fruit jar of cream to shake; for this is a primitive way of churning. Presently a queer noise was heard, and the woman of the house went into the kitchen to see what had happened. Sure enough, the boy's curiosity had got the better of him. He was anxious to see what was inside, so he opened the jar, and out spilled the butter. When asked why he had opened the jar, he replied, "It just came out."

The white settlers in South Africa have to endure many things from their native "help" which seem ridiculous in retrospect. Some of these are very trying at the time; but when they become history, they are amusing.

NATIVE COOKS

Most of the white men in the country are unmarried, and so are compelled to get on

with untaught native boys to do their housework. The native is very anxious to obtain the position of cook for a white man, for he likes to lick out the dishes, and clean up the table for the "boss."

One man told me that he came in very hungry and thirsty one evening, and his "boy" had a good drink of tea ready for him; but he found that the native had substituted smoking tobacco for the tea. Another native wanted to put some sage into sausage to make it really good, but the sage he used for flavoring was tobacco leaves.

A neighbor of ours came in from a hunting trip unexpectedly, and found his kitchen boy washing his dirty shirt in one of the cooking pots.

A government official came past his kitchen about mealtime, and saw the boy sitting flat on the floor with a pot of pumpkin between his knees, picking it out with his hands, and throwing it into a dish. He inquired, "Who is having pumpkin here to-day?" and the boy replied, "It is for my boss."

It is best to stay away from the kitchen, especially near mealtime; for "what the eye does not see, the heart does not grieve."

A lady told me of her experience with a boy who had had no training. On going into the kitchen one day, she saw that his face

was wet with perspiration. She told him to wash, and he immediately grabbed a tea towel and rubbed his dirty face with it.

"Jackalash," she exclaimed, "what are you doing?"

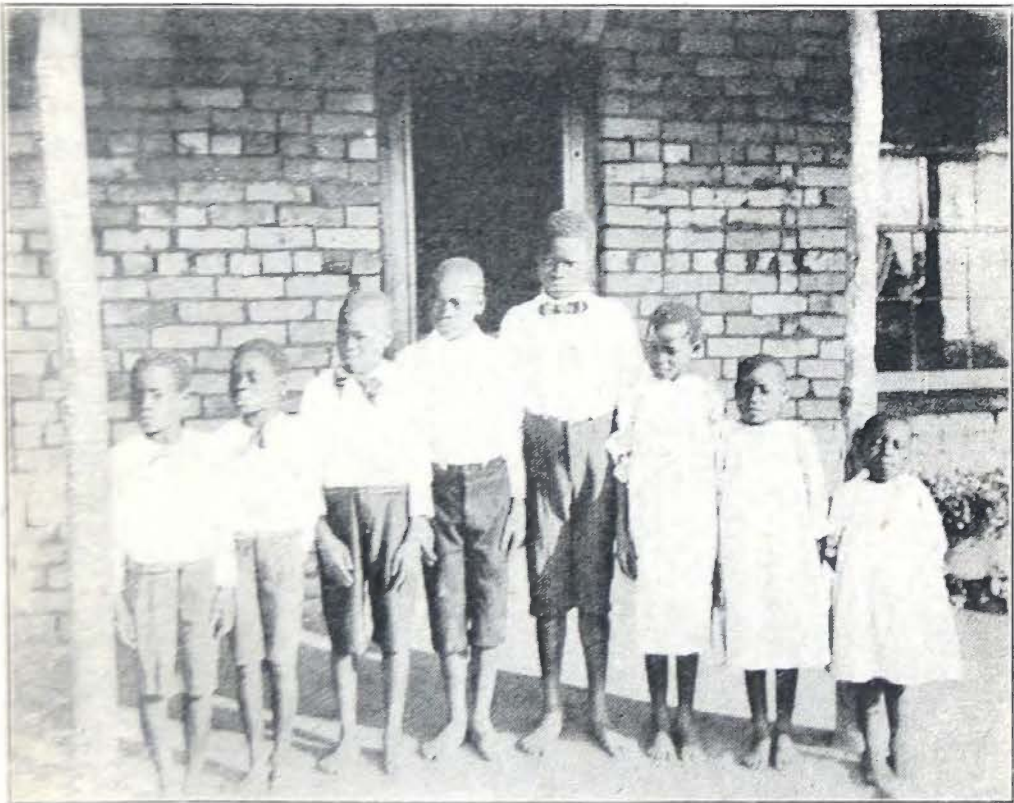
"Nothing."

"Why do you take the tea towel to rub the perspiration from your face?"

"You told me to wash."

"Yes, but that is not washing; I want you to wash with water."

"Well," said Jackalash, "there was water on my face."



CHILDREN ADOPTED BY ELDER G. B. TRIPP

“He was a happy-go-lucky sort of lad, and would never hurry, devoting the entire forenoon to the washing of the breakfast dishes. He would first lick the plates clean, then admire the pattern on them, trace them all around with his fingers, and call on other boys to admire them too. After that, he would think of washing them, and saunter lazily off for water. On his return, he would sit flat on the floor to wash the dishes, for fear they would fall off the table and break. Sometimes a boy does not fancy washing dishes very much, and so licks them out, and lets them go at that. When reprimanded, he insists, ‘They are very clean, aren’t they?’ ”

The native has no use for anything that cannot help him work or fill his stomach. One day, Mrs. Anderson was coming from the garden with some cut flowers. She met one of the boys, and asked if he would like one. He inquired if it was food, and she said it was only a flower, but he might have it if he liked.

“No,” he said, “you had better keep it.”

The Call to the Mission Field

MANY young men and women are willing to go to a mission field if the definite call comes to them. But they must not decide as to how the call should come; for God speaks in divers manners. His ways are not our ways; therefore if we fix the way, we may not hear His call. What, then, constitutes a call?

First, a need.

Secondly, our ability to supply that need.

Do the heathen need the gospel? Does a house on fire need water? Does a sick man need a physician? Does the sinner need a Saviour? Did that little African boy who was brought to us by his mother because he cut his upper teeth before his lower ones, need help? The natives said if he ever grew to manhood, and became angry and bit any one, that person would die of hydrophobia; so they determined to kill him. His mother brought him to us for protection. But he visited his home when he was about eight years old, and was poisoned. Did not those murderers need to know the falsity of their superstition?

Did not those native children whose bodies I found drowned in the river need help?

Their mother had been so unfortunate as to bear twins. The witch doctor was consulted. He threw the "bones," and decided that both children must be given to the crocodiles. Why? Had they done any wrong? — No, but to bear twins was unusual. Some one had "bewitched" the mother, and the innocent children paid the penalty with their lives.

Did not that native woman who bore triplets, and whose children were all killed, need some one to sympathize with her in her sorrow? Everything she possessed was taken away from her, her husband spit in her face (one of the most insulting things one native can do to another), her house was burned, and her cooking utensils were all broken. I found her sitting in the ashes, with ashes upon her head, wailing out her sad bereavement, with no one to comfort, no one to offer a word of consolation, but only reproach and hatred from all the members of her family and the inhabitants of her village.

Did that old Mashukulumbwe chief whose village was burned because he was a witch, need help? What had been his offense? — Only this: a son of his had died two years before, while working in a gold mine. Because he was buried hundreds of miles from his home, no native funeral service had been

1

conducted for him. The natives argued that the spirit of the dead boy felt the insult very keenly, and had come back and bewitched a child in a neighboring village, and caused its death. The father was responsible for the action of the spirit of his dead son: therefore his village was burned, his cattle were confiscated, and he was driven homeless from the district.

One time when visiting an outstation, I was called to see a native whose liver had been pierced by an assagai, and who had another assagai broken off in his hip. I did not dare do anything for this patient, because he was in the hands of a "witch doctor," who would not permit me even to dress the wound with a simple disinfectant, to keep away the flies.

Did not those native boys who walked over five hundred miles to our Solusi Mission station, in order to attend school, and who were turned away because there was no room for them, need help?

If we cannot hear such calls as these, surely an explosion like that at Halifax would be unheard by our ears. A great, piteous wail is going up to God from all over the heathen lands. Do you hear it?

OUR ABILITY TO SUPPLY THE NEED

No man should ever go into the mission field depending upon himself to do the work

that must be done. Our Saviour has told us, "Without Me ye can nothing;" and every true missionary, when he arrives in his field, and sees the dark, dense wall of heathenism surrounding him, will cry to God, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

While our dependence is upon God, and we look to Him day by day for wisdom and guidance, there are certain qualifications which men should have in order to become successful missionaries. One of these is health. John wrote to the beloved Gaius (3 John 2), "I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth;" and this is God's wish for all His children.

Health principles should have a prominent place in the church; but very few of us have made much advancement along the line of true health reform. With most Seventh-day Adventists, health reform consists in abstaining from tobacco, alcoholic drinks, tea, coffee, and other stimulants, and from the regular use of flesh foods. But certainly health reform is very much broader than this. The man who practices true health reform preserves every power of his being, and keeps it up to the highest standard of efficiency.

The Lord has committed to His people an important message and a great work,

but many of us are so overwhelmed with our part of it that we never take time to rest. We forget that Jesus Himself recognized that it was just as important to rest as to work,—not to be indolent, but willing to come apart occasionally from the burdens and perplexities, “and rest a while.” It is a rare thing indeed, in these days of strain and nervous anxiety, to find a person who is able completely to relax and rest; yet in the mission fields, where there is always so much more than the missionary can ever hope to accomplish, he *must* learn how to cast his burdens upon the Lord, and rest in the midst of unfinished tasks, rest in the presence of unsaved souls, that he may gain strength to continue the work to which he has given his life.

Another essential qualification for the missionary is education. When Paul called Timothy to his gospel ministry, and sent him forth in the service of the Master, he instructed him, “Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.”

The education of the missionary should be broad. In mission fields, there is no division of labor, as in the homelands, but the missionary must be prepared to direct in all lines in which he wishes to teach the na-

tives. A knowledge of agriculture is the A, B, C of all education. Agriculture should have a very prominent place in every system of education. For eleven years, we were on a mission station five hundred miles from the nearest place at which garden vegetables and fresh fruit could be bought. When that mission was first established, there was no railroad into the country, and we could not obtain any of these supplies from the outside world; therefore it was essential that we know how to raise a garden, in order to supply vegetables for our table. We must know how to cultivate, prune, and spray fruit trees, if we were to have any fruit to eat.

The natives from the "raw" tribes in the interior of Africa know nothing about building, except the little mud huts in which they live. These huts are not habitable by the white man; and the missionary, if he would preserve his health and keep up the highest degree of efficiency for service, must know how to make and burn brick, and do masonwork and carpentry and interior finishing, in order that he may build a suitable house in which to live.

A prospective missionary should of course learn how to sharpen and take care of carpenter's tools, as well as to use them.

The missionary's time, however, is not entirely taken up with manual work. He must

teach the people; and therefore, for our missions in South Africa, a thorough normal training is essential to his success. The work required of the teacher in the mission school is often much greater than that required in the homeland. Not only must he organize his school, and carry on the school work, but he must also develop his own educational system, adapted to conditions which he finds in the field itself. In many instances, he will be required to prepare his own school-books, sometimes even reducing the language to writing.

The missionary must be able to carry on the various lines of church work. Every young man going out to the field should be instructed in the procedure of organizing a church, ordaining its officers, and instructing them concerning their duties.

The Missionary Volunteer work should also be thoroughly familiar to him, because it is to the young people in the mission fields, as well as in the homeland, that we must inevitably turn for laborers to finish this great work.

The Sabbath school work is also an essential department in the mission fields. In the homeland, our schools are supplied with the Lesson Quarterly for the seniors, other lessons are given for the juniors, and another series is prepared for the primary and

kindergarten divisions. These lessons are of no benefit to us in the mission field. So the missionary must not only organize his Sabbath school, train his officers, and instruct his teachers, but he must further write his Sabbath school lessons in the native language, adapted to the needs of the people for whom he is working.

CONSECRATION

There are certain things which every missionary will have to give up. When he goes into the mission field, he leaves behind him all social life. He lives in another world from that of the heathen people who are round about him, and can therefore have no social companionship. The food that has been deemed essential for his health and pleasant to his palate must be given up; and if he will live within his means, he must try to exist on the products of the country, as far as possible. In many countries, however, this is impracticable, and he must to a certain extent import foods to supply the deficiency. But in spite of all this, he will find that many of the favorite dishes which he has enjoyed so much at his mother's table will never appear on his own. He must, if he would preserve his health, become used to the insipid, "flat" taste of boiled water, without ice, even in the hottest weather.

Then the missionary must be prepared to forego, for a time at least, a comfortable home. Living conditions in the mission field are vastly different from those in the country where he has grown up. His first home will probably have a dirt floor, mud walls, and a grass roof. Many of his few belongings — his books, clothing, and shoes — may be destroyed by the white ants. Other difficulties and disappointments he will have to meet; but he must face them bravely, without complaint, and without turning back.

Sometimes a missionary begins to pity himself because of the difficulties he encounters. Sometimes he poses as a martyr, and feels that he has given up a great deal in order to be in the field. But I believe that the Saviour looks upon this spirit in the same way that He looked upon Peter when that disciple suggested that the Master should pity Himself because of what was about to befall Him at Jerusalem. The Saviour's rebuke to Peter was, "Get thee behind Me, Satan." And if the devil ever tempts us to feel sorry for ourselves, and solicit sympathy from others, we should administer the same stern rebuke to him and to ourselves that the Saviour gave to Peter.

The consecration of a missionary should be entire. He should have that mind in him "which was also in Christ Jesus." His will

and his skill, his friendships and his influence, his intellect and his ambition, his thoughts and his speech, his time and his money, all should be laid on the altar for service.

“Those who consecrate body, soul, and spirit to God, will constantly receive a new endowment of physical, mental, and spiritual power. The inexhaustible supplies of heaven are at their command. Christ gives them the breath of His own Spirit, the life of His own life. The Holy Spirit puts forth His highest energies to work in heart and mind. The grace of God enlarges and multiplies their faculties, and every perfection of the divine nature comes to their assistance in the work of saving souls. Through coöperation with Christ, they are made complete in Him, and in their human weakness they are enabled to do the deeds of Omnipotence.”—*“Gospel Workers,”* pages 112, 113.

The qualifications of a missionary, then, should be health, education, consecration. These three are essential, but the greatest and most necessary of all is consecration.

All through the great heathen fields of the world, millions are going into Christless graves. Many are sending up cries to God for help. Ethiopia is now stretching out her hands to God; and young men and women who have health, education, and consecration should answer the call.

The Cost

PRESIDENT WILSON once said, concerning America's part in the recent world conflict, "This war for freedom and democracy will cost us the fittest of our men, and if need be, *all we possess.*"

All things cost; the common, everyday comforts of our daily use — food and raiment — are paid for not only in money, but also by some one's thought and care and toil. Our being in the world, able to enjoy its beauties and to have a part in its work, has been paid for — and the price was a high one, too. Pain, in the first place, and years of unceasing care and love and service, have brought us where we are to-day — love and service that we can never repay except as we pass them on to others. And our hope of life beyond the grave, a life that shall never end, was bought with a price,— the highest that could be paid in earth or heaven.

WHAT IT COST JESUS

What did it cost the Saviour to buy salvation for this rebellious and lost race, of which we, as truly as the heathen in Africa, are a part?

It cost Him His home. He gave up heaven for us, laid aside His glory, and took upon Himself sinful flesh. The Son of God became the Son of man. He who had created the world, and to whom every knee shall bow, came unrecognized and unhonored into it. There was no room for Him even in the mean little Oriental inn, humble enough at the best; His first cradle was a manger in a cave used as a stable for cattle — a dark and dreary contrast, truly, to the brightness of heaven.

And even the humblest of refuges in His own land was soon denied Him. He became a fugitive, and His earliest years were spent in Egypt, to escape the wrath and vengeance of the jealous Herod. In the later years of His earthly life, He once spoke of His homeless condition in the pathetic words: "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head."

It cost Him the respect and honor of men. His fellow townsmen scorned Him. "Is not this the carpenter's son, whose brothers and sisters we know?" they sneeringly asked. The Pharisees accused Him of breaking their traditions, and eating with publicans and sinners. When His mighty miracles were wrought, they accused Him of partnership with "Beelzebub, the prince of the devils."

The chief priests and rulers feared and hated Him, and constantly sought evidence by which to condemn Him to death. Even "His own," the people whom He had especially chosen, refused Him, and joined with the rabble in demanding the release of a robber in His place. Then, crowning sorrow and indignity, His own chosen twelve questioned His motives, criticized His methods, and in the supreme crisis, forsook Him every one, Judas betraying Him, and Peter denying Him with cursing and swearing.

WHAT IT WILL COST THE MISSIONARY

The missionary who follows the example of his Master must expect to pay, and he will be wise if he counts the cost — counts it, but "counts it all joy" if he may but win some. What will it cost?

It will cost the missionary his home and all home associations. No more for him the annual reunion and the holiday home-coming. Absence by no means makes the heart grow fonder; it brings, inevitably, forgetfulness. He soon grows away from the home circle. Only the faithful and fond father and mother remember and cherish the anniversaries, the little personal tastes and characteristics, of the absent one; and fathers and mothers die. Brothers and sisters, classmates and friends, quickly forget. For the first three years,

perhaps, he will hear from them often; then they will form other acquaintances, establish new circles of association, and he will be left outside. By the time he has been in the mission field twenty years, it will be a rare thing indeed for him to receive a letter — unless some one wants him to interest others in mission work by supplying mission experiences. The old friends never dream of writing merely to encourage and cheer him; it never occurs to them to think what a joy it would be to him to receive a pleasant letter giving the little interesting happenings of his home neighborhood, and telling of the progress of the work in the homeland. I have known missionaries who have been in the foreign field for twenty years, and who did not receive a single letter, except those on official matters, for five years or more. All home ties are broken, never to be repaired. Yes; it costs.

It will cost the missionary his reputation. Missionaries are often told that they are fools for giving their lives to the natives. Some persons have so little conception of God's plan and His work, that they think it is a waste of life to labor for the degraded, and they are free to say so. The natives will sometimes accuse the missionary of wrongdoing; and if he does not accede to their demands for favors that both he and they know

it would not be best to grant, they will, if they think it will serve their purpose, manufacture very grave accusations against him. Then, too, because of distance and local conditions, misunderstandings may arise between the missionary and those at home who are trying to hold up his hands. They may not appreciate the need that appeals so strongly to him; he may not realize the urgency of other calls that press in from other fields upon them. When he feels, with Jacob, that "all these things are against" him, he should remember the experience of that valiant leader in mission service, Paul. There is no record in the book of Acts that the church met together and prayed for Paul when he was being scourged by a Roman guard; but the Saviour Himself left the courts of heaven, and entered that Roman prison, to be with His servant. So will He be with all who are true to Him.

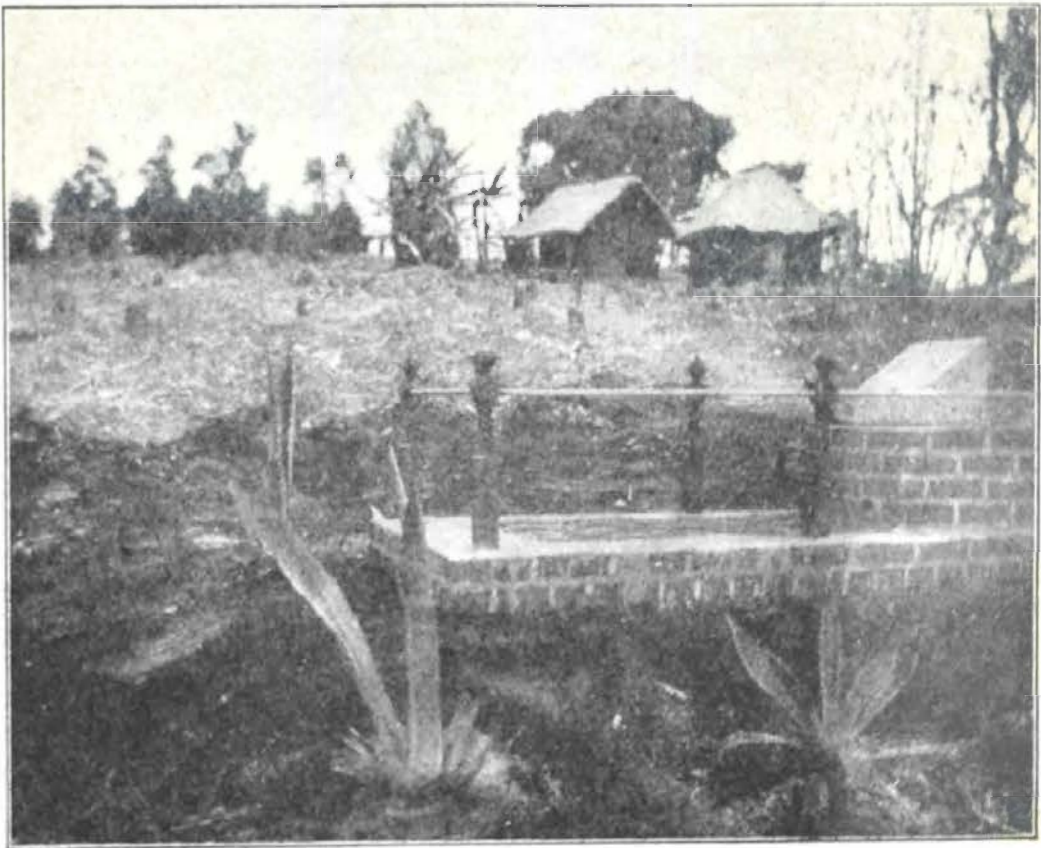
IT WILL COST LIFE

Every mission station has its cemetery, where laborers are resting. Every new field that is open to the gospel, plants a grave by the way, to direct future laborers to the field. Each mound is a mute testimony to the heathen that the missionary loves them; for "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." When

he truly follows his Master, and gives his life for his enemies, those who do not value the sacrifice, he becomes prepared to enter into the joy of his Lord, the joy of seeing souls redeemed through his efforts.

THE REWARD

We are told that "Christ looks upon His people in their purity and perfection, as the reward of His humiliation, and the supplement of His glory;" and that "the out-working in them of His own character and spirit, is His reward, and will be His joy



GRAVE OF BROTHER WATSON

throughout eternity. This joy they share with Him, as the fruit of their labor and sacrifice is seen in other lives."

While we give all, we receive all; it is all gain. We give our sins, and receive His righteousness. We give our money, and receive an inheritance in the city where the streets are of gold, and whose every gate is a single pearl. We give our pleasant home, and live perhaps in a hut whose floor is of earth, whose roof is of thatch, and whose walls are of mud, with holes for windows; but we receive a mansion prepared for us by Jesus Himself in the "city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." We may lose a name in this world; but we shall, if faithful, receive one day a "new name" which none but the saved may know. We give a few short years in service, a life which is compared to the grass, and to the flower of the field; and we receive a life which measures with the life of God.

The Outlook

MISSION work is advancing rapidly in the territory occupied by the South African Union Conference,—a territory about as large as the United States west of the Mississippi River, and with approximately the same population.

The native church members now number more than a thousand, and there are many more in the baptismal classes. It is the custom of our mission station, when an individual presents himself for baptism, to enroll him in what is called a "baptismal class," which meets once a week, that he may have special instruction in Bible doctrines and church obligations. He continues in this class for at least one year; and sometimes, if his progress in the Christian life is slow, he remains there for three years, before he is baptized and taken into the church.

The out-schools in our various mission fields are now attended by over three thousand pupils; and in 1917, the training schools contained nearly seven hundred young men and women who were preparing for God's service. Soon we expect to have a mighty army of



NATIVE CHRISTIAN AND HEATHEN CHIEF ON SOLUSI MISSION

natives who will sweep through all South and Central Africa with the third angel's message.

The natives are far more efficient as laborers for their own people than is the European, who can never understand the working of the native mind. Our native teachers and evangelists also labor for a wage on which no white man could live. This minimizes the expense of giving the gospel throughout our territory.

In the southern provinces of the South African Union, there are openings for the circulation of our literature, and an opportunity for the building up of the canvassing work among the natives. Much more literature ought to be prepared for circulation among the educated natives, and canvassers should be trained to carry it to the people.

Some years ago I was preaching to a company of Zulus in the town of Durban, in Natal. At the close of my sermon, a number of the natives came to me and said: "Missionary, your words were sweet. We enjoyed the sermon very much. We never before heard this message of Christ's return as we have heard it to-night. I suppose when we say good-by to you, it will be the last time we shall ever see you in this world. Have you not something now to leave with us besides your efforts, which we may forget? Is there not a little paper telling us these same

things, which we can buy and keep with us, so we shall not lose the comfort which this sermon has brought to us?"

More than three hundred natives were hungering for our literature that night, and willing to pay for it; yet at that time, we had not a line of literature in the Zulu language to offer them.

The southern part of Natal is almost entirely untouched by the gospel; yet there are opportunities on every hand, and many natives inquiring after God. Over three years ago, Mr. J. R. Campbell and Mr. E. C. Silsbee made a journey through southeastern Basutoland to see what opportunities they could find for extending our work on that side of the mountains. They received many appeals for help on this trip through the country; but up to the end of 1917, we had sent no one to give the message in that part of Basutoland.

Recently Mr. Laurie Sparrow traveled extensively through Swaziland, to look over the country, and locate a mission station in that field. However, after he had completed his journey, he returned to the Glendale Mission in Rhodesia, and no one was left to answer the calls that have come for a long time from the Swazi people.

Johannesburg, the great gold-mining center of the Transvaal, is another strategic point

for the giving of this message. In the mines, and in the city of Johannesburg, a half million natives are employed. They come from all over Africa south of the equator, and speak about eighty different languages and dialects. Most of the natives working in the mines earn good wages, and are able to buy literature if we have it published in their own language. The compound managers have given us free access to the natives employed in the mines, and a wonderful opening is before us.

In Bechuanaland, several tribes have been calling for years for this message. In 1894, we were invited to locate in that territory. In 1895, many villages were offered to us for beginning our work; but up to the present time, nothing has been done to answer these calls, or to accept any of the invitations that were extended to us so long ago.

Farther north, in Rhodesia, and over in the Kongo, there are millions of natives who are unevangelized. In the Kongo Free State alone there are more than fifteen and a half millions of people, and no Adventist within the borders of that entire territory. The deputy governor has offered us the privilege of opening up missions among those people, but so far no one has been prepared to accept the call. How sad that a generation after the time of Livingstone, a generation after Africa has been opened for the gospel, there are



A GROUP OF SOUTH AFRICAN WORKERS, ABOUT 1908

millions who have never heard of the Saviour! An old native, Temba Temba, once told me that he remembered the visit of Dr. Livingstone to his father's kraal when he was only a little boy. He said that the doctor had a Book with him, which he told his father was a letter from God. When they entreated Dr. Livingstone to remain with them, and teach them to read the Book, the doctor said, No, he must press on to the north; but he promised them faithfully that when he returned to his own country, he would send some one who would remain with them, and tell them about the true God.

"I have watched the path for that teacher ever since I was a little boy," said Temba Temba. "I have grown old, and my children, and grandchildren, and great-grandchildren have grown up around me; and at last, when I am blind, and cannot see the Book, you come to me with it. Why have you waited so long? Dr. Livingstone promised us the Book when I was a boy. It never came until I was too old and blind to see it. Now you can teach it to my grandchildren, but it has come too late for Temba Temba. *Why?*"

The Response

“**I** HEARD the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me.” Isaiah 6: 8.

“God is calling for men who are willing to leave all to become missionaries for Him. And the call will be answered. In every age since the advent of Christ, the gospel commission has impelled men and women to go to the ends of the earth to carry the good news of salvation to those in darkness. Stirred by the love of Christ and the needs of the lost, men have left the comforts of home and the society of friends, even that of wife and children, to go to foreign lands, among idolaters and savages, to proclaim the message of mercy. Many in the attempt have lost their lives, but others have been raised up to carry on the work. Thus step by step the cause of Christ has progressed, and the seed sown in sorrow has yielded a bountiful harvest. The knowledge of God has been extended, and the banner of the cross planted in heathen lands.”—“*Gospel Workers*,” page 464.

“This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto

all nations; and then shall the end come." Matthew 24: 14.

Dear reader, do you not want to see that done? Do you not want to see the work finished? Does not your heart long for home? I am getting tired of this world, tired of its sin, its wickedness, its strife, its sorrow, and pain, and death. And added to all the usual sorrow of mankind is the grief and mourning which have come to the world because of the great world war.

Not long since, I was in a certain town when a hospital train arrived with hundreds of soldiers who were incapacitated for further service. Relatives met them at the railway station. As I saw the wives, the brothers, and the sisters meet them there, I could not keep back the tears. I saw one anxious wife, who watched every face as the men came from the train. Finally the last passenger had left the train. This woman stepped up to an officer near by and said: "Sir, my husband was to have been on this train. I have not seen him come off." He said: "I do not know. Have you looked in the baggage car? You had better come on over and look in the baggage car."

I walked along the platform; and as she came to the baggage car, there, in a basket, was all that was left of her husband. He had

been all shot to pieces. His arms were gone and his legs were gone. That dear woman reached up and clutched her hair, and with one scream, her reason was gone, and she went away hopelessly insane.

If scenes like that can move human hearts, how must the great heart of God be moved at what is taking place in the earth!

All that now prevents the coming of Christ, and the end of all the misery and sorrow of the world, is the finishing of God's work. God calls upon His people to step forward as one man for the giving of His message to the world, and the completion of the work. It only remains for God's people to give the gospel message in every dark land, to bring the end of sin and sorrow; then God's children will go home to the city where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, where God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

"The whole world is opening to the gospel. Ethiopia is stretching out her hands unto God. From Japan and China and India, from the still darkened lands of our own continent, from every quarter of this world of ours, comes the cry of sin-stricken hearts for a knowledge of the God of love. Millions upon millions have never so much as heard of God or of His love revealed in Christ. It is their right to receive this knowledge. They

have an equal claim with us in the Saviour's mercy. And it rests with us who have received the knowledge, with our children to whom we may impart it, to answer their cry. To every household and every school, to every parent, teacher, and child upon whom has shone the light of the gospel, comes at this crisis the question put to Esther the queen at that momentous crisis in Israel's history, 'Who knoweth whether *thou* art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?' "—"*Education*," pages 262, 263.

I could take you into an area in Africa three times as large as New England, into which not one missionary has entered, and where nothing whatever has been done to lift the banner of Prince Immanuel. I could take you into another great section of the Dark Continent four times as large as the state of New York with not a soul to tell those people that Jesus is soon coming in the clouds of heaven. I could show you another great territory eight times as large as the state of Iowa where nobody is to be found to tell the inhabitants about Christ and His near return.

In Africa there live more than seventy million souls who never have had opportunity to know anything about this precious message of ours. They are looking to you, to me, for salvation. Who will respond, "Here am I; send me"?

While on furlough in America, I have been associated with the workers in various conferences. I have united in prayer with these laborers, and with our people, pleading with God to open homes and hearts for the reception of this message. That is what we all ought to do.

But in the mission field, I have bowed down many times with the workers, and together we have pleaded with God to hold back the people, because we could not take care of those who were coming to us. How long must souls be turned away — souls who are hungering for the message, and who must be refused because there is nobody to give the message to them?

Not long ago, five young men came to the Solusi Mission. Six hundred miles away, they had heard from strangers of the light shining there. They had walked for a month over the burning sands, enduring thirst and hardships as they crossed the desert — and they had to be told: "Go back. The school is full." And back they went, to their heathenism, and their idolatry, and their sin, to die without God and without hope in the world. What answer will we give in the Judgment, when these souls come and say: "I pleaded with you to take me into your school. I wanted your message. I besought you to give

me a knowledge of Jesus, and you sent me away empty. You would not give it to me”?

Since that day, we have sent two hundred more poor souls back into the witchcraft and the idolatry and the licentiousness of the native villages, because there is no room for them. How long must these things be? How long must these people wait for an opportunity to hear of the Saviour’s pitying love?

In Nyasaland, we have a training school as large as one of our colleges in America, in which we are developing workers as fast as we can; yet we are absolutely unable to supply the great, insistent calls that are multiplying all about us. On the west shore of Lake Tanganyika, souls have been pleading with us, and sending delegations to us, for the last seven years, urging that we send somebody to open that field. We have asked for help; but every time we get a report back from the Mission Board, the funds needed for that work have been cut out of our appropriation. There are natives there keeping the Sabbath, and living up to all the light they have, but there is nobody to send to instruct them.

Would that you could hear the plaintive calls from Bechuanaland, where for twenty years the people have been pleading for this message. When I drove my ox cart across Bechuanaland twenty years ago, those natives

pleaded with us to stop and teach them God's gospel. Old King Khama said to me: "Why do you go on to those fierce and warlike Matabeles? They will kill you if you get up there. Stop and teach my people." But we went on. Since then, Khama has pleaded with us, begged of us, again and again, to come to his country. He said he would help us, that he would do all he could for us, if we would only come and teach his people the message which is so dear to your heart and mine. But nobody has ever gone. God could not wait for us any longer, so He took a man out of Sabele's country, and sent him across the Orange Free State to our school at Kolo, and Mr. Silsbee taught him the truth.

Just as soon as you and I received this truth, we wanted to tell others about it. It works just that way with these natives. When it grips their hearts, they want to go home, and bring father and mother and brothers and sisters into the message. So that man pleaded for somebody to go home with him. Mr. E. C. Silsbee wrote down to the conference headquarters, and said, "Let me go and kindle a light among the Bechuanas." The man said, "We will build you a house, and give you oxen, and help you in every way we can; only come and give us this blessed truth." But nobody has ever gone. We had nobody to send to take Mr. Silsbee's place.

When I went to America on furlough, and went across the continent to Washington, I met our Mission Board there, and said to them, "I want to go to Bechuanaland." But they said, "There is no money for it." I said, "Brethren, we must go into Bechuanaland." And they replied, "There is no money for it."

Later, when they made up the appropriations for 1918, I asked them to include an appropriation for Bechuanaland; but they had cut out the requests for new work. In response to my plea for Bechuanaland, the treasurer said, "We can distribute only what the people give." That is all they can do.

So we must give of our means. We do not want our sons and daughters sent to mission fields with nothing to eat and no place to live. I know what that means. I was in Africa in the early days, when our work was not organized as efficiently as it is to-day, and we went without necessary food. I have traveled up and down in Rhodesia many a time with Elder Tripp when we would sit down with our little kettle and boil a quart of whole corn, and be glad we had all we wanted of it. Some find it hard to live on the substitutes for wheat, but we had to live on substitutes there for three years.

But that has changed now. Our Mission Board will not now send men out unless there

is some chance for them to have food, that they may live and not die. This of course limits the number of men sent out. We must send more young men and young women into the field. May God help us to do it quickly.

This work of giving the message to the world costs something. Those who cannot go must give. And it costs something to those who go. It has cost me something. My mind goes back to those days before I went to the wild regions north of the Zambezi to open the Barotseland Mission. When at home on furlough, I traveled through some of our conferences, and pleaded with the brethren and sisters for money enough to put up a house in that new field, that we might keep the mosquitoes out, so we could go on with our work there.

Some said: "You don't need very much money in the mission fields. You ought to go out there and live much as the natives do, in the same kind of house they live in." We did not get the money we needed, but we went ahead and answered the call of God just the same. I built a little mud house with a thatched roof, and we used to put the mosquito net over the holes we called windows; but the white ants would eat the net, and the mosquitoes would come in. Then we tried putting the net over the bed; but the white ants would eat holes in it just the same, and

the mosquitoes would come in, and we took sick of malaria.

More than this, our mud houses could not withstand those tropical rains. I had gone away on a trip to some of the villages, and expected to be back at home before the rains commenced. But the rain came a few days before we had expected it. The heavy down-pour beat against the clay walls of the house. My wife awoke, and being anxious for the safety of our baby girl, went over and picked her up and took her into her own bed. She had just done so, when the side of the house, moistened by the rain, fell in, piling dirt and mud all over the child's bed.

The awful shock of that night and the malaria were more than my wife could endure. I arrived home about two or three days later, and she said: "Harry, I am tired. It seems that I have no more energy left." I said to her, "Go down to the coast and stay during the wet season." But she said, "No, I cannot leave you."

A little while after that, one night she awakened and said, "Harry, I am chilly." I arose and put hot bricks and hot water bottles around her, but they seemed to do little good. She shook violently for an hour and a half. Then came the dreaded black-water fever. I sat by her bedside that Friday and until the

next Sunday morning without sleep. Then, Sunday night, I put cold applications over her heart, and that frail heart would beat once, twice, and stop, and I did not know whether it ever would start again. We had no doctor. It was too far to send for a physician; and even had he been called, the expense was far greater than our meager purse would bear.

I took my little girl in my arms, and said, "Naomi, I am sorry to tell you that I do not know whether mamma will wake up when you wake up in the morning." The little girl went to her bed, and I heard her pleading with God to spare her mother. God heard our prayers.

Monday I put my dear wife in a hammock, carried her to the railway line, flagged the train, put her in the coach, and took her to the hospital. There she became a little better. After we had been there two weeks, the doctor said I must take her to the coast, that she must get out of that country. I took her to the train, and we started the 1600 miles to the coast, where we could get help.

When we got to Kimberley, our dear Brother Wilson, now sleeping in Africa, was living there with his wife. There my wife got a little rest. On Tuesday, she felt a little better. We have only one train a week there. She called me into her room Wednesday afternoon as she lay on her bed, and said,

"Harry, I want you to take that train to-night, and go back to the mission." I said: "Wife, I cannot do it. I promised you I would stay with you until death should part us."

"But," she said, "I do not need you now. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson are good nurses. I have good doctors here. But there are those sheep of ours. There are those boys and girls we have gathered to the mission station. Who will take care of them?" I said, "I cannot do it." Then she lifted herself upon her elbow with the little strength she had, and she said, "Harry, you must do it." With a heavy heart, I packed up my things, and took the train back to the mission.

My wife went to the Cape Town Sanitarium a month later, and there skilled and kind hands ministered to her needs. At that time, it was eighteen miles from the mission station to the post office. I sent a native boy there every time the mail train came up, once a week, to get my letter. The train came in the night, and he could not return until morning, for the lions were too dangerous. The next morning, I used to watch the path for him.

From week to week, the word came that wife was getting better. She wrote me of her plans. She wanted me to start a little garden near the house, and she would bring up some rosebushes, which would remind her of the country she had left behind.

One morning, that boy came back with the usual letter, and with two telegrams. I opened the first. It said, "Your wife has had a relapse of black-water." Then I opened the other, and read: "Your wife passed away yesterday with the black-water fever. Buried this afternoon. Sorry."

Our little girl was there alone when her mother died. Stricken with grief, she saw the casket lowered into the grave. It seemed that she could not give up her mother. She sprang to the side of the grave, and cried, "O mamma, why have you left me alone in the world?" When wife knew she had no chance to live, she sent me the word, "Take care of Naomi; stay by the mission, and make it all we have planned, under God, it should be."

I have tried to give the child an education. A short time ago, when I saw her at college, and said good-by to her, she said: "Papa, do you know where you will see me the next time? It will be back there at old Table Mountain, the entrance into Africa." She wants to go back to help finish the work for which her mother gave her life.

I have given my money, my strength, my wife, and I intend to give the rest of my poor self to finish the work God has given me to do. I want you who read these lines to ask yourself that question, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"